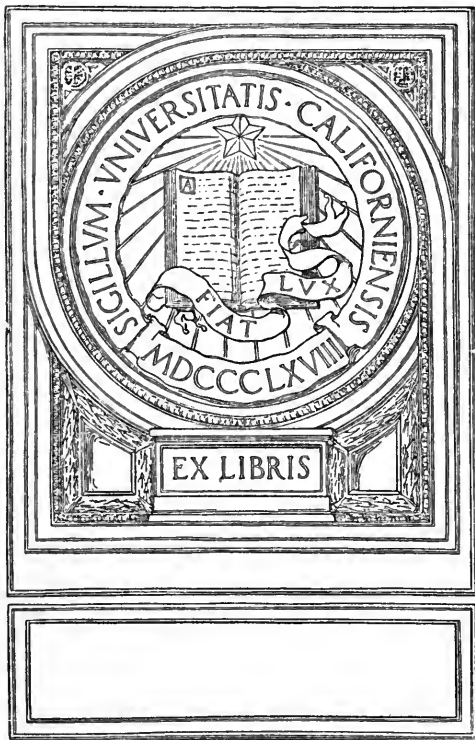


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



THE FATHER OF FORESTRY.

A Fort Wayne, Ind., dispatch conveys the news that the grave of "Johnny Appleseed," situated just north of the city limits, is to have a better marking. This is interesting as an indication that his effort in planting the Middle West in apple orchards during the early part of the nineteenth century is not forgotten, but that, on the contrary, the activities of our CCC workers in planting trees are turning attention to his strange story.

"Johnny Appleseed" was born in Boston in the year of the battle of Lexington, long before anybody thought of planting a belt of trees from the Canadian border to the Texas Panhandle. Such a proposal would have been absurd when this Western country was populated only by the Indians. When he was old enough to travel, he moved away and bought land on a hill outside of Pittsburgh, then a far-Western town, but he carried with him the memory of the apple trees of Massachusetts and the first thing he did was to plant an orchard. By his house passed a stream of pioneer settlers drifting down the Ohio toward the West and one day, at the age of 26, he filled a leather bag with apple seed and set out in the same direction. And for many years he kept going, choosing a sheltered slope near a new village or an isolated cabin and planting his seed, moving on to other slopes and cabins and returning in the autumn to Pennsylvania for more seed. He planted apple orchards in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. Dressed in cast-off clothing, he faced many dangers and in payment would accept only a bag of meal, a shirt or a promissory note (which he never claimed.) His real name was Jonathan Chapman.

Such is the remarkable story of Johnny Appleseed, which has been frequently repeated, but may bear retelling in the light of recent developments. The important thing to notice is that he carried out a large tree-planting project single-handed. Far ahead of the government, he saw the need for more trees, and while he was about it, he planted trees that would supply food. In inaugurating vast schemes for reforestation and drouth control, the government is only following in his footsteps.

JOHNNY APPLESEED'S RHYMES

EDITED BY

THEOPHILUS MIDDLEING. *pseud*

L. e. D. J. Snow

WITH NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS OF VARIOUS
COMMENTATORS.

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BOOK FIRST.

1.

If without water you can swim,
Plunge upward, take to the air,
Open aloft your wings and skim,
The ocean is everywhere.

2.

“ Old sower, Johnny Appleseed,
Now sow into a rhyme thy creed.”—
When the corn you plant,
Be not of seed too scant;
If the field you would rightly till,
Put-in four grains to the hill;
One for the mouse and one for the crow,
One to rot and one to grow;
Then shall the tiller,
Surely see the miller.

3.

There is a music in the time,
There is a music in the heart;
The former runs into a rhyme,
Then seeks its tuneful counterpart.

4.

Some days it is a blessing,
Some days it is a curse;
But cursing or caressing,
Straightway it turns to verse.

5.

How to get rid of evils?
Rhymes have power to cast out devils;
Many a time I would have cried,
Had I not versified.

6.

A word often longs to be mated
With the sound of jolly cris-crangle,
Such a word is certainly fated
To run off with a jingle.

7.

Many thine ills, but do not complain,
Bravely in silence bear them alone;
If thou tell them, thy neighbor will tell thee again
A hundred of his to one of thine own.

8.

Be not too fast,
Else you cannot last;
Be not too slow,
Else you need not go.

9.

Just watch the long-eared donkey,
Of quadrupeds most spunky !
He will not imitate,
You cannot make of him a monkey,
He will not train to be a flunkey,
He cares not for his state,
He keeps the self-same gait,
He takes no man as master,
However great ;
He goes not one step faster,
He is Fate.

10.

Say, what is now our barnyard lore?
It is not what it was before.
To the crowing hen
We cry amen,
At the cackling cock
We shy a rock,
And though we cluck to the little brood
That it may get its tiny food,
The smallest chick
Doth learn the biggest trick.
Hark ! they are hooting like owls,
The good old barnyard fowls.

11.

“ Say, why do you skip and scamper
In these verses with capers so jolly? ” —
The wise man will use a damper
By wearing a mask of folly.

12.

A man without money
Humbly begged me for bread;
I gave it with butter well spread;
In an angry splutter
He loudly demanded some honey
On top of the butter.

13.

“ The philosopher’s stone,
Tell how can it be known? ” —
If the philosopher had no stone,
Poor man ! he would be left all alone ;
And if the stone had no philosopher,
Poor stone ! it would not go so very far.

14.

Let good reading
Be good heeding,
Let the best
Be thy test.
Then Appleseed’s rhymes
Will jingle life’s chimes.

15.

Rain and sunshine together
Make the world's weather;
But men will whine
If they have no shine,
And they complain,
If they have no rain.
Yet rain and shine do never satisfy,
Man wants the sky.

16.

If you ever get sated,
You that moment are fated;
But if you strive,
You stay alive;
To push over the line,
That is divine;
Though you suffer the pain
Upborne on the cross,
The very gain
Springs out of the loss;
Aye, to be fateless
Is to be sateless.

17.

Be not held by what thou art,
But by what thou art to be;
Break the limit of thy deed,
And reach over destiny.

18.

To-day on the street I met old Nick,
He limped along while holding a stick;
“ Old fellow, what is the trouble?
Tell me, why dost thou hobble? ”
He answered: “ Change thy sight,
For me I walk aright;
I note thy foot — it is splayed,
See mine — it is correctly made.”

19.

An indestructible unit see
In the minutest personality;
And if you see it
You ought to be it,
And if you are it,
Then share it,
For true salvation
Is impartation.

20.

Keys of all kinds he displays to the sight,
But there isn't a key-hole to fit;
So he has to stay out by himself all night,
In spite of his wit.

21.

I am the knower and the known,
Thus I get to be mine own;
I am the doer and the done,
Thus to me the world is won.

22.

“ Johnny, say more plainly what you seek,
You are not clear in what you speak.” —
Perchance to-day I do not wish you near,
Perchance to-day you have for me no ear,
Perchance to-day I am no seer,
And hence to-day for thee I can’t be clear.
Still if you would my wisdom borrow,
Come to me again to-morrow,
Then I shall be near to thee and clear,
And out my words will burst the sun
Which makes us one;
But now, without that light
Between us lies the night.

23.

Said the Lord unto Adam one day:
“ Who I am, to thee I shall say;
All in one thing I behold;
The rest need not be told.
Now beware of thy fall.”
Adam then answered the Lord:
“ I too shall reply
Who am I:
It is fair to requite thy good word:
I am he who finds nothing in all.”
“ Just that is thy fall —
Depart ” — said the Lord.

Thus has the editor of the present book flung upon the wind of public opinion a handful of the versicles of Johnny Appleseed, casting them upwards like so much chaff, or bran, or other light material; gladly would he observe in which direction said wind is blowing. But it cannot be pre-calculated, being both capricious and unfathomable, so let it go its way, whithersoever it listeth. Meanwhile these few preceding rhymes may be considered as a kind of advance guard sent before the main army, to serve as a prefatory example, or, perchance, as a warning of what is to follow. Not selected with any special care, but clutched quite at random from the drawer where they lie in a fluttering mass, they must, in their small, piping fashion, tell their own story to the much-enduring reader. Still we would hopefully think that they are the overture in which one may discern certain airs hereafter to be more fully set forth and joined into the universal harmony, or, as the musical Wagnerian would say, certain leading motives are here in several cases heard, and suggest important ideas in the coming work. A heterogeneous little collection of seeds it is, yea of apple-seeds, which we hope to see burst their tiny shells, and sprout forth, becoming trees which bear fruit, perchance

becoming a whole orchard with diversified products as well as with pleasant shades for sylvan retreat and contemplation.

Great has been the activity of our age in gathering from the four corners of the earth every kind of tale, legend, proverb, ballad, which have been produced by the human mind in its different stages and environments. There is an impulse in the time to see the total face of mankind, from the beginning onward and from the savage upward. Diligent investigators have explored Iceland and Zululand, the steppes of Asia and the wilds of America, for a nursery song or a fairy story. The result is a prodigious literature of folk-lore, which bids fair in the near future to reach all-embracing proportions. Civilized man seems bent not only on seeing, but on passing through his babyhood again, as far as his wonderful printing press will help him rock the primitive cradle and chant his earliest lullaby. Success to the work, is our sympathetic wish; and it is not by any means improbable that Theophilus Middling, editor and chief collector of this book, will himself take a hand in the business at some future date, for there is a fascination in scientific research which makes him wish to become a cave-dweller again.

Still it has seemed strange to him, that, amid all this busy stir of gathering, studying and annotating remote sayings, myths, poems, and

even shreds of sentences, that little or no attention has been paid to what we have here at home shooting forth under our own eyes, and vibrating into our very ears. Let the friendly reader be now informed that, on certain lines running zig-zag in various directions and raying out spasmodically from diverse centers among the people who dwell in the vast tract of land known as the Mississippi Valley, certain peculiar verses, songs, stories, witticisms, apothegms, even jokes and puns, have become current, which correctly or incorrectly have been labeled with the name of Johnny Appleseed.

It has now been several years since the present editor, in his capacity of peripatetic lecturer and purveyor general to literary clubs, having come upon the traces of this man in various portions of the country, resolved to collect his rhymes, arrange, and in part annotate them, just to see how they might deport themselves when brought together face to face with one another, out of their disconnected, flighty life between the Alleghenies and the Rockies. They will show, if he mistakes not, a certain flavor of the soil, an outspoken western directness and unsophisticated frankness; they could have originated only on the prairies, though they hint many ancestral strands connecting them with the past. Not wholly autochthonous are these verses, they do not altogether owe themselves to themselves, still

there is no mistaking the place or even the manner of their birth.

Thus the editor's ambition does not rise above being the gatherer and orderer of these fragments. It is not to be forgotten that several great epics or the floating outlines thereof, have been recovered piecemeal from the mouths of the people in recent times. I hold that the well-known *Grimm's Tales*, though taken down at random from the lips of the peasantry mainly and found in many different localities, show the shadowy contour of a grand totality, which might be called the folk-song of the Teutonic race, never fixed, but continually in the process of life, always made, yet always a-making too — an ever-living, self-regenerating song, even when told in prose for want of a singer. I have also thought that the ballads of the Scotch-English border, had they been gathered in time and rightly ordered, would hint more or less distinctly a certain degree of completeness not only in spirit but also in form, displaying the crude materials of which a national epic might be constructed. But the great example in this field is the *Kalevala*, the Finnish epic, gathered from the memory of the people of Finland during the present century by Lönnrot, who wandered from place to place in the most remote districts and lived with the peasants, making it his life-task to listen to their songs, and write down the

same. Thus the marvelous fact came to light that these floating fragments, picked up from so many sources, had a tendency to coalesce and become one poem, having been composed, not by one man, but by one people, and so made to bear one great national impress. More and more is the truth getting to be accepted that these songs of the people are the primordial gold mines of all genuine poetry.

By the foregoing remarks it is not intended to imply that the rhymes in this book are the direct product of popular tradition. They are clearly the work of an individual, not of a nation. Moreover, this American people, let us confess, was born in a fit of prose, its cradle song was not an Iliad flashing all the hues of the imagination, but a Declaration of Independence set down in the hard categories of the understanding. But deeper than the nation's is the race's stream flowing through the heart of the western prairies, and through the heart of Johnny Appleseed, though he be intensely patriotic too. The race in the man is going to have its primeval world of myth and folk-lore, and it must sing though in the rudest and most fragmentary fashion.

It is plain from the start that Appleseed is not a precisian in the matter of rhyme and meter ; he lets his Pegasus roam freely without bit or bridle. What the exquisite critic would deem to be discords in the jingle at the end of the line, or

to be breaks in the measure, he often lets pass, regardless of possible castigation. Verily Appleseed has his reward, and so has the exquisite critic. Still the wandering minstrel must not be thought insensible to the finish and the form of his verses; he shows in more than one place a certain degree of technical skill in his art where it happens to coincide with his purpose. The editor thinks that possibly underneath some of his violations there peeps here and there a higher sense of poetic right, a true obedience to the law which is greater than the rule. Let the reader not condemn too hastily. Still, after all allowances, we shall have to confess that Appleseed, hitting right and left, seeking pithiness rather than grace, giving himself up unreservedly to the careenings, curvetings and friskings of his mood, cannot be called an elegant author. How could he write drawing-room poetry in that wandering life of his, with the Promethean spark of his race kindled in his soul and scintillating in his words?

The editor here deems it his duty to call the reader's attention to a peculiar manner in Appleseed's stanzas; it is his way of employing question and answer. He frequently interrogates himself like an oracle, and then gives a response, which is also oracular at times in its covert meaning. It must be remembered that his life is mainly a solitary one, so he often soliloquizes in a dialogue, both of whose persons are himself.

I would recognize in this literary procedure a characteristic of the writer's philosophy, which seeks to bring the grand dualism in life and in the world to an harmonious unity. Delphic, Orphic, enigmatic this oracular habit may seem at first to the reader, full of mystification, starting a possible suspicion of charlatanry; but if he is like ourselves, he will soon get used to it, and simply look upon it as a poetic scheme or method which is native to Appleseed. Still it is not original with him by any means; it can be traced through modern poets back to medieval, yea to Greek sages, to the sybils and prophets of hoary antiquity. The oracle has not yet died out among the people; though Delphi be deserted, Concord is still a temple of Phoebus Apollo, and even the prairie of the West is not without its prophetic shrine breaking the dead level in the dim distance. Thus Appleseed gives his responses to himself, yet for others, whereby the lonely man finds companionship and imparts a conversational tone to his oracular utterances.

The editor has doubtless left the impression in these remarks that Appleseed is sometimes obscure; here and there he certainly does give a deep plunge into the ocean of thought, whither he cannot be followed without a corresponding dive on the part of the reader, who may not always be ready for such a sudden dip headforemost. The philosopher in him frequently gets the better of the

poet, and leads him off into a kind of metaphysical sky-dance, where he loses his follower in a tangled web of iridescent gossamers. But we ought to say that Appleseed thinks that he is a transparent writer to all who have any power of spiritual vision. Evidently the charge of obscurity was often made against him during his career with some emphasis, for he shows a certain sensitiveness to the accusation in a number of his verses. No doubt it is true that much depends on the internal state of the reader who may happen upon difficult passages; the mind is a moody Ariel, now outwinging the swiftest hurricane, now drooping helpless in a calm. Let me tell my experience. I have understood subtle things in Appleseed and then lost them, also I have not understood at first, but afterwards I have gained my grip, and wondered at my former obtuseness. On the whole, the more recondite sayings of Appleseed must be read in a reposeful, contemplative mood, if they are to reach the mark. Yet he is not always Orphic; he descends to the jest, the quibble and the pun; I have caught him sporting with words and their jingling consonances, and showing all the playfulness of a child who rattles the changes on his toy bells.

Veritably ragged are the rhymes in some places, showing also here and there variegated patching; even beggarly they seem in outward appearance at times, yet, if I mistake not, throwing out of

their eyes interesting flashes, radiant as those of Italian mendicants. Appleseed, in some phase of himself, is reflected in all these verses, being the king of itinerant minstrels, who has to be clothed by the elves and fed by the ravens. Home-spun he naturally wears, even on Sunday; what use has he for broadcloth? His images are largely drawn from country life, from agriculture, the primeval occupation of the race, which has stamped itself most deeply upon human speech; he does not even spare the barnyard with its fowls and animals. Yet withal a mystical tinge runs through his humble imagery laden with deep questionings about man, immortality, God, and the Divine Order.

And here we may insert by the way a fugitive versicle in which Appleseed, probably defending himself, has distinguished between a true and a false freedom in things sacred:

In God's word be free ;
But no blasphemy !
And reverence always have,
Without becoming a slave.

JOHNNY APPLESEED'S SONG.

I love to plant a little seed
Whose fruit I never see;
Some hungry stranger it will feed,
When it becomes a tree.

I love to sing a little song
Whose words attune the day
And round me see the children throng
When I begin to play.

So I can never lonely be,
Although I am alone,
I think the future apple-tree
Which helps the man unknown.

I sing my heart into the air,
And plant my way with seed,
The song sends music everywhere,
The tree will tell my deed.

25.

If thou wilt help thy brother find his place
Where best may fit his deed,
Upon this earth thou ownest heaven's grace,
Whatever be thy creed.
A second Providence thyself must be,
If ever the first thou wishest to see.

26.

Finger from finger
Must pick out the sliver;
Pray let it not linger,
Each has to be giver;
One hand washes the other,
Both then can get clean;
But if it refuses its brother,
Both stay dirty and mean.

27.

Would you strain the soul of petty pelf?
Always see the other as yourself;
Old you are, still you must go to school
Every day unto the Golden Rule.

28.

To whom he knows he does a wrong,
The weak man is the foe;
Dragging his own ball and chain
Through the world he has to go.

29.

True to yourself, to others true,
This world is large enough for you;
No doubt it may be very small,
But 'tis for you to make it all.

30.

Mounted in front on the steed sits Pride,
Who never will recognize;
But Defeat leaps behind and steals, too, a ride,
Then snatches away the prize.

31.

In life there is a double quest,
For thee as well as for the other:
First seek to make thyself the best,
Then seek to make as good thy brother.

32.

On Earth the straight way
Leads up to Heaven's gate-way;
The crooked by-path does not go there,
But winds around and round and round to
nowhere.

33.

You seek to find the worth of this man
By gathering all of his faults;
Find a greater fault than that, if you can,
And Nature revolts.

34.

If a true man happen to wrong thee to-day,
Thy silence is the best ;
The debt he will to-morrow repay
With triple interest.

35.

Thy transgression may a blessing prove,
If it lead thee unto love ;
But thou wilt become a very terror,
If thine own error chill thy heart to error.

36.

When I need to be consoled,
I comfort another ;
I can best myself uphold
Supporting my brother.

37.

If thine own fault bring thee to regard
Faulty ones with looks less hard,
Thy demon thou hast made an angel,
And sin itself a true evangel.

38.

Whenever thou dost err,
Though free to roam,
Thou art a prisoner
In thine own home.

39.

This man, he may be very small,
Yet in him somehow is the All;
Seek not to destroy him,
To smaller let greater be true,
Try the more to rightly employ him,
Give him the best he can do.
If you smite the person into the ground,
In the mud to-morrow you will be found.

40.

Thine enemy's merit
If thou wilt recognize,
'Tis thine to inherit,
It has become thy prize.

41.

Of Egoism to complain
Is often Egoism too;
He is so selfish, is the strain,
I grant that bitter word is true;
But then to say so of him is much worse,
It is more selfish, brings the deeper curse.

42.

The one who crushes the other
Even in open fight,
That man will have some bother,
Whatever be his might,
For he has wronged his brother,
Whatever be his right.

43.

It were good never to fall,
If that were all;
It were better not to have been,
Then there were no sin:
But the best is, follow God's plan,
And make yourself a man.

44.

Angel wings let grow from thy sin,
That out of itself it may soar;
Unwinged it sinks down into itself —
Forever the dark Nevermore.

45.

For the highest good
Which thou canst perform,
Expect not gratitude,
But rather harm.
Still to thyself be true,
And manfully do it,
However the world may construe it;
Just when thou art ready to rue it,
The Lord will hand thee thy due.

46.

“ Truly wouldst thou spy
The road from strife? ”—
Daily must thou die
To have eternal life.

47.

For the very best deed

That Time in his course has descried,
The One had to bleed,

Nay, had to be crucified ;
Of all the great doers he is the One ;
He sought no return for what he had done ;
His life he imparted for all those who slew him,
If they had been grateful, it could but undo him.
And so ingratitude is overruled
For those who are well schooled.

48.

Go to school, go to school
Daily to the Golden Rule ;
Change to gold the dross of life,
Turn to music inner strife ;
Go to school, go to school
Daily to the Golden Rule ;
You're the teacher and the taught,
You're the seeker and the sought,
You're the workman and the wrought,
Go to school, go to school
Daily to the Golden Rule.

In the little song preceding this batch of verses, we hear perhaps the key-note of Appleseed's rather unsettled, chaotic life — chaotic at least in outward appearance. He has to plant and sing and always be on the move; providentially diversified must be such an existence. In the little bits of rhymes there is observable a strong altruistic tendency, which, though it may look to the welfare of others, is very needful, he intimates, for his own good also. Individuality, if we catch his drift, is suicidal, unless it get out of itself. Through the full recognition of the brother do we attain for ourselves true selfhood. A kind of purgatorial tinge we feel here, as if the solitary wanderer had been translating Dante afresh into life. Pride must be purged from the soul; above all sins Envy must be deracinated with the hot pincers of contrition; Revenge must not pursue ingratitude, or other wrong.

It has fallen to the lot of the editor, since he has been gathering these rhymes, to read certain portions of his collection to small bodies of people in divers places throughout the land. Much interest has been aroused concerning this Johnny Appleseed, who he was, whence he came, what he did, and whither he has vanished. Often unexpected information would turn up in the

audience, somebody present would make a new statement about him, or bring to light a new fact. Once, after listening to an hour's reading, a venerable clergyman came forward and said: "I saw Johnny Appleseed in Ohio during my youth; I have heard him play and sing; he was regarded as harmless, but not exactly in his right mind." On another occasion a gentleman declared that he knew where Johnny Appleseed was buried. "I can point out the exact spot where he lies in an adjoining county belonging to the State of Indiana." Still another person, an old farmer, asserted that he could show some apple trees planted by the wanderer in the valley of the Illinois. As far south as Tennessee the man has been traced and as far west as the Rocky Mountains. An aged soldier was sure that Appleseed planted peach-trees in Kentucky: "I have often seen them," says he, "in my marches and eaten of their fruit in the wildest places, when I was ready to drop with hunger and fatigue." But the most surprising statement was made by a young lady in a mysterious, provoking fashion: "Johnny Appleseed," says she, "is still living, and I think I know where; at least I imagine I could find him." She would tell nothing further, all the urgent words and blandishments of the editor could not win from her the secret, if she had any secret, and was not indulging in a little trick of mystification.

There is no satisfactory record of the time of his death or even of his birth ; it is likely, however, that he is not yet dead, though his grave be sometimes pointed out. It seems certain that he was alive during the late war, in which he must have participated through several campaigns. There are, in fact, numerous indications that he survived the great national struggle, and continued his perambulations through the land, since the careful investigator will come upon traces of him which are comparatively recent. Thus he seems to flit about the Mississippi Valley, defiant of time and place, now here, now there, like a spirit disembodied, appearing for a while, then vanishing into its invisible realm. One has to think of the Wandering Jew, of a being driven by some supernatural necessity to roam through the world, homeless, undying, compelled to show himself in certain localities on certain occasions, and then to resume his endless pilgrimage.

The result is that some people have thought that there was no such man, calling him a fiction, a myth, unnatural, impossible. Others again have strangely held that there was more than one such man, in order to account for his longevity and ubiquity. It is highly improbable, they say, that a person of that kind should have attained to so great an age, and have been in so many places. How easy to transfer the same name to several people of like character and habits ! Then example

is always contagious, especially the example of an oddity; doubtless the original Johnny Appleseed bore a crop of imitators; that indeed was one of the seeds which he planted. Thus argue vehemently certain friends of the editor, adducing similar instances from the world's storehouse, ancient Greece; there were several heroes of the name of Hercules, and several of the name of Theseus; also there must have been more than one Helen. How else can chronology be satisfied?

All heroic deeds of a certain class are ascribed by the people to one hero at last, without regard to time or place; so those illustrious Greek heroes, Hercules and Theseus, dropped through hundreds of years out of their dim mythical world into clear historic daylight, and appeared in person at the battle of Marathon, visible to all Athenian eyes on that occasion. But why go so far back? Was not every anecdote, every keen utterance of American mother-wit during the war fathered upon Abraham Lincoln, the chief hero of the epoch, by the popular mind? The one great individual stands for many. Father Abraham became a kind of universal man to his people, mythical but very real, such as his old Semitic namesake was and still is to the faithful Hebrews. Thus the one Johnny Appleseed will get, if he has not already gotten, the credit of all Appleseeds planting apple-seeds in the west.

In the mind of the editor a vivid impression remains of the time when he in his boyhood first saw the solitary wanderer coming into the village dressed in plain clothes, shod with heavy shoes, leaving his long hair to the sport of the breezes. The man held under his arm a bag in which was contained a fiddle, with some other articles. He had the appearance of dusty travel, a kindly patient gleam fell from his face. He went to the Public Square, the heart of the town, and there he began to play and sing. The country people would gather around him and sympathetically listen, while the villagers would stop a moment and then pass on to their various occupations. He never asked for money, though he would take some food and clothing for his immediate necessities. He seemed to need his own song; he would sing out his mood, though nobody listened, and he would stop with his mood whoever listened.

Never will the present editor forget when he, a little urchin, handed to the old singer an apple, which the latter ate with relish, and whose seeds he carefully picked out and preserved, putting them into an old wallet. What will the man do with them, was the query present in the mind of the boy, and is probably now nagging the mind of the reader.

The name evidently comes from the habit of going in advance of civilization and planting

apple-seeds in suitable places, so that the emigrant to the west would find the fruits of long ages of cultivation growing in wild localities for his special use, wherever he chose to settle. What Johnny Appleseed's other name was, has not been handed down, nor is the case worth investigation. Have not the people of a great tract of the earth's surface named him in accord with his true vocation? Truly he is their offspring in the best sense, having been baptized in their spirit. Nor is it certain from what part of the country he originally came; doubtless he was born east of the Alleghenies. He bears plain marks of the opportunities of civilization in his maxims and in his songs; he must have read a good deal at some time, indeed that bag of his always contained a book along with the fiddle. Glimpses of Literature, of Philosophy, of History we catch from his utterances; in some way he must have been dipped into the stream of the world's culture. To be sure, the poet is, first of all, the child of his time, he stands in some deep unconscious relation to his age, which has imparted to him its most distinctive traits as his birthright. These traits he shows, he lives, he sings; he does not need to get them from books, indeed he cannot get them from that source.

BALLAD — THE WERE-WOLF.

Woe, woe the merry marriage bell !
And woe the wedding feast !
The guests are stricken in a spell,
And stiff as stone the priest.
The bride is sitting in the hall,
The tears are flowing free,
And in their fall is heard her call,
Why comes he not to me ?

“ Lady he shall come back no more,
Thy bridegroom though he be,
He turns before the household door
And seeks the forest tree ;
With were-wolves he is hence to roam,
A were-wolf too is he ;
And wouldst thou win him to thy home,
Then take him kisses three.”

Loud laughs the wizard of the wood
Who makes the man a beast:
“Thy lover champs his savage food,
That is his marriage feast.” —
Into the wood sped Isabel,
Though in her wedding dress;
Soon there she found wild Lionel:
O Love, just one caress.

He tore from her the wedding trail,
And tramped it with a hiss;
He rent in twain the bridal veil,
But through it felt her kiss;
Thereat away, away he fled,
And vanished in a brake;
Ghost-like as though she might be dead,
She followed still and spake.

The were-wolf clawed her lovely face,
He bit her in the breast,
But still her bleeding lips had grace,
They kissed their very best;
Then deeper in the wood he hid,
He sought a lonely cave,
But could not of her eye get rid,
For still she saw to save.

She pushed beneath the gloomy roof
Into the deepest cover;
He smote her with a Devil's hoof
And still she kissed her lover;
In joy she sang, in pain he sprang,
He hath the kisses three,
His cry through all the forest rang:
“ Give back my blow to me.

My blow give back, my body hack
Till each vile drop be shed,
And with this Devil's hoof strike back
Till I shall fall down dead.”
She stroked him fair, he sloughed his skin,
His long dog-teeth turned human,
His thickened lip soon flattened thin,
The were-wolf shows the true man.

She struck him not, he rueful stood,
Dissolved was soon the charm,
Undone the wizard of the wood
Who did the mighty harm.
Then out the wood the very path
That led him in he took,
But still a guiding hand he hath
As he the wood forsook.

But see the face of Isabel !
In it begins the morn,
The wound upon her breast is well,
Her body is new-born ;
The bridal veil hath not a rent,
The wedding dress is whole,
Her kiss is not with blood besprent,
She too hath won her soul.

And out the wood the happy pair
Move forth into the hall,
The wedding guests are still all there,
The priest wakes at their call ;
Off flies to Hell the magic spell,
The stony shapes take breath ;
Hark now the merry marriage bell !
New life begins from death.

The question with my fair readers must be: Will you take the kisses three to the were-wolf, in case destiny might happen to point that way? Suppose you should refuse, what then? Suppose Isabel had refused, then there would have been no poem by Appleseed, in her honor, and she would not have "won her soul." If Christ had refused to be crucified, he would not have been Christ. In sacrifice lies subtly ensconced the blessing; the immolation of self is really the getting of selfhood.

Thus has Appleseed thrown his altruistic spirit into a mythical form, he has taken one of the earliest beliefs of the human race and strangely transformed it into an utterance of universal religion. Here he turns to the mythus as his vehicle of expression. Very old is the faith — and it is not yet dead on this globe of ours — that man can be changed, can even change himself, into animal. The folk-lore of all peoples has in it a deep and strong undercurrent of bestial metamorphosis, which is one of the subtlest links connecting humanity with the lower orders of creation. May we not be permitted to think that this legendary strand reaches back to the primitive man, perchance to the cave-dweller, when he was next-door neighbor to the bear, the

wolf, the fox, the bird in the tree-top? At any rate the belief that he can drop back into beasthood is stronger and more general than the belief that he has risen out of the same into his present condition.

Especially has the notion that the human being can become a wolf been current among men. Aryan mythology from India in the East to the American backwoods is full of *lycanthropy*, of tales about the wolf-man, his transformation and his doings. Zeus changed Lycaon into a wolf, and a whole people, the Lycians, seem to have been sometimes regarded as wolf-men. We all know who gave suck to Romulus and thus furnished mother's milk to the Romans. Teutonic fairy-lore, largely born of the forest, has carried the were-wolf over oceans and across continents.

Such is the mythical stream which Appleseed has here tapped and has caused to spout forth, like a jet from a perennial fountain, into a poem, of which the reader can drink according to his thirst. The frame-work of the ballad seems to be a marriage, which is stopped by the evil-minded wizard, who sends the bridegroom as a were-wolf off to the forest, whence he is to be rescued by the bride and restored to the family. Not an easy task for poor human-nature is that of Isabel; the editor has to ask himself: Wouldst thou not have struck back with that Devil's hoof,

or at least have jawed back with some ripping expletives, under such heinous provocation? Do thy very best, thou wouldst have passively withdrawn, without blow or word, and have let the fellow go to the Devil. Therefore key thyself up to the deed of Isabel, which was an active saving of the lost one, being free of all revenge, even the revenge of indifference.

The more common form of the legend is that the man takes the kisses three to the wolf-woman, and thereby recovers his bride or his wife. The woman, too, possessed of old the power of making herself a beast, and if she tries right hard, she probably has not yet lost the gift. But Appleseed with a curious touch of chivalry, or rather with an ideal reverence for pure womanhood, which he has in common with Shakespeare and the poets generally, seems to hold that the female sex is made of better moral stuff than the male, and is the true bearer of love and charity. Accordingly he changes the legend, which he treats as so much plastic material, to be kneaded over and transformed till it become the incarnation of his idea.

50.

Shalt have to take my verse
For better or for worse.

He that buys a field must buy many thistles,
He that buys a pig must buy many bristles,
He that buys a cow must buy too the bones,
He that buys a farm has to take the stones.

51.

“Appleseed, we like the sound,
Give us now another round.”—

If there be an egg, there must be a shell,
If there be a Heaven, there must be a Hell,
If there be a gander, there must be a hiss,
If there be a lover, smack! there goes a kiss.

52.

“Why should he who buys
Have a hundred eyes,
While he who sells have none,
Or keep half open only one?”—
Friend, vision is always blinded,
When it is so minded.

53.

Underwork is sad,
Give it stress;
Overwork is mad,
Make it less;
Work alone is glad,
It will bless;
Love has time to add
A caress.

54.

Though the day be dreary,
Appleseed, be cheery;
Though under night may be the time,
The sun himself shall rise within thy rhyme.

55.

The bantam is not tall,
And his dunghill very small,
But up he rears his crest
And crows his very best.

56.

“ I like a simple strain,
In which the whole is plain,
Wagging its little tail of rhyme.” —
Yes, thy life can be made very simple;
Hardly more than a little red pimple
Spotting the pock-pitted skin of old Time.

57.

A neat little shoe — O maiden, I spy it —
A pretty ankle to boot ;
But wag not thy tongue — don't try it —
Show simply thy foot.

58.

When hoots the owl,
When wolves howl,
When horses neigh,
I know what they say ;
When doves are cooing,
They are sweetly wooing ;
But when the donkey blows his horn,
Is he laughing, or is he forlorn ?
Is it for love, or is it for corn ?

59.

Good Heavens ! what effrontery
To call this a free country,
What malignity !
I cannot do as I please,
Sometimes I have to sneeze,
I spite of my dignity.

60.

The master of our little school,
I tell you what, he is no fool,
Reading, writing, arithmetic —
And he leaves not out his course the stick,
For he also has to train old Nick.

61.

The mask of petty humanity,
I see, is often urbanity;
Shall I tear the disguise? —
Oh no, let it stay,
You can find a way
To make it help your eyes.

62.

Is it not a family rare?
See the fowls in the barnyard there,
Cackling and picking and scratching,
Laying and setting and hatching,
Each is doing a share.
If life be a barnyard, the home is a dunghill,
From whose top chanticleer doth his lung trill;
But if the hen crow
The cock must know,
How at that moment to keep his tongue still;
Then each little chick
Must scratch and pick,
With a pee, pee, pee,
And a tee, tee, tee,
Seeking its food,
So it is good.
Hark! the old rooster is going to preach,
He mounts his pulpit — what will he teach?
Kickory kee!
See him rear up his neck and lung fill!
Kickory kee!
Now strutting alone on the top of his dunghill.

63.

If you seek to betray me,
Just give me a may-be
In order to stay me ;
If I walk with my feet on a ball,
How can I help getting a fall?
But this is not all :
The soul's first lapse
Was a Perhaps.

64.

“ Shun, O Appleaseed, the knotty question,
If you wish for good digestion ;
The chronic asker avoid,
And eat your oyster unannoyed.” —
Nay, nay, I would rather be tom-tit,
And for hunger sing a little bit.

65.

If I can ever get done
The half of what I've begun,
I shall take a whole holiday,
And let old Time have his way,
Just to see what he'll do
When with him I'm through.

66.

He who seeks for pleasure
Seldom finds it ;
But if he have no leisure,
He never minds it.

67.

The Orient stills,
The Occident thrills;
Soft Eurus sighing droops,
And makes the man feel smallest;
But the West-wind puffing whoops
And makes the man feel tallest.

68.

He liveth like a fish
In his theosophic sea,
And seemeth to have no wish
Even himself to be.
Not a bound
Not a sound
Anywhere around.
If you fling him out to shore,
He gasps awhile and drops,
But at last he turns and flops
To make a dive into the deeps once more.
Methinks he hath a suttee's devotion,
Headlong he plunges into the Indian Ocean.

69.

Wind is no balm,
But worse is calm.

70.

Even to the mule
Man can sometimes go to school,
If the man too be a mule.

71.

Still I find ancient Cronus
Is well mounted upon us,
And rides us to death
Unless we take breath,
And smite him again with Olympian thunder.
Although we can't kill him
With deeds we may fill him,
And so down in Tartarus dark keep him under.

72.

A little too late is much too late
Though never so little;
It is the very nature of Fate
To lurk in a tittle.

73.

To one thought make your life rhyme,
This moment is all time.

74.

Better learn wisdom from man, the sage,
To a deed transferring it straight from his page;
But if thou wilt learn it from none but the Gods,
Thou wilt feel thy blood trickle down under their
rods.

75.

The want of wisdom man seldom feels,
The want of money shows out at his heels;
His sense seems never to be spent,
Though he has to beg you for a cent.

PARABLE.

I came to the house of a lofty lord,
Who entertained me in a noble way,
And after dinner he began to say:
“Appleseed, I cannot trust the word
Of any man who lives to-day.
Right in my house I often try
And every one is sure to lie.”
Whereat he sadly fetched a sigh.
“This is the very place I seek,
The very place for me” said I,
“Here shall I rest a week,
The truth I can now speak,
The truth I can now act,
Truth has at last become a fact.”
Then to the lofty lord the Truth I told,
I went not at it round about,
I gave it hot, I gave it cold,
And not a tittle did withhold,
The very Devil I did score and scout
Until the false I put to rout.
The lofty lord would now and then,
Well-pleased, cry, Bravo and Amen,
As long as I the other man did flout;
But when his lie I even dared to doubt,
He kicked me out.

Again we have clutched a handful of Appleseed's rhymes and let them fly at the reader, who is to pick them up and put them together as best he may. Let him select what suits him, and pass the rest on, with due exercise of patience, which noble virtue the editor takes for granted that he possesses in full flower. But what a various and variegated company of jingles! The jig starts with an old agricultural rhyme which the farmer on the prairie may be still heard to croon in pensive moments.

He that buys a field must buy many thistles,

having inherited the line from ancestral England, where it has not yet disappeared. Thus does Appleseed pick up ancient trifles and give them a little twist of his own. After manifold dashes and splashes he leaps a whole hemisphere and touches antipodes, whence we get a little whiff of far-off Indian Theosophy (No. 68). Then he gives us a short plunge into Greek Theogony in an allusion to primeval Cronos (the Time-God), derived from ancient Hesiod (No. 71). Orient and Occident (No. 67) come in for a short contrast in their winds, which seem to be their spirits (*spiritus*). So we skip over the terraqueous globe in little jets of Appleseed's fancy, which once in a while puts on its thousand

mile boots and darts off like the herald Mercury. An ethical vein, a philosophical vein may be noted; yea, an amatory streak once or twice pops up to the surface unexpectedly; who would have thought that of Johnny Appleseed? But thou, O reader, must find the unity in this heterogeneous string, for the editor specially disclaims having any such duty; still he hopes to assist thee.

Nor can we help observing at times a certain keen edge to the speech which once or twice approaches downright satire. The editor has to confess that Appleseed appears not so angelic in this series as in the preceding altruistic mood. Clearly a demonic strand is in him too, and cannot be altogether suppressed. That all satire is begotten of the devil, has been proclaimed by a good authority, namely a satirist, who knew well his own ancestry. Thus we catch a glimpse of the obverse side of Appleseed's character, and with wonderment behold there a small society of imps at their old tricks, making sarcastic mouths at the world, and flinging drops of vitriol on their naked victims. This little impish set, dancing forth with their grimaces in unexpected places, adds to the versified confusion.

It will now be manifest to the sympathetic reader that not the least of the editor's difficulties has been the classification of this huge wriggling mass of rhymes, each one strongly asserting its

own right to be, yet somehow wound and intertwined in an undissoluble knot with all the rest. The matter was enough to test any man's power of arrangement, not to speak of that of Theophilus Middling, who holds himself not specially gifted in the business of organizing chaos, primordially God's own work. Still something had to be done. How shall these beads, angular, many-hued, of hardest crystal often, be perforated and strung on a common thread, which may have the merit at least of holding them together externally, if no wiser principle can be found?

At first we sorted them into separate piles according to any similarity or contrast which might strike the fancy, and having an ancient heirloom in a mahogany bureau which contained some sixteen small drawers, made and fitted with great precision, we emptied them of their contents, and put these verses of Appleseed into them, labeling the same with various titles, as ethical, humorous, fantastic, amatory, agricultural, uncertain, etc. But we soon noticed that the verses would not lie still in their drawers, they insisted on being changed about; each one when fairly placed and named, wanted to be somewhere else and sail into the world under a different label. One which showed a laughing face at the first reading, would insist upon being treated seriously at the second, and at the third would have a still different look. Thus from the six-

teen drawers, as from sixteen cradles, with sixteen hundred babies in them, proceeded such a shouting, screaming, kicking, in fine such general protest and disorder that a universal nursery of that kind had to be given up.

Having thus failed in giving the rhymes a modern and Christian baptism, with corresponding names, we betook ourselves to antiquity and Heathendom, to that old Greek world whose very words carry with them an indescribable charm and impart a kind of classical fragrance to things which may be otherwise not so classical. We seized upon the Muses nine and the Graces three; but these were not enough, so we added the three Fates, making fifteen in all, with one drawer left for old Comus, the clown, necessary even to this dignified company of antique celestials. Carefully was each verse examined again and landed into its apartment, as the ancient grammarian is reported to have done with the sweet verses of Sappho. But the modern editor soon found that he had a very different task in having to handle the defiant stanzas of Johnny Appleseed. The recalcitrant thuds of feet and hands and chest began to be heard louder than ever, rubbing, rasping, pounding against the classic incarceration. Indeed, the clear, definite, plastic outlines of Hellas would not answer at all; Homer's world had become Appleseed's prison; the plain of Troy could not be made to hold the

Mississippi Valley. Each verse writhed and wriggled and at last sprawled out of its drawer which it deemed confinement, thus showing the character of its maker, who is inherently a limit-defying genius, with demonic flashes, capable of getting lurid and sulphurous under sufficient provocation.

Thus the second attempt had broken down like the first; into no modern system of drawers, however nicely adjusted and labeled, would these verses of Appleseed fit; just as little would they permit themselves to be thrust into some antique order or measure derived from classic Hellas. Freedom they were going to maintain on this illimitable western prairie, in true accord with environing nature and the American people. But meanwhile what is a poor editor to do, who sees his organizing principle, the very banner under which he intended to march to victory, torn to shreds and flung to the winds? In a fit of despair he seizes with one hand the curling, squirming mass of papers, and with the other he grasps for a darning-needle — a very necessary article in the editor's domestic economy, and always kept ready for use; with the aid of this weapon he gets them all strung on a string at last, where they can kick and squirm in full freedom, until they wriggle themselves into some kind of order, in the reader's mind, if not in the present book. For the editor maintains that there is

an inner unity of the spirit in these verses of Appleseed, despite their outward atomic, mutually repellent appearance.

Though we often speak of these verses as song, it is not intended to affirm that they must all be sung. Most of them seem to suggest a kind of musical recitative, which hints of song by means of rhyme, rhythm and tone. Some verses may be called prose without injury to their character; others again start of themselves to sing, even when read, though they be not always nightingales; the greater part of them, however, run ziz-zag on both sides of the border, and at times straddle the fence along the boundary line between the prosaic and poetical kingdoms. Observe the beats in the line, two, three, four and more, disporting themselves in full freedom, like Appleseed himself. Some lines require a careful reading, to make them metrical; some probably the author alone could read, and find a satisfied audience of one.

The cultivated metrical ear often becomes crystallized in its forms, which change to fetters, so that it cannot get the free measure of the old popular ballad, for instance. The limits of meter must also be transcended by the aspiring spirit, and yet verse must remain truly metrical. Appleseed had clearly the power of making the ordinary English Iambs and of meting them off into so many feet; probably this was just the

thing which he rebelled against, whereby he made even his versification a part of his liberty. Yet in this domain too I find Appleseed not cutting loose from the past, but carrying it with him into his broad free prairie, and giving it a little push forward into the future.

The alert reader, ever flying in advance of the plodding commentator, has probably asked already: Is there any chronological order traceable in these verses of Appleseed? Very natural is the desire to witness the growth of his art and work in Time, the outer garment of all inner development. The same question has risen in the mind of the editor, alas! without any adequate answer. Repeatedly we have thought that we had a clew, but on looking for it a second time, it receded into the uncertain distance and finally vanished altogether. Appleseed has much to say about Time, the old Cronus, begetter and swallower of all things, even of his own children and of himself too; but no verses celebrate epochs of the wanderer's life, as far as we can discover.

Still we may be permitted to hazard a conjecture. These rhymes are mostly the product of middle age, if we consider their general tenor; they reveal a man who has not lost wholly the zest of youth, yet has the contemplative cast of advancing years. Indeed Appleseed shows that he still can love, yet not with that unconscious resignation of the young heart to its dearest

object; but with a certain reflective, even humorous tinge, which hints, not one single-souled all-absorbing passion, but many a tender experience scattered along life's journey. The shadow of half a century at least rests upon him, and from it he cannot escape even in his most buoyant moods. One may notice that shadow lengthening a little perchance, suggesting that the man is traveling somewhat pensively toward sunset. Old in some things, young in others: let us halve the two, and take the golden mean of years for our hero.

It is not pretended that the present is anything like a complete collection of Appleseed's rhymes. He scattered them everywhere as he did his pippins. All through the people from the Alleghenies to the Rockies they are strown, and perhaps beyond these limits they have been borne by migration, by the winds and tides of the great human ocean. Daily, sometimes hourly he must have thrown them off, stimulated by external nature and by internal need of expression. I have no doubt that much is current under other names which is really his; for whatever passes through the popular heart keeps changing its shape, while remaining the same in essence.

Appleseed does not seem to have committed much to writing, he was essentially an improvisatore; but this does not imply that he did not reflect, did not transform his lines, always

seeking to improve them. We have no doubt that much will come to light hereafter which can be traced to him, or to his influence, or to his followers. Still as far as we know, he has founded no school of poetry, and has kept himself free of apprentices in verse; no guild of singers looks back to him as master. A man of the people, singing for the people and his own heart, he cared little for personal fame; his individuality, though strong, and sometimes recalcitrant, had a tendency to sink itself into the vast folk-sea, out of which it still flashes in spite of itself, a most singular unit among the indistinguishable many.

Postscript.—Naturally the written text of the present book had to be put into the hands of a publisher for inspection. The manuscript traveled—the confession might as well be made just here—through the offices of several publishers, by most of whom it was instantly rejected, always with the statement, however, that “the work was one of transcendent merit,” that “the rejection of it did not proceed from any lack of appreciation, but from circumstances over which we have no control,” that “it is our fervent hope that the author may continue his literary career, so auspiciously begun.” What author, Johnny Appleseed or ourselves? The stereotype form of that answer in the present

case evidently needed a little revision before it left the office.

But there was one publisher, who from some lurking curiosity or possibly from some accident, set his taster to work on the manuscript. This gentleman has jotted down his observations on the margin in pencil; unfortunately they are sometimes quite illegible on account of sudden omissions, gaps and abbreviations. Still whatever remarks we can decipher we shall faithfully impart to the reader in these notes, that he may observe all the sheen and shadow which such a book casts upon the human soul, even unto the penumbra and total eclipse.

The taster has jotted down the following at the conclusion of the present book: "This work gives fair promise of becoming a piebald monstrosity, without head or tail. What a jumble of trite sentences, inharmonious rhymes and mad mysticism! Strange that such an able editor should be bamboozled by this rustic nonsense. We note specially the lack of all dignity in these verses; could anything be more silly than that cock crowing kickori-kee upon his dunghill? Then there is a total want of perspicuity in many stanzas; we have grubbed into number of samples and could not find even a fish-worm. The whole thing defies every rule of good taste recognized among elegant writers. Appleseed ought to stick to his apple-seeds and

leave poetry alone. The public will not touch such a nondescript hybrid. The Calvinistic formula can be well applied to a book of this kind: it was fore-ordained from the beginning of the world to be damned."



BOOK SECOND.

BALLAD.

Come down to my palace of water,
Spake the sea-god up from his pillow,
While the beautiful youth looked seaward
And heard the sweet voice of the billow.

Come down to my palace of water
And see the old Mother of Earth,
Thou wilt look in her magical mirror
That first was hung up at her hearth ;

House built of the drops of the ocean,
And deftly inlaid with his pearls,
While o'er it wind-woven the wavelets
Are softly now shaking their curls.

With gems the ceiling is dripping,
The Nymphs work in silence for thee;
Step into my palace of water
Far down, down under the sea.

The pavement is strown with my diamonds,
My pictures are hung in the halls,
And all the bright shells of the ocean
Are cunningly built in my walls.

The mermaids are merrily singing,
While the west-wind is combing their hair,
Till it runs into thousands of ringlets,
And the sea-boys are shouting, How fair!

Come down to my palace of water,
There sits the old Mother of Earth,
One look in her magical mirror
Renews the first thrill of thy birth.

I shall give thee a beautiful mermaid
In folds of the sea-wave dressed,
She will hold thee in tender embraces,
And rock thee to sleep on her breast.

I shall give thee a billowy cradle
Where love will enfold thee in rest,
And lull thee in shadowy fable
That sings of the Isles of the Blest.

I go, said the youth to the sea-god,
And plunged in the wild waters' motion;
He was toyed by the tide for a moment,
Then sank as a drop in the ocean.

He fell like a drop on the ocean,
To the bottom he sank of the waters;
But he saw her, the primeval Mother,
And saw too her thousands of daughters.

For one altogether the fairest
He clutched in the might of his love,
Not unwilling she fled with her wooer,
And swam to the worlds up above.

They swam to the sheen of the sun-god
Away from the Mother of Earth,
And they bore the magical mirror
Renewing the joy of their birth.

In this ballad Appleseed floats off into his mythical world, and there portrays a scene the original of which we have sought for in vain. Believing that the poet is heir to the treasures of Time, the editor would fain find the first owner and transmitter of these treasures; but the task is too great for the unfilled brain of Theophilus Middling. Just here what a company of Gods and mermaids and sea-boys along with the old Mother of Earth somewhere down in the bottom of the ocean! Greek and Teutonic mythology curiously blended: possibly the whole is Appleseed's own combination, set off with gleams of romantic fancy.

Another question cannot be suppressed: What is the underlying significance of this little phantasmagoric parade? Something more than what is said on the surface cunningly beckons from beneath these aqueous images — water being the formable, ever-forming, never-formed. It must be confessed that Appleseed has a mystical, yea mystifying thread woven through his being, which he sometimes lets run its own course, causing no little perplexity to the reader. For ourselves, we have our guess as to who was this youth “sinking to the bottom of the waters,” and we think we know the beautiful daughter whom he seized there and carried upward; but we shall be silent, we might be laughed at.

It is, however, only too plain to the reader that

the present editor is sorely in need of some help in making this commentary. The thing continually grows over his head, and he gets lost in the very wheat-field which he started out to reap, and is unable to harvest the grain. In the deep sea of the Past, into which Appleseed keeps diving, the editor often cannot touch bottom, and so fails to find the pearl, or perchance the beautiful daughter, who dwells down there in maidenly bliss at the home of her mother, the old Mother of Earth. What with oriental wisdom, Greek poetry and philosophy, medieval and modern lore, each of which now and then sends a little flash into Appleseed's horizon, the burden has become too heavy for these editorial shoulders.

To this confession, candid enough to soften the heart of the most exacting reader, it may be added that the above ballad is set in an amatory frame-work, which is frequently employed by Appleseed. The lover, after divine intercession and persuasion, seeks and obtains the object of his love, she being also a divinity of some kind. But why this supernatural cast given to everything? Why these sea-marvels defying the canons of common experience? Again the editor runs upon his limit. Permit him to ask one more question: May there not be some ideal element here which the real world cannot represent? But enough of this riddle; here goes another handful of versicles.

1.

“ Often in thy rhyme
I cannot catch the time ;
Give me, Appleseed, the beat.” —
To the heart of truth lay thine ear,
Its throb underneath thou wilt hear
Hidden in melody sweet.

2.

Old Homer shows a young face to the boy,
And gives him in love a beautiful toy ;
But to the full grown man
He reveals God’s plan.

3.

Seize the present occasion,
Make the poem to fit :
To-day is the whole of creation,
Hath the eternal in it.

4.

The world is the source,
But the world is coarse,
He who handles must know it ;
The world to refine
To a musical line
Is what makes the maker a poet.

5.

Poesy seems to have come into straits,
Though thousands of suitors sing at her gates ;
In spite of addresses which to her are paid,
The Muse remains still a widow or e'en an old
 maid.

Look around ! here is one wooer now merrily
 fiddling,

You listen and find he only is piddling
With words which he brings at last to a tingle,
By tying their tail-ends into a jingle.
But hark ! Is that the soft sound of a flute ?
Naught but the sickliest sweetish toot ;
Skimmed milk, though well sugared, makes na-
 ture revolt,

Even tears, to be tears, cannot do without salt.

List once more ! a loud note in earliest morn !

'Tis the poetical huckster blowing his horn.

I have heard him, too, higgie-piggie in verses,
Till Parnassus blazed forth a volcano of curses.

Yes, I opine, all men must agree,

Poesy now has gone on a nocturnal spree,

And is making out of itself a charivari,

As if it were going the tom-tom to marry ;

So let us dance to the beat of the big horse-
 fiddle,

And sing to the tune of hey-diddle-diddle.

6.

I see by all that the poets have sung,
Who stand at the top,
That the brain must also have some dung,
To raise its crop.

7.

Why he took the pen in hand
One could never understand;
When he set himself to think,
He never failed to spill the ink.

8.

That the sense be rendered worse,
And too the nonsense ranker,
We rhyme now all blank verse
To make it a little blanker.

9.

“ How can you so gaily bestride
Your goose-quill, and merrily ride
In your writ, like unlimited Tartar,
By the scourge of the age unsmitten? ” —
Friend, I too on a time was a Werther,
By the world-pain bitten,
But I left him unwritten.
Still in these verses, despite of all grace,
He may pop up for a moment his face;
But I turn him at once to a clown,
And so in the end laugh him down,

10.

Let loose the Lord into the world,
That all may find who search;
Too long has he been kept a thrall
Inside the high-walled church.
And though the priests will fight
To keep him in their might,
To secularize the Lord
Is now the poet's word.

11.

It is just to see the bad,
Far juster to see the good;
The first alone will make us mad,
The second binds our brotherhood.

12.

The knowledge that doth come with age
Should turn to wisdom of the sage;
The sharper for wrong becomes our sight,
The sharper it should become for right.

13.

You can hear men pray, "More light,"
While the Sun is shining bright;
What they need is, more sight.
Self must be seen as the one
That stands in the way
Of the heavenly ray;
Egoism shuts out the Sun.

14.

“ That the world I can move,
To the world I can prove,”
Said Archimedes, the clever ;—
Then as he wrought,
Help he besought:
“ Add, O ye Gods, to the strength
Of my body, the length
Of your lever.”
The earth-ball rolled through the air
In sudden response to his prayer.

15.

Dost thou know
The Earth was once below,
And Heaven far above
Beyond the reach of knowledge or of love?
But see the turn, another path is given
On which we go,
And now we know
The Earth is too in heaven
And cannot move from under its celestial dome,
While we can run away from home.

16.

Providence is a good business man,
Much besought, he will not change his plan ;
In his store, what you pray for,
If you get, you must pay for.

17.

The Lord once gave a toy
To man while yet a boy,
Saying, "I shall give thee a sum to do;
Thou knowest, one and one make two;
A deeper mathematician thou must be,
For now thou art to see
How one and one make three,
And rising out of difference
There comes a higher sense
Which brings the world to unity."

18.

The tower of Babel
We are building anew,
No longer a fable
It rises to view,
No longer a means to scatter the race,
For now it unites them into one place;
And the confusion of tongues is beginning to
preach
The oneness of man in the oneness of speech.

19.

A little more treasure,
A little less pleasure,
Friend, among thy assets;
You cannot make a loan,
But you must pay your own
When the Lord demands his debts.

20.

You may notice that Providence
Is himself at times on the fence;
But when once he gets down, he is strong,
For he takes the fence, too, along;
If afterwards any one wishes to ride,
There is no fence in between to bestride.

21.

Will Providence side with the biggest gun, I
wonder?

Then I defy him.

Or will the biggest gun as Providence thunder?

Then I shall try him;

Heard in the roar of the battle fought and won,
Providence himself is the big gun.

22.

Tell me the way through the wood?

The way to the good end is good,

The way to the bad end is bad,

Bad way to good end is sad,

Though at times thou have to take it;

Good way to bad end is mad,

My advice is, always forsake it;

Now even if thou hast well understood,

It is left to thyself to get out of the wood.

Appleseed is not without many scattered glances into his vocation whose ground of being he seeks to explore and to set forth in little flashes of insight. Evidently he has pondered a good deal over verse-making, for he devotes to it a number of lines, didactic and caustic, laudatory and damnatory, in which the keen-sighted reader may detect Appleseed secretly writing a commentary on Appleseed, and thus delve underneath these notes of Theophilus Middling, who by the necessity of nature skims along the surface.

In the preceding batch of rhymes it will also be observed that a biblical vein has begun to show itself in the chanting wanderer; he turns a Semitic stream into his garden, flowing with parable, apologue, proverb, legend, all of which have a certain Hebrew tinge derived from Sacred Writ. But it is clear that Appleseed, though possessing faith and religiosity, is not denominational; he, with that limit-transcending spirit of his, cannot bear the limits of a sect; he feels the incarceration and starts at once to chafing against and rattling the chains till he somehow slips them over his hands and is off in a trice. Hence, too, a decided freedom of thought and speech in his utterances about holy things; familiar and even

humorous is at times his tone toward Providence and toward the Holy Books of Scripture. At this point we may catch one of his winged sayings, as it comes floating hitherward like a butterfly on its airy flight:—

I like to read in the book of the Lord
By flashes of lightning,
Whenever I feel the tethering word
Around me tightening.

A moment's attention we would like to call to the last verse (No. 22), in which the vexed ethical question concerning the relation between means and end receives a rhymed statement from Appleseed. This question is fundamental for comprehending the great poets, especially Homer and Shakespeare. Ought Penelope to have deceived the suitors? Was Ulysses justified in his craft toward Polyphemus, Circe, in fine, toward the whole world? Everywhere in the works of Shakespeare rises the interrogation: Does the end ever justify the means? One play (*All's Well That Ends Well*) is a kind of dramatic teeter, up and down go the two sides in a see-saw, and at the termination they are left hanging in a dubious equilibrium. So Appleseed takes his tilt at the troublesome question.

We think that we have at this juncture a piece of good news to impart to the reader. At any rate we must record the fact as an unusual stroke

of good fortune for the editor of the present volume. He had been reading in a prairie town some of these rhymes of Appleseed, accompanying them here and there with a few illustrative remarks, when a gentleman in a well-worn coat, with a high forehead and a somewhat weary eye, pushed through the audience at the conclusion of the remarks, and spoke with features lighting up from a pale, ashen background: "I have some of Appleseed's poems; would you like to see them?" "Assuredly; that is what I am in search of." He further stated: "I have made some comments on a number of them; the entire manuscript I place at your disposal."

This obliging gentleman was none other than the celebrated Professor Reginald Brazennose of the University of Hardscrabble, a man of prodigious learning, who held the chair of Philology in said institution. What obligations the editor is under to the erudite professor, the rest of the present book will show on many a page. Inquiry was duly made about the scope and purpose of such an unusual enterprise, wherein we shall let the professor speak for himself.

"I shall long keep in memory," says he, "that morning when I went out to the college campus, and there found a flock of students gathered around an old man who was playing a violin and singing snatches of verses to the vibration of the strings. I took him at once

for a crank, tramp, bumner or beggar; but I soon noticed that he never asked for alms, and seemed to show an inner delight in his own music; in fact I came to the conclusion that he was singing for himself more than for us. I heard him chant one of his refrains and in an instant I thought of my favorite Horace; soon after he alluded by name to Homer in one of his quatrains, whereat I inferred that there must be something more in the man than what appeared on the surface.

“A day or two later I found him again, and recollecting my former impression, I invited him to my room that he might see my library. He glanced over a number of the books, I showed him some rare old editions of the classics, but he seemed to get a headache, he said the air of the library stifled him, and forth he went. But on parting I asked him to give me certain verses of his which I had heard and which appeared to be derived from the ancients, inasmuch as my curiosity was aroused at finding traces of learning in such a wandering mendicant, for such he seemed in outward look. He said that he rarely or never committed anything of his to writing; it came with the mood and went with the mood. Still I succeeded in catching many a line on the wing and set it down upon paper.”

It seems that Appleseed remained in the vicinity of Hardscrabble a longer time than usual, be-

ing detained by the students, some of whom were strongly attached to him by his unique experiences, by his curious fragments of the world's lore, and by his stray notes of song. One of them afterward told the editor that the old singer "had the power of giving them some relief from the strait-coat of academic training, and of bringing into their lives the broad sweep of the prairie and the free air of Heaven."

The Professor continued his account of his relations with Appleseed as follows: "He stayed in our place several weeks, vanishing at times for a day or so, but re-appearing with new vigor and new verses. I kept jotting them down out of curiosity, till quite a little collection, amounting to three or four dozen, had grown on my hands in a random sort of fashion. Reading over these one day, I observed a certain connection with the past; they assumed the form of fleeting shreds of old sentences which I had seen in print, and which still flitted enticingly through the halls of memory. I took down my volumes and began to explore with some degree of thoroughness. What was my surprise! I had previously noticed coincidences with this and that poet of antiquity but I regarded them as merely accidental; now, however, I found a chain of thoughts, images, even words running back to Europe, to Greece, even to the Orient. Where could the old fellow have learned all

that? In what university, I wonder? I became much interested in the man. I went out to search for him in order to keep him with me till I had extracted still larger stores of his erudition. Alas! too late! he had departed, and has not since returned."

Thus our worthy Professor laments the loss of his opportunity, and we cannot help lamenting with him. He evidently intended to make a complete edition with learned annotations. Still he was not daunted, with eagerness he grasps for what floating gossamers he can find in the sunlight of Hardscrabble. Thus he continues:—"After the first discouragement which came from the thought that the spirit had been at my door and I had not recognized it, I went forth and sought those students with whom Appleseed had been in closest intercourse. From them I obtained some copies of verses which were not in my store, and gathered little bits of information concerning the man himself; moreover I could not help noticing what an influence he had exercised upon the students, sometimes not in harmony with university precedents.

"The desire became so intense in me that, during the summer vacation, I resolved to follow Appleseed among the people and to pick up his rhymes wherever I might find them. I often crossed his track in the country, though I could not follow him on account of his meandering

trail, which seemed frequently to turn back upon itself before taking a fresh start. After gathering a few versicles from an old farmer who had heard and treasured them, I gave up the pursuit, and came back to my library, which I had sorely missed. Here among my books I find many vestiges of this humble versifier, which seem to run through the ages and connect them together. Thus learning links man with his past, and unifies the products of all time."

It is manifest from these remarks that Professor Brazennose is an enthusiastic lover of his profession, and is ardent in his zeal for illustrating Appleseed's life and work. He is the erudite man whose delight is to gather knowledge by means of the written word transmitted from periods long since vanished. We may expect, therefore, that he will bring his special skill to bear upon the present commentary by way of explaining obscure allusions and throwing the light of his vast information upon recondite passages. Already the editor feels a great weight lifted from his shoulders. If he can bring it about, the Professor will accompany us henceforth unto the end.

23.

“ Scholar, tell me, what is your college? ” —
 “ That of matutinal knowledge;
 The sunrise, if I can hold,
 How can I ever grow old? ”

24.

“ How shall the world’s youth
 Become the man’s truth? ”
 On the first of May
 When the spring has begun,
 At the peep of day
 From the eye of the Sun,
 Out on the hills
 Whence cometh the rills,
 Wash in the dew new-born,
 See in the sheen of the morn,
 When the sources of being
 Flow into the fountains of seeing,
 And the birth of light
 Is the beginning of sight.
 Then is the macrocosm overwrought
 Into the microcosm’s thought,
 And the hapless halved soul
 Becomes a healed whole.

25.

Minerva in words of the sages I sought,
And found her there, at least so I thought ;
Still I know not what she had stated
In spite of my years,
Till her wisdom she illustrated
By a box on the ears.

26.

Myself I commanded,
But I did not obey ;
Look ! Here I am stranded,
For how can I get now away ?

27.

Borrow all thou canst from the Past,
To the Future's account set it down ;
Then thy funds will certainly last
Till thou get out of town.

28.

If I could my own pupil be
When I once more return,
And teach myself the A B C,
Then might I something learn.

29.

Read this wisdom writ on my back with a
scourge
In red letters of blood,
And thou wilt know the Doctor's omnipotent
purge
Which turns evil to good.

30.

Of thine own prison wouldst be freed?
Get thee rid of thy narrow deed.
For the soul's fetter which is most strong,
Is to have done a wrong.

31.

If the sower sows his hate,
His harvest will be great;
The very weeds no longer stop,
But help the crop.

32.

Why laughs the man beyond his measure,
So very loud, so very?
He is not happy in his pleasure,
He is too merry.

33.

The air we breathe, it will not lie,
The braying of the poet's ass, forsooth,
It will not turn to melody,
Or call that sound the Muses' sigh:
The air we breathe has in it truth.

34.

Thou art not yet so very old,
Yet far too old to blame;
First let thy hottest word grow cold,
And then go on the same.

35.

He who befouls himself with ink and pen,
Will always have to wear the blot;
No crystal stream from mountain glen
Will ever make him clean again,
E'en though his body die and rot;
And so he wanders down the distant ages
With that ugly stain upon his pages.

36.

“The truth I say twice, whatever it be;
He is a liar, a liar is he.”
Sad it is for him to be so,
Sadder yet for thee to say so.

37.

“One hundred votes to one, just see,
Against thee have been thrown;
Now surely thou art not thine own.”—
Nay, nay, I still belong to me,
And I am the majority
If I but stand alone.

38.

“Tell me if you can,
Who is the man
That is able to make
The greatest mistake?” —
Well the answer scan:
'Tis the greatest man.

39.

To be the devil of Christendom
Satan must do as Christians do ;
The Jew is a Gentile in Mormondom,
If he be not a Mormon too.

40.

What is Gentile, what is Jew?
Seek to unknow it, if you ever knew.

41.

Thou must be what thou art,
Thou canst not be another,
But thou wilt show thy highest part
By helping thy brother be brother.

42.

If yourself you do not obey,
You are of rebels the first ;
If yourself you do not command,
You are of slaves the worst.

43.

I must forgive your wrong, forget it too,
But the one who should not forget it, is you.

44.

Some think that if they decry you,
They make themselves sought ;
But if they in blindness deny you,
They make themselves nought.

45.

If it be dry to-day,
To-morrow will be the other way ;
If the season be too wet, don't fear
That the world is getting out of gear ;
The account will be squared next year,
Or perchance year after next.
So hearken to the ancient text :
 Be it dry or be it wet,
 The weather 'll always pay its debt.

46.

When the wind blows out the North,
 Within I seek the hearth ;
When the wind blows out the South,
 I shrivel with the drouth ;
When the wind blows out the East,
 I feel myself the least ;
When the wind blows out the West,
 I know I am the best.
Let every wind now blow, blow, blow,
Round all the world I go, go, go.

47.

If the Heavens fall,
That hurts all ;
If you do the right,
That helps them stand in might ;
If you do the right with love,
The Heavens will surely stay above.

48.

Yesterday is but a thought,
See it clear, with wisdom fraught ;
Up! to-day must be a deed,
Fill it full of thy highest creed ;
Only a hope or a fear is to-morrow,
Now of its store but a peppercorn borrow

49.

If you hear
A clap of thunder
On a winter's day,
Do not fear
Or stop in wonder,
But to the rumble say
Summer is not far away.

50.

Still the old question
Causes the time's indigestion:
' When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who then was gentleman? '—
I don't care ;
Leave the matter to the ancient pair.

51.

Tell me not that he limits hath,
Show me not his compass small,
I know within his narrow path
He can be all.

52.

An old saying doth say,
He cannot command
Who never has learned to obey.—
Let the saying stand,
As well it may.
But I had to travel the other way,
I never knew how to obey
Till I had learned to command.
Whoever unto himself is a pander,
Can neither soldier be nor commander.

53.

It is written plain in the Book of Fate,
That the Great rises up with the Great;
And thus by its own
It always is known.
But the Great will shrivel at once to a tittle,
If the soul that sees it can see but the Little;
Until by itself it be sized,
It never is recognized.

54.

For others to recognize you, I know,
Is your just fruition;
For you to recognize others, though,
Is your best recognition.

Very helpful is now the company of Professor Brazennose, whose comments upon some of the foregoing passages we shall cite: "When Appleseed speaks of *matutinal knowledge*, he shows some acquaintance with the Schoolmen, whose *cognitio matutina* plays a somewhat important part in medieval philosophy, as it came from the brain of Aquinas. The German mystic, Jacob Boehme, weaves also a streak of morning-red through the darkness of his writings. It will be recollected that Faust bids the scholar to rise and bathe in the rejuvenating influences of the dawn. Appleseed in these two verses (Nos. 23, 24) touches upon an old conception, probably connected with the primitive worship of the Sun, which goes back to very early Aryan beliefs. The mighty luminary seems to hold the life-giving power, putting to sleep and waking to fresh vigor all nature. Also a healing gift it possesses, making whole "the halved soul," afflicted with the deep dualism of existence, and cut to pieces by the analytic dissecting knife of the present time. In another brief lay Appleseed has expressed his strong affinity with the Sun."

The Professor in the course of his remarks, gives some explanation of other verses: "It is manifest that here (No. 47) an old maxim is transformed into new meaning. *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum* has always been a bulwark for a cer-

tain class of minds. Hegel, however, seems not to have been enamored of the maxim; he says: *Fiat justitia* ought never to have *ruat coelum* as its consequence. In like manner Anacharsis Clootz thought that liberty was so precious a boon that the whole human race should be sacrificed in order to obtain it; where, then, would be liberty? And if the Heavens fell, where would be justice?

“Another saying of historic significance is touched upon in the delving of Adam and the spinning of Eve (No. 50). It arose when the chief argument for any important proposition had to be derived from Scripture. A democratic or even socialistic tinge we note in it; the primitive condition of man was equality in labor. Many forms of the saying were current in Europe. The Emperor Maximilian’s jester is declared to have made the German couplet, which has a similar purport. Burke has cited the allusion to a sermon by one John Ball, a priest who preached from this text to Wat Tyler’s rebels at Blackheath. We find the same thought in a Latin couplet which is supposed to belong to the fourteenth century:

*Cum vanga quadam tellurem foderit Adam,
Et Eva neus fuerat, quis generosus erat?*

Distinctions of birth resting upon land have been swept away in our country, but a far

deeper land question has arisen, and is agitating the minds of the people."

The Professor goes on to explain the significance of Minerva (No. 25) and other classical, as well as scriptural and historical allusions, but want of space compels us to leave out his remarks.

55.

"Why in new verses dost thou repeat

What the old sages have said?

Dost thou not know thou art bringing thy meat

From the feasts of the dead?"

Sad friend, be glad, in reproof thou has told

Just my desert in renewing the old.

Wisdom, I find, has ever been one,

Though it may show all changes,

As round the world it ranges;

'Tis like the ever-patient Sun,

Repeating over and over his ray,

Outpouring each moment the golden day,

Else even the wise man would wander astray,

And stumble about in the night,

For if he have no light

What is the good of his sight?

That the sun rose long ago,

I well can imagine, is so;

That he often has risen since

We have a goodly number of hints;

But now, for thy souls's sake, pray

May he rise again in new splendor to-day.

56.

Many a woman and some few men
Have wished to make me over again,
And do aright what the Lord hath done amiss ;
I should be that and I should be this,

Always what

I am not

And never can be,

Else I were not the owner of me.

Truly it is very sad,

Whatever is of me, is bad,

Or hid under one big blot,

And all that is seen of me is the spot.

Not what I am, but what I am not,

If you are eager to seek,

Every day of the week

You may find much evil ;

Not where the Lord is, but where he is not,

If you carefully search,

Even inside of the church,

You will find the Devil.

57.

Because it fits snugly

The shoe is so ugly.

58.

Whether or not you have his name,

The man remains the same ;

If his deeds refuse to tell him,

The alphabet will never spell him.

59.

“ If thou art the castle’s warder,
Tell me, what here is the order? ”
If the king gets a blow, we all get a lick ;
If there be no dog, the cat gets a kick ;
If there be no patient, the doctor gets sick ;
But when the doctor must take his own dose,
The circle is full, and that is the close.

60.

When I turned to the Future my sight,
I was shut out by a cragged ledge ;
When I looked to the Present for right,
I was shut in by a jagged hedge ;
When I looked to the Past for a light,
Darkly I stood on a ragged edge ;
When I stepped without looking at all,
That moment began I to fall ;
But as I fell, to look still I tried,
And so I came out on the other side.

61.

The eye was begotten a sun-seer,
Else it could never see the light ;
The soul was begotten a God-seer,
Else it could never see the right.

Here we see Appleseed in a certain manner putting on his armor and defending himself. He is aware that wisdom is as old as the world, is indeed but the right knowledge of the world, and cannot vary much in substance, though its forms show great diversity. Originality consists not in novel caprices, but in giving new life to old truth. Professor Brazennose, himself a diligent student of the ancient sages, has expressed strong approval of these thoughts of Appleseed (No. 55). A learned man will naturally see much in the lore of the Past.

If we catch the spirit of the succeeding lines (No. 56), there is a tone of impatience in them, if not of downright vexation. Some people had wished to make Appleseed over again — preposterous thought ! Probably in pure kindness of heart they desired him to be something else — not this homeless wanderer, not this planter of seeds, not this singer of versicles. But on the whole, it is better to take him as he is, and not as he is not.

So at this point he gets a little splenetic at some good, well-wishing persons, and affirms strongly his right of individuality. Had he been otherwise, let the sympathizing reader reflect that these rhymes would never have existed.

Perhaps of all the quatrains composed by Ap-

pleseed the last one here (No. 61) was his favorite. It is known that he repeated it often, wrought it over into diverse shapes, and even would add sometimes a word of comment — a thing which he usually disdained. The result is that more copies of this verse have reached the editor than of any other. We have heard it rehearsed orally, we have seen it written in various localities, it has also been printed. Naturally so many different means of transmission have led to differences of text; it has had the fate of the manuscript of classical authors. For example some copies read *created* instead of *begotten* in the first line, and we have seen two instances in which the sentence starts as follows: *If the eye had been, etc.* Other small diversities of lection we have found current among the people, who, while preserving, change all that they touch. Professor Brazennose, with the painstaking accuracy of the scholar, has noted all these various readings, but we shall have to pass them by in the presence of weightier matters.

As might be expected, the commentators have pitched upon these four lines as a great field requiring the most elaborate fertilization through the manure of erudition. In the form of jottings and marginal glosses we possess the remarks of several anonymous interpreters who have been stirred in the depths by the thought which they have drawn out of this simple solitary verse.

First we shall hear our own Professor Brazen-nose, who appears to have felt the Platonic element, which certainly tinges the lines: —

“We read in the expression a distinct reminiscence of the philosopher of the Academe who has dwelt with so much beauty and force upon the idea which always lies back of every manifestation of the sensible world. Particularly a passage in the Sixth Book of the *Republic*, which speaks of vision in connection with the sun, would seem to have set the thought spinning on its way down Time. More especially, however, do I recall the words of Plotinus, the great pillar of Neoplatonism, in the *Enneads* (Book I. 6, c. 9) where he discourses of the Beautiful: “The eye would never have seen the sun, unless it had been born sun-seeing (ἡλιοειδής), nor would the soul see the Beautiful, if it had not been created beautiful.” Appleseed’s lines seem hardly more than an adaptation of the words of that mystical Egyptian, who united in himself Hellenic, Jewish, and Christian lore, as well as inspiration from the Sphinx, under which he was born. The question rises before me, Did Appleseed know Greek?

“The same thought,” continues our Professor, “may be traced through Latin literature, especially in the poets of a Platonizing turn. What else is the meaning of Virgil’s well-known *Est Deus in nobis*? I cannot forbear citing two

lines from Manilius which show the like impress: —

Quis coelum possit nisi coeli munere nosse,
Et reperire Deum, nisi qui pars ipse Deorum
est?

It is the gift of heaven to be able to see heaven, and only he can find God who shares in God. Now the question rises, did Appleseed know Latin?"

We cannot follow the Professor further in tracing this "Platonic idea" down through the ages. He shows it re-appearing in the grand army of Platonizers everywhere and at all times, a most distinguished set of men bearing the ideal palladium and transmitting it to the future. There is the Platonic contingent of the Christian Fathers, the Platonic renaissance of Florence in the 15th century, of Cambridge in the 17th, of Germany in the 19th; especially there is the American renaissance of Plato on the soil of Illinois, with headquarters at Jacksonville, under the leadership of Dr. H. K. Jones, which our Professor very properly wheels into line with the great world-movement springing from the Attic philosopher. All of these are made to perform some duty by way of illustrating the verse in hand.

Now the strange fact occurs that some marginal comments which take a different line have come by chance into the possession of the

editor. They are by an anonymous hand, not quite as definite as we would like them; but as they are written, not by an enthusiastic Platonist, but by an ardent Aristotelian, they ought not to be suppressed. After an undecipherable sentence which, toward the end, speaks of "the twofoldness of the Divine, its innerness in the man, and its outerness in the world," our nameless paragrapher jots down his words more distinctly: "It is really Aristotle who starts this thought on its future career, concentrating it into one pithy utterance: 'Ἡ ὁμοίωσις τοῦ ὁμοίου τῷ ὁμοίῳ. Here is the keen sword-thrust of the Stagyrte, the most penetrating as well as the most sweeping spirit born in Time. 'The like is known by the like': thus the two sides of all possible knowledge are presented, reaching from man up to God."

We shall omit certain violent laudations of Aristotle in which the writer chooses to indulge, and give one of his later remarks: "The Schoolmen inherited the same thought from their mighty master, and Aquinas, greatest of Theologians, is full of it. Says he in his *Summa*: There must be a similitude of the thing known in the knower as if it were a certain form of himself (*quasi quædam forma ipsius*). So also in many other passages of his work. From Aquinas the thought passes on to Dante, who in a hundred places poetizes it, making it the spiritual bond between himself and Beatrice,

himself and the angels, and finally himself and deity.”

Thus Plato and Aristotle have shown their line of descent in a petty versicle by Johnny Appleseed. When the fact came out, the editor could not conceal his astonishment, but spoke of it to a friend who is learned in the great poets of the world. What was his reply? “My dear sir, your philosophers are not the only men who have transmitted this thought to mankind; I can find it everywhere in the mighty singers of the ages, who have really told it better by their images than it can be expressed by the abstractions of philosophy. From Homer to Goethe it runs as a cardinal principle through all lofty poetry. In the *Iliad* there are the two worlds, upper and lower, from which flow two streams, celestial and terrestrial, both of which have to unite at last and become harmonious. The God within the man and the God without the man are the two sides which fuse and become one in the Homeric hero when he beholds a divine appearance. The poet shows Ulysses seeing the Goddess Pallas when she is already inside his soul. Achilles too must be ‘a God-seer’ even in the top of his wrath, ere he can see the right.”

“And,” continued my friend, after a little silence, “I find the same idea weaving itself through dozens of passages in Goethe, our last world-poet, who on so many occasions shakes hands across the centuries with Homer, the first

world-poet. Indeed he has a little poem of four lines in the rhymed *Xenia*, which, I should conjecture, Appleseed must have known. I shall cite them :

Wär' nicht das Auge sonnenhaft,
Die Sonne könnt' es nie erblicken ;
Läg' nicht in uns des Gottes eigne Kraft,
Wie könnt' uns Göttliches entzücken ?

Goethe himself has called these lines the ' words of an old mystic,' possibly alluding to Plotinus, whom he is known to have read. Those two beautiful words *sonnenhaft* in German and 'ηλιοειδής in Greek, seem to be born for each other.'" The question now comes up, Did Appleseed understand German?

At this point the editor will have to cut short these comments which threaten a veritable deluge. What would be the size of the present book, if each verse were to receive as much annotation as this one? The reader, however, may find some satisfaction in the preceding exegesis by observing that Appleseed, the wandering singer of the Western Prairies, is connected, by instinct or by learning or by both, with the stream of all culture, philosophic and poetic; that he is, spiritually, the product of his whole race, sprung not simply of his own time and his environment, but rather of all times and environments. He is on a line with Plato and Aristotle, with Homer and Goethe ; it took them all and many more to make him.

Postscript.—The above had been written, and, as was thought, closed forever, when the editor's eye fell upon the jottings of the publisher's taster, to whom allusion has already been made. The desire of having the present commentary as complete as possible, reflecting many, if not all sides of the subject, compels the insertion of a few sentences emanating from that gentleman:

“Wonderful expositors! Thus they seek to expound a little verse by the crazy peripatetic, Johnny Appleseed, who never read Plato and Aristotle, never read anything probably of literature, in spite of that library carried around in his fiddle bag. What a forcing, straining, stretching, to make something out of nothing! They have blown up the petty doggerel like an india-rubber balloon, pumping more and more wind into it, till they have expanded it to the size of a mountain inclosed in a thin, circumambient film of a bubble. Draw near and touch it; behold, it explodes and vanishes into air again, whence it came.”

Very manifestly this taster is a snorter. It is interesting to see him on the rampage, when he paws dirt like a mad bull and flings it upwards, the most of it falling back upon his own head again. Hear him roar: “Why such a desperate attempt to read into the brain of a lunatic what never could have come out of it? It is an open question which ought to be sent first to the mad-

house, Appleseed or his commentators. He never thought of all these meanings which are foisted upon him. What an impertinence to the public to ask it to peruse such stuff! But the book will never sell. To the whole business I say *Anathema Maranatha.*”

Now occurs one of those strange coincidences which weave through human life a providential guardianship. Appleseed had met this man before he was born, and had read his writings before they were written. The result is a number of verses which pertain just to the subject in hand, namely, the criticaster in literature. No doubt there is a personal tinge to these verses; Appleseed must have foreseen or forefelt the roasting which he was to get from the publisher's taster and from the whole species to which the latter belongs. So the old fellow whips out his toasting-iron and blazes away right and left, striking blue sparks which leave a decided odor of brimstone in the surrounding atmosphere. For Appleseed, in spite of angelic characteristics, has in him a demonic element also, like most mortals; he will fight, especially the battles of the Lord. Hereafter we shall see him taking part in the Civil War, and actually showing fire-arms in the front rank at Missionary Ridge, where he stood on the ridge as a missionary with weapons of persuasive eloquence, speaking in tongues of flame.

But we must no longer withhold the promised verses, which, in view of the situation already explained, need no comment.

55.

“Tamer of beast and of man,
Tell me, I pray, if you can,
What never would train with the years?”

Answer: it was an ass
That kicked and smashed the looking-glass
For showing him his ears.

56.

Whomever the pygmy cannot take under
His own little brain-pan,
He deems an insane man,
Or, it may be, his foe,
Whom he will then overthrow
Just by a wee clap of the tiniest thunder.

But now only look at the apeling!
What antics of pygmean pleasure,
As he whips his tape string
For the man he can measure!

57.

What is the oldest news?
It is that men abuse
What they have not to show.
What do they think is wise?
It is to criticise
Just what they do not know.

58.

What the critic cannot subsume,
Is certain to meet with his doom;
But his doom is certain to meet too with it,
And the question remains, Which is hit?

59.

“Why accuse the poet?” —
I do not know him.
“Why abuse the poem?” —
I do not know it.

60.

I think it is well for the Muses
A hangman to have for abuses,
Though I would not be it, I vow,
I would rather follow the plow.
Nor of their whipping-post for small offenders
Shall I ever be one of the tenders.

61.

He wore his changeful eyes upon his nose,
He put them on or off just as he chose;
He laid them, while he read my book, away,
So that he saw not what the book did say;
But when he wrote, he plucked them from their
socket,
And deftly thrust his eyesight down into his
pocket;
And hence it came, his look
Was on his pocket-book.

62.

“ Oh, oh, the terrible fault,
The verses are halt,
And they have no salt! ”
Then little pins
He sticks in their shins,
To see at the prick
If they will kick.
Of a sudden he sprawls in the dirt;
I wonder if he be hurt?

63.

When Wisdom does not know, she knows it ;
When she a limit hath, she knows it ;
But Folly's foremost temptation
Is ignorant condemnation ;
Whenever she denies,
She closes both her eyes.

64.

If I cannot do it,
Censures resound ;
If I once get through it,
Still fault is found ;
So let them blame and blame,
I am resting just the same.

Thus Appleseed shows himself dominated by a negative, denunciatory, somewhat spiteful imp who is certainly in him and has to be cast out, like any other devil, being exorcised into verses, where he can still be seen sticking fast. But in this matter is our benevolent wanderer and humane planter of seed consistent? In damning the critic he has had to turn critic himself, and the truth is, he has rendered himself liable to his own damnation. So he gets involved in his own burning meshes, since it takes the demon to torture the demon in any Inferno, critical or theological.

Now Appleseed really knows all this, and soon shakes himself free. He is also aware of the unfruitfulness of negative criticism in general, aware that it is self-devouring, suicidal, diabolic. Hence after a hard tussle with the fiends, in which he can be and must be as fiendish as they are, or get whipped, he hastens back into his positive mood, and sings or composes from that point of view. The editor, therefore, now feels it his duty to impart a few verses which show not the darkened half-man, but the illumined whole-man, rising out of his negative, critical, sarcastic, finite vein, and exalting himself into something like universal vision. May they take the sulphurous taste out of the reader's mouth!

65.

You say that in this he is zero,
But tell me, in that he is — what?
For I have found the mightiest hero
Is nought in what he is not.

66.

Some men in passing through the infernal pit,
By that old Hell-dog, Cerberus, get bit,
When they return to earth, they snap and fight,
They never have recovered from the bite.
Hades here they make
For their own sake.

67.

If the devil by the tail you twitch,
It may be fun to see him rear and pitch;
And though he claw you not into his hell,
Still to your hand will stick his gruesome smell.

68.

Make no reply, it will do little good;
Perchance your kick is just what he would.
If he throw the dirt,
It may stain your shirt;
If you throw it back again,
Your soul will get the stain.

(106)

One step further. Let us now behold Appleseed in a still different mood, probably a surprise to some readers. In order to get him wholly away from his critical bedevilment, we shall have him repeat a little batch of versicles which show an amatory streak in light-hearted gayety, for which strange freak he seems never to have been too old. Thus we shall have made the complete transition from hate to love. Then, when he is well loosened in mirth, we may be able to get him to sing the *Churn Song*, which he is usually inclined to suppress.

69.

By day no sun up out of the sea,
By night no moon in the heavens above;
Heigh! heigh! nobody in love with me,
Ho! Ho! I with nobody in love.

70.

The moon, they say, is a cinder,
A dead world up there in the skies;
But it becomes the tenderest tinder,
Lit by one spark from two lovers' eyes.

71.

Let your Yes
Be made of strongest timber
In Love's stress;
Make your No so very limber
That I guess
It means Yes.

CHURN SONG.

Churn, churn, churn !
A thousand charms I mutter ;
The old cow had a hollow horn,
And the milk will give no butter.

Churn, churn, churn !
So next I use hot water ;
But the cream was skimmed this morn,
And the milk will give no butter.

Churn, churn, churn !
“ It is bewitched,” I stutter ;
But the curse I could not turn,
And the milk will give no butter.

Churn, churn, churn !
With dash and splash and splutter !
What is sin I have to learn,
When the milk will give no butter.

Churn, churn, churn !
O hark, the fairies flutter !
But inside it still doth yearn,
For the milk will give no butter.

Churn, churn, churn !
The weary word I utter ;
All my hope, my love I spurn,
When the milk will give no butter.

Churn, churn, churn !
I shall no longer putter,
Let the heart within me burn,
Let the milk just keep its butter.

Churn, churn, churn !
Behold ! at last the daughter !
She gives her pail of cream,
And now has come the butter.

It is emphatically the opinion of the editor that a personal experience lies at the bottom of this churn-song, probably a twofold experience. Is it not plain that Appleseed, in the days of his youth, had to do the churning for the household? The song evidently springs from a reminiscence of the time when he was chained to that tedious duty of pumping, pumping away for hours at butter-making, and the last verse happily celebrates his glorious release. But who except Appleseed, would have coupled butter-making with love-making? Truly the poet's Pegasus is a strange steed, dashing, soaring, giving unaccountable leaps through the skies and landing in most unexpected places.

The editor cannot refrain from adding an illustrative item from his own early life. Well does he recollect when he, an impetuous boy, longing to skip forth into the fields and woods, was compelled to stay at home and churn — churn, churn, churn — a slavery not to be compared with that of the negro in the South before the war. The utter misery and detestability of such a situation must have been keenly felt at some time by Appleseed, for does not his desolation speak out of his song? Still I recollect with gratitude the man who brought the first dog-

churn to town, most humane of mortals, and broke the chains of servitude for a multitude of us youngsters. My father invested in the new invention, I threw in all my cash, and when the new order began, I celebrated my freedom by making a bonfire of the old churn. The present generation of young people hardly know enough of that former epoch of galling bondage, I am afraid, to appreciate Appleseed's verses. Yet his romantic deliverance will be joyfully hailed by every sympathetic heart.

The question comes up, Who was this daughter who brought the magic pail of cream? No investigation has yet traced her or found her exact name, which is probably destined to be buried forever in the very bottom of the sea of oblivion. But in general it may be affirmed that there is often a female form flitting through, or at times flirting through a number of Appleseed's lays, sayings, apothegms, in a mystifying or bedazzling manner—some sweet maiden, pretty girl, fair daughter, Helen, Suleikha, Nancy Jane, or what not—on the whole quite intangible, slipping in, whisking out, with many feminine flashes of goodness, of vanity, of true-love, of coquetry.

We shall conclude with a curious remark from Prof. Brazennose, leaving the same for approval to the discernment of the reader. "It has been shown by Comparative Philology that the word

daughter means, in the earliest Aryan speech, the one who milks, and it transports us back to that primitive time when the household required its female child to be milkmaid, who thus had to bring to the primeval family its chief sustenance, probably from the herds, more or less wild, of wandering nomads. Appleseed, so it seems to me, shows a strand connecting him with the most remote Aryan antiquity, when he has the daughter bring a pail of cream to release him from his painful situation. So she must often have done in the olden time. Truly a far-off ancestral gleam, unconscious, deeply poetic, lighting up the prairie."

It has, in fact, become apparent that Appleseed, the wanderer westward, is the heir of Time and Time's culture; he is in the stream of the world's ideas, into which he sometimes dives out of sight. It is now well known that he carried a book in his fiddle sack; the printed page, usually some famous song, Homeric, or Wordsworthian, or Wigglesworthian, was put alongside of his musical instrument. Still, how he obtained his knowledge is one of the literary problems, as difficult of answer as is the question about the learning of Shakespeare.

But the editor feels that he must now draw into the foreground another fact; books are not

the only means of bringing the man and specially the poet into a deep relationship with the past ; the race has made for itself a vast river under ground as it were, pouring down the ages through the hearts of the people, and reaching back to periods immemorial, long before there was any printing or even alphabet to be printed. This is the River of Tradition, made up chiefly of what is now called folk-lore, a vast stream of legends, ballads, proverbs, sayings, rhymes, fairy-tales, even humors, jokes and quibbles. To this stream all true poets go and drink ; they seek the primordial Mythos of the People as their everlasting material. Our oft-cited friend, William Shakespeare, as it seems to me, draws more copiously from this subterranean River than any other English poet.

Of these waters, more or less hidden, at least not obtrusive, in these days, Johnny Appleseed must have imbibed during his long perambulating career, which certainly gave him a good opportunity. He became saturated with the people's utterance, he was himself the incarnation of all tradition, which indeed found a new life in him. To his book-lore which is so well brought out by Professor Brazennose, and perhaps carried to the extreme somewhat, we must add his folk-lore, which must also find its commentary.

On this side, which embraces the unwritten literature of his people, Appleseed was mainly

Teutonic, perhaps Aryan. An old, very old strand in him seems to run back to his primeval ancestry, and reflect dimly their pursuits. The agricultural class is the preserver and grand depository of primitive folk-lore, derived immediately from nature and life. Hence we may account for the number of images drawn from the farmer's occupation. Some of Appleseed's ballads have touches in them which have been transmitted by the popular song for thousands of years.

Even that which is derived from books is often wrought over till it becomes like the rest. There is an Oriental thread in him, springing originally from the Hebrew Bible; especially do we find traces of a Greco-Roman element. In these matters we have the valuable help of Prof. Brazennose with his exhaustive research and unconquerable industry; sometimes he may be a little dry, he may not always seize the true meaning, yet he is patient, devoted, an honest worker, a genuine investigator.

It is now our intention to put together three longer pieces, which have a family resemblance, and which we may call ballads, all of them having a story or legend at the foundation, which is taken from the mythical stores of the ages. Nay, we shall find that Appleseed has freely employed for his own use certain turns of expression, well known and beloved of the people, turns often repeated in their songs. In this field again we

avail ourselves of the help of the Professor, who has evidently been availing himself of the *printed* folk-lore (curious contradiction !), which is getting so abundant in these days.

“The three following ballads,” says he, “can be joined together in a common principle, that of the miraculous, supernatural, fantastic, which overarches them all like an ethereal dome suspended from the world beyond. The great question rises here as elsewhere: What is the meaning of this strange unreal element? Is it a play of fancy, a mere caprice, or a strong, earnest attempt to seize upon and image the spiritual world? Then they all seem to show in some form the idea of an ascent, an evolution, an unfolding out of the lower into the higher, which idea is the very driving-wheel of the Occident. Even the plant “longs to be a man” in that ballad of *The Mandrake*, which hints some deeply hidden aspiration in the vegetable world.”

“The ballad,” continues the Professor, “is the most popular form of all poetry; it is, indeed, the primitive material out of which a great constructive genius like Homer builds his vast poetic structures. A renaissance of genuine song usually goes back to this well-head, of which fact we have an English instance in the effect wrought by *Percy’s Reliques*, and a German instance in the far-reaching consequences of the collection known as *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. But more of this hereafter.”

THE ELF KNIGHT.

The lily has risen to sunrise
On the breast of the beautiful river,
Which heaves to the flower a moment,
Then rolls on and rolls on forever.

From the hillside the tassels are waving
Like banners on stalks of the corn,
And beyond them the Elf-knight softly
Is giving a wind on his horn.

From the castle of uppermost Elfland
Down the mountain in music he flies,
With the pour of the happiest sunbeams
He secretly drops from the skies.

In her home young Margery listens,
The note of the horn is so near :—
“ O would that the musical Elf-knight
Could whisper a word in mine ear.”

The Elf-knight springs in at the window
Perched just on the point of her thought,
And even before she could hearken,
The lisp of his whisper she caught:

“ I know thou always must call me
Whenever I sound on my horn,
And oft I have come to caress thee
In dreams at the turn of the morn.

“ But now let us go to the meadow
And wander together away,
To quaff the new breath of the springtime,
And gather the bloom of the May.”

“ But first let me ask my dear mother
Ere to the sweet flowers I stray.”
But the Elf-knight strangely compelled her,
For her mother she cannot delay.

“ They slip from the hearth by the threshold,
They hasten in meadows to roam,
And soon from Margery’s vision
Is lost the last glimpse of her home.

In the midst of the sweet talk of Elfland
They come to the banks of a river,
Her picture it shows to the maiden
As it rolls to the ocean forever.

From under the flow of the water
The lilies shoot up to the light,
They look in the eyes of the maiden
And leave her not out of their sight.

“ Let us wade down into the river,
No ill its crystal can hide;
See across it the reddest of roses,
Aye that is the beautiful side.”

Unwilling she made but a motion,
She dampened the soles of her shoes ;—
“ On, on, a little step further,
I know thou canst not but choose.”

The lilies still rise from the water,
Each seems to be hanging its head,
They nod in a row on the border,
As the wave sweeps into their bed.

“ Nay, nay, O Dearest, I must not,
To the stream no bottom I see.”
Still she made another move forward,
The mad current has wetted her knee.

“ Go on, go on,” cries the Elf-knight,
“ To-day I am in great haste.”
She took a timid step further,
The cold of the wave smote her waist.

She reaches the outermost limit
Just where the last lily doth lie;
She sees a pale face in its petals,
She sees, too, the tear in its eye.

She turns from the torrent beyond it,
She thwarts his stormy behest,
The Elf-knight then suddenly pushed her,
The wave mounted up to her breast.

The Elf-knight is wrought to a frenzy,
On fire is the ball of his eye;
“Prepare thee to marry this river,
O maiden, here thou art to die.

“Five brides have I wed to these waters,
At this point their bodies have lain,
From the bed of the magical river
They never can rise up again.”

The Elf-knight leaned over to kiss her
She knew his elf-eyes by the flash,
She saw five faces of water
Five bodies she saw in the splash.

Eyes stared from each billowy mirror,
Tongues spoke from each turbulent wave,
The faces turned up to the heavens,
And then they turned down to the grave.

The river ran over with devils,
With angels the river ran over,
But above the wild waters battle,
The words of a maiden now hover:

“ The sixth you say I am chosen,
Five bodies you say you have drowned,
O bridegroom, go down to thy marriage,
Down, down to the nethermost ground.”

She seized the fair knight of Elfland
By a shock of his beautiful curls,
And over the border of lilies
To the stream-bed the bridegroom she whirls.

“ I bid thee go down to thy marriage,
Five brides for thy kisses there stay,
This day by me is appointed
To be thy wedding day.

“ At the bottom is sitting old Nickel,
He will act at thy marriage as priest,
To thee he will give his best blessing,
And say his best grace at thy feast.”

The maiden turns back through the lilies,
Which smile in a heavenly dream,
She culls of the flowers the fairest,
Just as she steps out of the stream.

Still is heard in the folds of the meadow
The laugh of the beautiful river,
As it kisses the maiden's last foot-print,
Then rolls on in rapture forever.

More joyous the hillsides are flouting
Their streamers from stalks of the corn,
But from the uppermost castle of Elfland
Is silent the sound of the horn.

THE WATER BALL.

Oh Indian maid in the banyan's shade,
Why art thou weeping, Oh Indian maid,
On the holy banks of the River? —
I have lost what I was, an outcast I seem,
I can lift no longer the ball of the stream,
The ball of its sacred water.

But two days ago, on my prayer intent,
To the River divine, to the Ganges I went,
I went without pail, without pitcher;
I touched the good stream as I stood on the land,
The water rolled rounded up into my hand,
I bore it away to my mother.

I bore it away, it was pure all through,
Its mirror laid open the Heavens to view,
The Heavens that spread out above me;
The translucent ball showed the holy high place,
It showed there too the God's very face,
As if from on high he would love me.

Oh Ganges, Oh Ganges, a watery wall
Thou raisest around me when on thee I call,
 And step down into thy billow ;
Thou buildest above me a crystalline dome,
I feel it my house, I feel it my home
 Arched over with tints of the rainbow.

I yesterday went once more to the banks,
I said my prayer, I gave my thanks
 To the mighty God of the River ;
The water had sphered at my touch in the stream,
When a beautiful youth I saw in its gleam,
 Just as he had come from the Giver.

Then out of the watery globe he stepped,
A carol he sang and a measure he kept,
 He wooed me in shape of a lover ;
But then as I turned and answered his call
The globe of crystal I there let fall —
 See the phantom now over me hover !

All broken the sphere lay strewn on the ground ,
Its million of drops can never be found,
 And I had forgotten my mother ;
The youth soon led me away by the hand,
We wandered afar from the River's strand —
 I cannot now think of another.

To-day I hurried again to the shore,
The water would come to my touch no more —
 How ruffled the River resounded!
It sullenly stayed in its lowliest bed,
If I dared but touch it, onward it fled,
 To me it no longer ran rounded.

Oh dreadful and dark was Ganges' face!
I prayed but he rose not up from his place,
 In the love of the God to greet me;
By chance a globule of water fell near,
It had the sad look of a drop of a tear
 In sorrow divine to meet me.

Holy Ganges, if thou wilt no longer bestow
Thy gifts upon me, then I shall go
 And seek thee down deep in thy bosom;
In the sacred depths of thy billowy frown,
In love, in love I shall cast me down
 And find in thee still my ransom.—

She flung her body far out in the wave
Herself surrendered herself to save,
 The deed of one little minute;
Once mistress she caused the water to ball,
But now she is only its humblest thrall,
 And rapidly sinks down in it.

But list to the rush and the roar of the River !
Its thousand hands reach down from the Giver,
The God will never forsake her !
He comes in the brook from the lowliest fountain,
He comes in the cloud from the loftiest mountain,
Behold ! he is going to take her !

Now list to the whisper and kiss of the River,
As it rolls its great ball to the ocean forever !
The God with his burden is laden ;
He rises aloft from the murmuring tide,
He bears in his arms the beautiful bride —
Behold ! 'tis the Indian maiden.

THE MANDRAKE.

O mandrake, tell me who thou art?
A seeming plant in mien!
And yet thou hast a feeling heart,
Which keeps its beat unseen.

Some man transformed thou shalt be found,
Who sank just where he stood
Till half of him was under ground;
Thy sap must be his blood.

I fear to break thy juicy stalk
Lest it should bubble red;
Out of thy spot thou canst not walk,
One step would smite thee dead.—

A quiver ran up through the leaves,
What doth the mandrake seek?
Inside the bark it swells and heaves,
It seems to want to speak.

But though no voice as yet was heard,
Quick pulses through it ran;
Listen ! the mandrake lisps a word :
“ I long to be a man.”

O human plant thou hast the rain,
The sun doth on thee shine ;
But thou dost feel a mortal's pain,
And suffering is thine.

O mandrake, though thou be a flower,
Thou knowest how to speak ;
If thou be pulled, thou hast the power
To give a human shriek.

Thy voice will make the blood run chill,
If we but hear thee groan ;
Thy cry of agony doth kill,
It turns the heart to stone.

Again the stalk did pulse and throb,
To whimper it began,
Until a voice spake out the sob :
“ I long to be a man.”

Just underneath this little ground
Two legs the mandrake grows,
But when above it he is found,
A simple stalk he shows.

This flower-man is two in one,
The first is hid in night,
The second shoots up to the sun;
He longs to see the light.

What he doth give unto the day
He marks in colors fair,
But what he seeks to hide away
He keeps below the air.

The flower bubbles while I gaze,
I try to find its plan,
But as I look, again it says:
"I long to be a man."

Art thou a sprite in prison here
Who seekest to be free?
Now to thy leaves I place mine ear,
Thy secret tell to me.

The leaflets thrill upon the stalk,
A tone out of the ground
Doth rise into a voice and talk:
Hark to the tiny sound:

"I have a life, a flower-life,
And still I have no peace,
Let no one put to me the knife,
Not thus I find release.

“ A soul I have within my rind,
Though of another race;
I feel akin to human kind,
But cannot change my place.

“ Ah ! greedy men my branches pluck,
Although I shrink in pain;
They say my mangled shape brings luck,
My hurt doth give them gain.

“ Leave me a fixed plant to blow,
With roots beneath the loam;
Leave me a struggling soul to grow
In sunlight as my home.

“ In time I may step out the ground,
And walk as best I can ;
Among mankind I would be found ;
I long to be a man.”

O speak once more, thou voiced mandrake,
I feel that thou art human ;
Give me in joy a hearty handshake,
And be to me a true man.

Fain would I shun with thee all strife,
Would look within thy portal
Where thou dost pass into thy life
Which lies outside the mortal.

I shall not tear thee from thy soil,
 That I thy shape possess;
 Though it bring wealth without the toil,
 And save me from distress.

I shall not pluck thy forked root.
 Whatever be the gain;
 I would not have th' unhallowed fruit
 Which comes from mortal pain.

I beg thee now my friend to be,
 My love thou shalt not rue,
 I feel a sympathy with thee.
 For I must suffer too.

Whereat it shook with strong delight,
 It seemed to know my plan.
 And soon it spoke with new-born might:
 "I long to be a man.

"Though I am one, yet I am twain.
 I am above, below,
 Both up and down I wax and wane,
 It is my bliss, my woe.

"I am a plant, a simple flower,
 Yet I am under ban,
 I tell to thee my secret power:
 I long to be a man."

The mandrake then in silence stooped,
It changed its human gleam,
Asleep it fell, adown it drooped,
And was a flowery dream.

I started out the sylvan throng:
The echo in my heart
Had run into a little song
In which the woods took part.

The bending bush, the leafy spray,
Each bud, each small green thing
Attuned its pipe unto the lay.
They all the song would sing.

It was the mandrake's soft refrain:
And soon tall trees began
To fall into the simple strain:
"I long to be a man."

And as I left the songing grove,
One cry through nature ran
Below, above, in hate, in love:
"I long to be a man."

In the preceding verses Appleseed has dropped the epigrammatic form, and betaken himself to the ballad, the primitive poetic utterance of all singing peoples. Note the two threads of which it is spun, which we may call the natural and supernatural, thus representing two sides of man's being, the sphere of the senses and the sphere beyond the senses. The mythical world of elves, fairies, demons, goblins, kobolds, is woven into our daily existence, and miraculously determines our lives. It may be a good spirit, or a bad spirit, still it is a spirit, and takes its own shape, suggesting a spiritual realm which hovers over and around our actions. This faith of the balladist is fundamental, he is of necessity a supernaturalist, and he invokes the popular myth with all the weird inhabitants peopling fairy-land, who are made to image the ideal, transcendent, supersensible element in human existence. Suddenly a far-off, unconscious, shadowy world wells up into the prosaic humdrum of daily life, and causes its arid fields to shoot forth into a new inflorescence; must not such a world be given a visible form and order?

The general idea of *The Elf-knight* has been a favorite one in all ages; it celebrates the innocent maiden in some way meeting violence,

temptation, cunning, and overwhelming the evil-doer on his own ground. The people have thus expressed their belief in the innate power of purity against any demonic foe. Undoubtedly to this form of the ballad there are counterparts which show the maiden overcome and destroyed; tragedy also has its place in the voice of the human heart. But such an outcome is rare in the present case, chiefly confined, it is said, to a few German and Polish examples.

Here again we must appeal to the comment of Professor Brazennose, whose learning in balladology is well known: "One of the highest authorities on the subject has said that this ballad in its essential features has obtained a wider circulation among men than any other composition of the kind. In all Scandinavian countries, Iceland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark; in every portion of Germany, north and south, east and west; among Latin peoples, France, Italy, Spain; among Slavic peoples, Russia, Bohemia, Servia, Poland, not to speak of many outlying districts, as Lapland, it has been traced by the diligence of investigators and expounded by the erudition of scholars. Thus have all the peoples of Europe united in one grand voice and sang of the heroic maiden who, in spite of love, turns at the fateful moment, and uttering the doom of a last judgment, settles the account forever between herself and her intended betrayer. Appleseed, with his

optimism in general, and especially with his reverence for ideal womanhood, could not help joining in this mighty chorus of the nations."

"But of course," the Professor continues, "the material has assumed many forms in its various redactions throughout Europe, being made by these changes to reflect epochs, nationalities, and also individual crotchets. A few of these diversities may be briefly noted. First the Elf-knight is sometimes a harper who charms his victim into sleep by his music; oftener, however, he becomes an ordinary knight of flesh and blood, or sinks down to a common deceiver. Next his motives are very different in different forms of the ballad; according to circumstances he shows passion or he seeks the money, the jewels, or the fine garments of the maiden; oftener he manifests mere cruelty and blood-thirstiness, showing himself a sort of Bluebeard. Again, the place where the deed happens is variously designated as a forest, a well, a sea, a river. In a few instances, the maiden does not save herself through her own inherent strength, but is rescued by a brother, who punishes duly the false knight. Thus the original ballad-stuff undergoes many discolorations and corruptions; the ideal element gets lost, the supersensible world vanishes out of it, and the whole sinks into mere prose."

At this point the Professor makes a distinction

which we give to the reader: "The material of the true ballad is indestructible, made by no individual but by a people or perchance by the whole race. But the form which it takes at a given period varies, is the product of Time and may pass away in Time having received simply the impress of some national, or even individual mind. Appleseed, for instance, did not create his material, that was given him, but he did give to it the form we see here. Man does not make his gold, nature furnishes it in free bounty; but he does purify it and coin it and place upon it his image. Still the next age or people may melt it and coin it over again, stamping upon it their own emblem or superscription."

It would seem that the present ballad-stuff has found much greater currency in the Occident than in the Orient. Indeed how can the Orient, with its view of woman, celebrate such a heroine, who would certainly not fit well into the polygamous life of the harem? An occidental spirit finds utterance in the ballad, whose best forms show the maiden, not lost or rescued by another, but rescuing herself in her own might. Still the story has points in common with the biblical tale of Judith and Holofernes; indeed an eminent Professor (not our Brazennose) has thought the chief European phases of the ballad to be derived from the Hebrew source just mentioned.

But such tales grow out of the conflicts of the human heart, which are present everywhere and in all ages; they spring up as naturally as the plant from the soil. Independent in origin are these mythical flowers of Time, though similar; their likeness comes simply of the common human likeness. The unity of the race we see in this unity of its mythus.

It would be interesting if we could point out the exact source whence Appleseed derived his ballad. Did he hear anybody sing it in his infancy? It has English and Scotch forms, which he might have heard in his rambles. Professor Brazennose almost fails us at this conjuncture, making simply some references to that excellent work, Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, in which the ballad of *Lady Isabel and the Elf-knight* is printed in six different forms. Two of these forms seem to have furnished Appleseed with his main incidents, and even with some of his expressions. "Still he has," says Brazennose, "a number of things which I have not been able to trace to any previous source. Perhaps the researches of some future commentator will bring to light what yet lies hidden."

At any rate the Professor has succeeded in giving Appleseed a small position in the poetic succession of his race, has shown him paddling his own little canoe in the great stream of popular song, which flows down to the present out of the head-waters of Time.

From the preceding legend of *The Elf-knight*, which we have designated as Occidental in spirit, sprung apparently of European consciousness, we now turn to another which belongs emphatically to the Orient. The legend which forms the mythical groundwork of *The Water Ball* goes back to Hindostan, from which land it has descended to the West. It will be seen that of the two legends the one belongs to a West-Aryan and the other to an East-Aryan people, in due order; thus they bring together the extreme ends of the great Aryan migration, Europe and India.

Both legends treat of the maiden in her supreme temptation; both show her rescued through her own act. But here occurs the important difference; the one saves herself before the fall through a deed of heroic self-mastery, the other saves herself after the fall through repentance and complete self-sacrifice. The latter, therefore, touches a deeper ethical note, and intimates a divine restoration after the grand estrangement. Undoubtedly this idea of alienation and return is common to the whole human race; but the Indian story gives it a peculiar coloring, imparted specially by the Ganges, the sacred river, which flows through the whole poem.

“The legend of the Water Ball has come to Europe through various channels,” says our ever-ready friend, Professor Brazennose, “through

the stream of tradition flowing out of the Orient from time immemorial, and through direct transmission by means of travelers, missionaries, scholars. It appears, for instance, in Modern-Greek folk-lore, and could probably be found throughout Eastern Europe. But the account of it which has taken strongest hold of our modern Occident can be seen in Sonnerat's *Travels in India and China* (1774-81), from which work we extract the following account of the legend.

“ ‘Mariatale was the wife Schamadagini the penitent, and was the mother of Parassurama, one of the incarnations of Vishnu. She was a Goddess who had power over the elements, but she could keep this power only so long as her heart remained pure. Once, as she was drawing water from a pool, and when, according to her custom, she had formed it into a ball (she being mistress over nature), in order to carry it home, she saw on the surface of the water the shapes of some beautiful winged beings which rose and fluttered over her head. Mariatale was entranced by their charms, and love's desire slipped into her heart, whereat the ball of water suddenly went asunder and ran down into the pool. From this time on she could never bring water home without carrying it in a vessel of some kind. This fact disclosed to Schamadagini that his wife was no longer pure in heart, and in the first outbreak of his wrath he commanded

his son to drag her to the place of execution and cut off her head. The son obeyed the order, but he was so afflicted over the death of his mother, that the father commanded him to take the severed head and join it to the body, repeating a prayer which had the power of bringing back life.'

"The legend goes on to tell," continues the Professor, "that the son in his eagerness made a mistake, he put the right head on the wrong body, which belonged to a woman of the Pariah caste, who had just been executed for her misdeeds. Thus a horrible living mixture of the highest and lowest, Brahmin and Pariah, arose, having the virtues of a Goddess and the vices of an outcast. But this part of the legend with its gruesomeness is not used by Appleseed, who evidently found it little to his taste. Still it gives a suggestive picture of that strange mythical consciousness of the Hindoo who is veritably in love with fantastic horrors."

The Professor traces the legend, at it appears in Sonnerat, back to the great encyclopedic epos of India, the Mahabharata, from which it passed to other portions of Hindoo literature. As authority in these matters, Brazennose cites the eminent Sanscritist Benfey (*Orient and Occident, passim*) and then proceeds to say:—

"But Sonnerat would have made a very small impression, if his account had not stirred up and

set to work the greatest literary genius of modern times, Goethe, who has transformed the legend and made it universal. Two of his ballads, *Der Gott und die Bayedere* and the *Paria*, have employed kindred Hindoo materials, and the poet has breathed into them the full spirit of repentance, charity and humanity, which belongs to Occident, specially to Christendom. Very suggestive is it to compare the oldest form of the legend in the Mahabharata with this European transfiguration of it in Goethe. In the ancient Indian shape it is a most barbarous, desperately hideous tale, in which the father Schamadagini, who is by the way a Hindoo saint, full of holy penitence, makes the son Parassurama cleave the skull of his mother Renuka with an axe, not from any deed of hers done in the flesh, but from a passing inclination which rises in her heart while bathing, at the view of a beautiful lotus-crowned prince. Thus does parental and marital authority image itself in that Hindoo world."

Appleseed, with an Oriental strain in him, too, goes back to this old Aryan myth, and works it over anew in the Mississippi Valley. In European Goethe the rise of the Pariah to a share in Godhood, the participation of the most degraded in the highest, is celebrated, the instance being taken from the land of castes; thus the poet reads a lesson to his Europe, with its class dis-

tinctions, less rigid indeed than the Indian castes, but still pretty well indurated into its social system. But in America, especially west of the Alleghenies, there are neither the Indian castes nor the European class distinctions. With this change of background, the legend changes, which adapts itself to the social order around it; the terrible Indian punishment of the wife falls away, and the maiden, not the mother, is the central female figure—she who loves, errs, repents, and is saved by the God and is borne above. But there is no repentance of the woman, no salvation for her in the Indian legend, except by a wild fantastic metamorphosis which makes her a Goddess of the outcasts.

Very significant does it appear to the editor to track this legend to its fountain head and to watch it transferring itself from the banks of the Ganges to the banks of the Mississippi, whereby a dark unconscious stream, a deep subterranean channel as it were, connects the two mighty rivers of the Orient and the Occident, and brings them into a new bond of unity. The Water Ball thus has rolled half way round the globe; whither tends its course? May we not prophesy that it will yet return to its primitive source, and in its transfigured shape, help make over that Hindoo consciousness whence it originally sprang, after that it is laden with all the spoils of a World's journey and of Time's cycle? Many

incarnations the legend will have passed through in its circumnavigation of the earth, all of which seem destined to find their way back to their earliest home by the Ganges, after thousands of years of separation. The story, the tale, the mythus wanders around the globe, seeking its origin, like the fabled Sigfried; nay, like Johnny Appleseed, who is also a wanderer westward, along with the Sun in Heaven. A metempsychosis of the legend we thus witness, gradually fulfilling its cycle, spatial, temporal, spiritual.

But the prophecy has not yet come to pass, and will not, for some æons yet; therefore let us turn our look backwards and regard the hemisphere already won, allowing the future to take care of itself, which it will do in any case. Here again, we shall have to take refuge in the words of Professor Brazennose, who grows exalted at the magnificent retrospect: "Three great stages we can behold in the vast periphery of this legend, verily continent-encompassing: namely, the Asiatic, the European, and the American. The first is represented by the colossal Indian epos, the Mahabharata, together with its successors in Hindoo literature; the second is represented by the great Goethe; the third is represented by little Johnny Appleseed with his little verses and his fiddle, wandering from place to place in the Valley of the Mississippi. Still the latter is, I maintain,

an integral part of the grand hemispherical arch bending around the globe; he, too, is the instrument of the World-spirit and participates in its movement; he is a true product of the genius of Time and bears its image."

On such a lofty pedestal has our all-too enthusiastic Professor set the humble Appleseed, whom the reader may now imagine touching the welkin above with his head while still jigging and fiddling to a circle of rustic listeners below.

Another curious bit of folk-lore which Appleseed has seized hold of and transmuted into poetry, pertains to the plant known as the mandrake or mandragora. He regards it seemingly as a kind of anthropopathic vegetable, or man-flower, endowed with human feelings and sympathies. Indeed he represents the whole plant-world as possessing a sort of sensation, and he ascribes to the same an obscure longing to attain the human stage of development. Perhaps he would regard all nature, even down to matter, as seeking to reach beyond itself and become spirit. Strange Appleseed! the most unmitigated, desperate idealist we have ever read after, eternally shooting upward with his heaven-scaling optimism, yet also staying below to wreath and swathe in rainbows of hope and progress our muddy earth-ball.

It will be interesting to see how the myth-making soul of the Ages has employed this relation between plants and man, and has endeavored to set forth their secret affinity. Twofold is the movement thereof; the first is the descent, wherein the man becomes a plant, by some transformation; the second is the ascent, wherein the plant is shown at some point on the way up toward man.

In the case of the descent, the great classical instance is found in Virgil. Every school-boy recollects the striking passage in which is told how Aeneas in his wanderings came to a wood; there he plucked the branch of a tree which began at once to ooze blood and to talk, being the transformed body of Trojan Polydorus.

From the Aeneid this incident has rolled down Time like a great wave on the Ocean, repeating its undulations through the works of many poets. The greatest of these aftertones is found in the Inferno of Dante, to whom Virgil was guide and master. In a passage of tremendous mythical power the poet sets forth the metamorphosis of the self-murderer into a jagged poisonous shrub; having destroyed through his own deed his animal life, the guilty man falls back into vegetable life, without locomotion, yet with feeling, reason and speech. Thus the ever-memorable Wood of the Suicides becomes an awful fact to the reader of Great Literature. Of such transformations by

descent we catch two or three gleams in Appleseed's poem, which, however, is mainly occupied with the idea of ascent. But to trace this even slightly, a multifarious erudition is necessary; hence we have now to call in our obliging friend, Professor Brazennose, who takes special delight in delving down into and bringing up to light again the almost vanished background of the Present in the Past.

"The mandrake," remarks the Professor on a stray sheet of paper, "has occupied an important place in folk-lore, being connected with certain primitive beliefs and rites of the people. Its root is frequently, though not always, forked, and thus, with a little trimming perchance, it can be made to suggest the human shape, to which fact it probably owes its place in prophecy, magic, love, and even in physic, though it seems to possess certain medicinal properties. Doubtless the first syllable of the English word has helped to suggest, among English-speaking peoples, a connection with human beings.

"Down from the Orient to and through the Occident we can follow this faith in the supernatural powers of the mandrake. It is mentioned early in the Bible (Gen. XXX. 14), where the Hebrew word, according to the best commentators, means this plant, and is so translated. It is doubtless the magical herb *baaras* of Josephus (*Bell. Jud.* B. VII, C. 6, Sec. 3),

which had the property curing cases of demonic obsession. A dog was employed to drag it out by the roots in order that the deadly effects of its shriek might be avoided, as it was torn from its native bed in the soil, the operator meanwhile stopping his ears with pitch or wax. Thus Ulysses of old stopped the ears of his companions that they might not hear the voice of the Sirens. But the operation always meant death to the dog. Shakespeare, brimming with folklore, has made Juliet cry out:—

And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.

“It is my opinion that this plant is the mystical *anthropomorphos* of the old Greek philosopher Pythagoras. In Roman Columella we find it called *semi-homo*, or half-man (*semi-hominis vesano gramine*). Grimm in his *Teutonic Folk-Lore* says that the dog had to be black, wherein we catch a glimpse of the favorite German Black Poodle of many a legend, of that of Faust among others. Not a single white hair was permitted, the dog had to be examined as strictly as the old Egyptian priests examined the bull Apis in his advent to earth. Moreover the deed had to be performed just before sunrise, and on a Friday, at which time the devil would be surely on hand and ready to help. Allied to the half-man (*semi-homo*) is also the manikin

(homunculus) famous in medieval story, and wrought over with new significance by Goethe in the Second Part of Faust. Perchance, too, touches of that curious Teutonic sprite, the gallows-manikin (Galgenmännchen) are intermingled with the legend of the mandrake.

“As to the origin of the man-plant, the mythical fancy has found therein occasion for its playful caprices. A common view was that it came of actual human generation, a product of the seed of man, wherein vice and sensuality had their part. Albertus Magnus, turning aside from his dry scholastic speculation, makes the interesting statement that the root of the mandrake was more powerful in its charms if it grew under the gibbet where it received the secretions of the dangling criminal. Herewith we may cite a sentence from Thomas Newton’s *Herball to the Bible*, which says this plant is supposed to be “a creature having life, engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person put to death for murder.” A gruesome, uncanny thought, yet truly of the people.

“As the capstone to this marvelous vegetable development we should note that the mandrake has been sexed. Gerard in his *Herball* (1597) describes the male and female. The old Greek botanist Dioscorides calls the plant *Circaea*, from Circe, the enchantress, and he speaks of its two kinds, not, however, as differing in sex.”

Here our Professor takes an excursion to Arabia and cites Avicenna and the sages of Bagdad, but we shall have to cut him short. We shall come nearer home and throw one more glance at our Shakespeare, who had a poet's love for the fabulous, the mysterious, the phastasmagoric, as well as for the hidden subtleties and affinities of nature, and hence seems to have been attracted by the mandrake with its circumambient world of fable. Beside the passage already cited from *Romeo and Juliet*, there is the allusion in *Macbeth* to the "insane root which takes the reason prisoner;" in *Antony and Cleopatra* we hear the cry: "Give me to drink of mandragora;" in *Othello* listen to the reverberation in the mighty lines:

Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrops of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ownedst yesterday.

Thus we may catch in Appleseed's lines a marvelous echo of primeval beliefs, heathen rites, relics of fetichism, all, however, being transfigured into modern life, to which they lead in the process of development. In such manner poetry connects to-day with the very beginning, and joins, in the stream of folk-lore, the civilized man with his remote spiritual ancestry, giving him gleams backward through uncounted eras. The vast mythical river wandering suppressed

through the hearts of the people, underground, as it were, for centuries, reaches the Mississippi Valley and throws up a sudden jet to sunshine and print in the little rhymes of Johnny Appleseed. Surely every man is the heir of his race; the faith which reared and supported our Aryan forefathers in their primitive wanderings we cannot throw off so easily in spite of culture. It remains in the dark underworld of the soul, and may break forth to daylight at any moment on due provocation.

Indeed I have repeatedly thought that Appleseed specially had inherited the primitive Aryan spirit which drove our ancestral emigrants out of the highlands of Asia toward Europe and the West, and still keeps propelling their sons across America to the islands of the Pacific, yea to Asia itself, back toward the original starting point, which these sons are destined at some time to reach again. Does he not persist in wandering, wandering still, in the midst of civilization and a settled life? Thus he has gone on, planting, singing, moving westward in the main, yet with cycles of return, in order to witness what has thus far been accomplished. A representative Aryan I call Applesced in these matters, reaching beyond America and the present, beyond Europe and Christendom, even beyond classical antiquity, into hoary nebulous Asia. Methinks I see him striding gigantesque out of that dim

prehistoric fog-world on his new career; he reaches Hellas and Marathon, and there he fights along with the Greeks the grand battle of freedom against the Orient, separating from the same, as a child from its mother's breast. Thence he takes up his clear historic march toward the Occident, in time he crosses the Atlantic, and not many years ago was seen passing over the Mississippi in a flat-boat.

But this is not all. Appleseed seems to have pushed his origin backwards, beyond man, to a winged world of which he was a feathery member. In the following poem he expresses some remembrances not only of a pre-historic, but a pre-human, yea a pre-mammalian existence. Probably he intends simply to utter a deep living sympathy with nature, just as previously, in the legend of *The Mandrake*, he endowed the vegetable with feeling and speech. But under any circumstances we can well attribute to the poet the instinct for pinions, inherited or acquired, and the strong desire to fly, even when he may not be able. But let us have the poem, and thus, with a final whip-stitch close up and bring to an end all the tortuosities of this Second Book.

REMINISCENCE.

A Darwinist I am in certain things,
For I believe I had a pair of wings;
I must have been a bird, and once could fly,
Flight is my lost ancestral quality;
Yet lost not wholly, oft I feel it still,
In secret working up into my will.
Erect I stand upon the mountain top,
I scarcely can my eager body stop
From leaping out into the air
And speeding o'er the valley fair
Unto another lofty peak
Which seems in love to me to speak
And bid me come and perch there too,
And from it take a higher view
Of all that is below, above, around,
From Heaven's glow down to the vale's dim
ground.

In my dreams

Oft it seems

That I feel the pinions growing
And their power of flight bestowing,
Urging me to spring and rise
Till I upward soar into the skies,
Flit along the atmospheric way,
Half in earnest, half in play,
Half awake and half asleep.

Thus from cloud to cloud I sweep
 Pulling flowers,
 Idle hours,
Sucking Heaven's honey to my fill,
For on wings I always have my will.
What I was, I still must be,
Past doth bear futurity.
So I find wherever I may roam,
Reminiscence of my former home ;
And whatever I may think or rhyme
Is but the far-off echo of another time.

BOOK THIRD.

1.

Nothing is duller than wit,
If you have not a bit ;
Nothing is darker than light,
If you have no sight ;
Nothing is harder to part with,
If nothing you have to start with.

2.

Appleseed, another still ;
We like the rumble of your mill. —
Than knowledge nothing is ever less known,
If no knowledge you have of your own ;
Than Heaven nothing can be less celestial
If no Heaven within you keeps under the bestial ;
Than wisdom — but why take your time ?
Fit your own case now to the rhyme.

3.

Every man must wisdom obtain
At his own cost ;
The new ones have to discover again
What the old ones lost.

4.

When out of annoyance
You can make joyance,
And Fortune's back-stroke
You can turn to a joke,
And your innermost sense
Is one with Providence,
Then into the world you have put the whole
leaven,
Inside of it you yourself are the heaven.

5.

Wisdom's key in her lock thou wilt find,
Seek it not round about ;
Let thy foresight see always behind,
And thy insight see out.

6.

Little wise and very learned,
Little learned and very wise,
Which is taken, which is spurned ?
Seek them both to harmonize.
Nor the wisdom nor the lore
Put not rashly out of door ;
Though twofold man's wit,
It need not be split.

7.

Wisdom has often a need to be jolly :
' Tis then she delights
Slyly to put on the mask made of folly,
And go out of nights;
Disguised she sees all the sights
As she strays through the town
In the garb of the clown.
When will she come back, dost thou ask?
When thou canst see under her mask.

8.

It is easy to dance to the fiddle
When Fortune has chosen to play ;
But thou must unravel her riddle,
When she runs with her music away.

9.

If you should get too wise,
That is unsound ;
You must folly also prize
As wisdom's bound.

10.

Every creature that has a nose,
Cannot help having a snivel ;
Every tongue that a-rattling goes,
Will sometimes run into drivel ;
But snivel and drivel in one breath
Put charity to death.

11.

To-morrow never comes this way,
Thou wilt never meet him ;
He hates his brother To-day,
And will never greet him ;
Heap his brother with gifts, I pray,
And thou wilt beat him.

12.

Light and warmth are twins of the Sun,
Not to be separated ;
If thou wilt have of either the one,
Thou wilt find him mated.
The Warm and the Bright,
The Feeling and Sight,
The Head and the Heart,
The Whole and the Part
Are together created.

13.

“ Knowledge is what is unknown,
Wisdom is never man's own.” —
In triumph so sings the denier,
And shows he is not a liar.

14.

“ What is your price to see the show? ” —
The only fee is that you know ;
You cannot enter wisdom's door,
Unless you bring along your knower.

15.

Men are ciphers if they stand alone ;
In themselves they are but nought,
Be it whether you bestow
Them singly, or in a row ;
Place before them but a one,
See, a miracle is wrought,
And you ask, How is it done ?
Look ! the Earth is bearing men,
That lone one becomes a ten,
And the ten is now a hundred, too,
If we read that cipher man anew ;
And if added to the million's store,
He will make the million many millions
more.

16.

Oracle, voice of to-morrow,
For me has it joy, has it sorrow ?
Has it heaven or hell ?
Show me to-day what is in it !
Peace ! The future itself will tell
Its secret at the right minute.

17.

When authority is mad,
Obedience is sad ;
But when obedience is bad,
Authority runs mad :
So each begins
The other's sins.

18.

I slapped my hand upon my thigh
As soon as I snuffed the candle,
“I’m burnt!” in sudden pain I had to cry,
That flame I no longer shall handle;
But look at my house! now it is bright!
My pain was the money that bought me the light.

19.

He is often the good and the great,
Whom the rascals all bitterly hate;
But he may be of rascals the worst,
Curst himself even by the accurst;
So, ere you love with or hate with,
It is better to see whom you mate with.

20.

Life is but a loan
Which thou must return
With many a groan;
But at the end thou wilt learn,
If honest thy quest,
That this loan’s interest
Is to its principal
As nought is to all,
As darkness to light,
As blindness to sight,
As finite to infinite,
As the new to the old birth,
As Heaven to Earth.

21.

Opinion, Opinion,
My darling, my minion !
Let me the wide world explore,
My Opinion I find and no more.
All of my treasure I freely shall spend,
For my Opinion, immutable friend.
And I shall pour out the last of my life,
For my love of Opinion, my dearest, my wife.
Friend and darling and wife — how strange
That you should ask me Opinion to change.

22.

“ Tell me, who is the best adviser ? ” —
Find out which of two men is the wiser. —
“ But if wisdom I cannot discern ? ” —
Then to school you must go and learn. —
“ But if in the mean time I cannot delay ? ” —
Then you will have to be taught on the way. —
“ I never shall follow that rule. ” —
You must be trounced into school.

23.

“ Why this bent to doggrelize
In verses so short ? ” —
Good wine is good in my eyes,
Measured in pint or in quart.
Sometimes but a drop on the lip,
Oftener still I take a good sip,
Then again the whole cask I would dip.

24.

When the beginner, the baby, arrives in the land,
It finds its cradle already at hand ;
When it commences to open its eyes,
Over its head papa's house it espies ;
Lest its nose a tumble should threaten to harm,
Around its soft body it feels mama's arm ;
When it has need of something to wear,
Behold, a beautiful jacket is there.
When it grows, that it stay no longer a dunce,
The school-house seems to spring up at once.
It appears quite into the order to fit,
Surely the world has been made just for it.
Now it must do what has already been done,
Win the same crown that always was won ;
It has to know what was known long before,
What it has to learn, is learning's own store.
In being what has been, it reaches its youth,
And begins to defy what before was its truth.
The young man so bold will his own world
create,
But he finds a created old world to be his estate.
Still he never the one fact should fail to discern,
Ere he can have his estate, it anew he must earn.
So he builds papa's house, and finds mama too,
The old Adam keeps working to make himself
new.

Never to be forgotten is that evening when the editor, having gathered together the preceding bunch of versicles by Appleseed, read them to a company of appreciative listeners, who responded always with luminous looks, and sometimes with half-suspended words of approval. The editor interspersed his reading with various questions and comments; these, however, he will compliment his constituency by omitting in the present volume. It has been already duly noted that he is a sort of wandering lecturer, wherein his vocation has some resemblance to that of Appleseed himself. It is barely possible that this community of pursuits may have forged the bond of sympathy which has ended in the editorship of the book now organizing itself slowly out of chaos before the eyes of the reader. Let it not be forgotten that Theophilus Middling, too, has his call, his message, nay, his heaven-sent apostleship, though this be but to set forth and to promote the work of humble Johnny Appleseed, itinerant singer and planter of fruit-trees for future generations.

A very pleasing impression was produced by a letter which I received one day, asking me to give a talk to the Hardscrabble Literary Club. Of course the invitation was accepted, both on its own merits and because it furnished me an-

other opportunity to confer with Professor Brazennose, for whose sterling qualities of mind and heart I have a strong regard, which is doubled several times through our common interest in Appleseed. At once I sat down and wrote him a letter, apprising him of the fact that I had been called by the Literary Club of his town, and that I would arrive at a certain date, and that I hoped to see him often and to renew the former friendly intercourse with him in person. To this letter I never received any reply, and the day came for starting without news from the Professor.

And here I may state the situation which became apparent afterwards, and which seemed at first somewhat strange: the University of Hardscrabble did not dominate the town wholly in matters of culture, and specially Professor Brazennose did not control the entire literary element of the place. On the contrary a kind of reaction had set in against academic instruction in its very home.

It was not difficult to find the personality in whom this opposition centered. The Literary Club held its meeting, the lecture was given, and, this done, some readings from Appleseed's verses were called for by a tall gentleman present who sat on the front seat and who showed an erect military bearing, with a good deal of fire in his eye. That eye the editor had noticed repeatedly during the evening and

its occasional flashing; in fact, the man had been at least one half the audience to the lecturer, though one hundred people were present. He somehow had the power of drawing the look like a magnet. After the meeting had ended, there was a little reception, a general introduction took place, and the editor first became acquainted with a man to whom he is under many deep obligations, Colonel Godlove Himmelshime.

One of the noticeable things was the absence of such an important person as Professor Brazen-nose. The editor thought of it, could not understand it, imagined various causes, and finally asked Colonel Himmelshime, who gave a penetrating look with some red in the face, and then assuming a courteous air, spoke somewhat as follows: "Why the Professor is absent I cannot tell, he rarely or never meets with the Club. He is a busy man, and has, I learn, a great deal of reading on his hands just now, purposing to write an exhaustive monograph on *The Evolution of the Bookworm*, with an appendix containing all the bibliography, and bibliophagy of the subject."

The editor confesses that he was puzzled by this answer, and thought he saw a slight twist of irony in the Colonel's features, which, however, assumed a grave look as he continued: "There is a need of institutions of learning — school,

college, university—in order to keep and to transmit what the race has won in the line of knowledge. Yet just here lies the trouble: in acquiring the fixed, the mind itself gets fixed; it loses its buoyant, flexible, transcendental power, and drops back helplessly into its own forms, from which it has to be rescued with untold difficulty. Hence I have thought that the University, necessary though it be, must be supplemented by something else, in order that it escape from its own trammels. There must be somehow a free discipline, as opposed to an organized discipline; there must be a training which trains to transcend all training, which seeks to liberate the spirit from every form of spiritual imprisonment.”

Here was new vein, manifestly of shining gold, struck in the most unexpected fashion by the editor in that town of Hardscrabble, in which all were searchers, workers, delvers, seeking with scant luxury the treasures of the ages. The Colonel observing the interest of his listener, braced his features into a special look, passing from the general to the particular, and lowered his voice into a confidential tone: “I observed that you spoke of the work of Professor Brazennose and his annotations on Appleseed’s poems. Moreover, I saw that you were inclined to follow on his lines even when you did not mention him. Now I have nothing against him

personally, he is a gifted man and a good fellow, but really he does not penetrate to the heart of Appleseed, sometimes he does not even cut through the skin. I know him well, a man endowed generously by nature, but crystallized in his erudition. You have read the great poets, and with them is reckoned Goethe; you must know Homunculus in the *Second Part of Faust*, the little man in the glass bottle, flashing, flitting, trying to get out of his limits and to become truly himself. I have always to think of him when I see Professor Brazennose, who also dances about and flashes, sometimes marvelously, but it is always a reflected ray, though it be a sparkle of a diamond. His mind is a mere photographic stone, on which the sun of former ages has printed many a beautiful scene — fern, tree, mountain. Still it is fixed in its petrified setting, without life or movement.”

At this point the Colonel, thinking that he was getting a little too personal, or observing that the editor received his statements without taking sides, turned the conversation into a more general channel: “The human mind is a form-maker, but also a form-breaker, both belong to it, and the truth is the union of the opposite tendencies. Man, unless he casts the shell which he himself deposits around himself, sinks to the level of a crustacean and carries his shell about on his back, visible to all seeing creatures. You

have heard of the hollow brazen bull of an ancient artist, made by him for a Sicilian tyrant, who could roast therein his enemies; the maker was the first man confined and burnt in his own brazen shape," said the Colonel with a suspicious grin which made the editor think that he was punning in this ghastly fashion upon the name of Professor Brazennose, and possibly hinting the latter's fate.

"All the organized professions," continued the Colonel, "and all institutions of every kind must in their very nature show resistance to any forward movement on their own lines. So the public school fights the kindergarden, so the doctors fought Harvey, Jenner, and Koch, so the scientists were arrayed against Goethe." Here the editor could not help thinking to himself by way of addition: so Professor Reginald Brazennose against Colonel Godlove Himmelshime.

It is clear that a decided split, or at least a twofold tendency, has shown itself in the town of Hardscrabble, specially in the cultivated circles thereof. Strange, but old is the experience. Such a dualism will rise in every people, in every village, yes, in every man. Is it not also evident that two leaders or banner-bearers have sprung up, and are marching at the head of their respective cohorts? Such was the sudden view darting before the imagination of the editor,

when he propounded a question to Himmelshime:

“ You have spoken of the need of freeing the mind from the trammels of training after it has been trained at the institution of learning; I would like to know if you are cognizant of any means or scheme by which that may be effected.”

The Colonel brightened up, and then relapsed into a mystifying look: “ There is something at work which will gradually remedy the difficulty. Its power is quiet, but spontaneous; it is under the control of no board or other wooden thing; it elects its own professors, not according to diploma or recommendation or back-stairs influence, they being elected by the thing to be done. It is around you, I am surprised that you have not seen it, do not see it now. It will swallow you if you are not careful; possibly the monster has already gulped you down without your knowing it.”

So spake the Colonel in an occult, mystifying way, and gave a little chuckle, to which the editor unfortunately replied by asking if Professor Brazennose was one of the instructors. Whereat the Colonel changed to a cloudy aspect and grew positively acrid. “ Brazennose indeed! Let him stick that brass nose of his, face and all, into some book dead a thousand years ago, and root and burrow there to his heart’s satisfaction.

Do you know that I think Nature had a hand in giving that name to him, though it belongs to his family also? You have heard of a certain old Greek grammarian of Alexandria called by his rivals 'The Man of the Brazen Gut' (*χαλκέντερος*), on account of the perdurable toughness of his digestive apparatus in holding out against the effects of study, the dyspepsia-maker. Or possibly the appellation came from his marvelous capacity for digesting such enormous loads of the dry husks, bones, shells and shards of philological erudition, the cast-off brain refuse of former ages."

Distinctly has the dualism of life appeared with no little intensity in the town of Hardscrabble, which has to work itself out of the same toward some kind of unity mid throes of heart-wrenching struggle. The Colonel, whose face images the strife, is swayed up and down by alternate waves of war and peace, his soul being an ocean in perpetual wrestle with its own winds and tides. I take advantage of a little lull in the scowling storm, and, to turn his attention away from sword and battle-axe, as well as to get some information for this work, I ask him: What do you think of Johnny Appleseed?

Thereupon followed a most curious dissertation of the philosophico-literary stamp, which played a subtle teasing game with my mind, now rising out of reach, and indeed beyond all vision, into

the very empyrean of thought, then descending suddenly in a sentence and flaunting sportfully before my eyes within easy grasp. Still only shreds could I catch and hold; he spoke of "the change which is the abiding in all change;" his face turned to a huge scoff at "the self-undoing lie," which is "the work of the fiend who swallows himself." But the chief and ever-recurring stress was laid upon "the play of the negative," which, he claimed, wound through all of Appleseed's poems, was indeed the very heart's-blood circulating through every little rhyme and giving to the same whatever of life and energy it showed.

Overwhelming was the phenomenon to the editor, who stood bedazzled and darkened in the very excess of radiance pouring from this new luminary. When the stream had ceased, Himmelshime put his hand into his coat pocket and drew forth a paper, saying: "There, take that and peruse it; I too, am a collector of Appleseed's rhymes, of which I give you here a few samples copied down quite at random."

Of course I took the paper, and cast a thankful glance into the face of my benefactor. My astonishment was great as I saw him suddenly change; his iron features, soldierly and somewhat savage, had melted into an eager yet kindly smile, as he looked off into the audience; even his hair, stiffly erect like the bristles of a boar in

wrath, seemed to bend over in gentleness. A fairy shape, unknown to the present editor, came flitting past, the eyes of Himmelshime turned away, and, excusing himself with great rapidity, he soon was lost in the crowd.

On returning to the inn that evening, I queried about many things; not the least puzzling was that sudden evanishment of the Colonel almost in the midst of a sentence. I soon took a glance at the manuscript presented by my new acquaintance. A great variety of scrawls with many blotches covered it over, the lines running through the center, around the margin, and even crosswise. At once I set to work deciphering the whole and copying it into a legible hand. I found a number of Appleseed's verses fringed about with a strange display of metaphorical pyrotechnics. All sorts of outbursts, expletives, apostrophes, rhetorical 'coruscations, stunning explosions, had wreathed themselves around those rhymes, and in some places I could not tell where Appleseed ended and Himmelshime began. But what I could make out and separate both of verse and prose, the measured and the measureless, I have inserted in the present work.

Here follows the longest piece, which is written with more than usual distinctness and decision, and which Himmelshime appears to emphasize strongly by putting it into the center of his manuscript.

25.

Without the Devil's capital,
 What would become of us all?
 Sin is the grand bank

Which enriches the preacher;
 Ignorance is the huge tank

Which gives milk to the teacher;
 Sickness is the doctor's health,

He practices, not without cause;
 Wrong is the lawyer's wealth

Which he draws out of the laws;
 Folly is found the best heirloom of ages,
 Without it we never had had the sages,

Who, to cure it,

Doubly assure it.

And the poets, though they cover him up with a
 name,

Are always seeking to sing of Beelzebub's fame;
 They serve up a plate of the fruit that's forbid-
 den,

Though in its own flowers it deftly be hidden,
 Man tastes, then tumbles from sweet Paradise,
 If Adam fell not, pray, how could he rise?

If he were what he was, he would not be at all,
 For Adam is Adam just through Adam's fall.

And so the Devil's work and word
 Are always helping out the Lord.

It had become manifest to me that Himmelshime was the man whom I now wanted. I woke early the next morning and lay in bed thinking over the incidents of the previous evening; the Colonel had simply absorbed every other figure, and stood in solitary majesty before me. That "play of the negative" kept waltzing into and out of my brain, appearing, vanishing, always refusing to be caught and held fast; other expressions were thunderous, and had sudden detonations like a Columbiad in the soul. For the time being I forgot the Professor totally, I was so overwhelmed by the new appearance. What was to be done? Clearly I had to see Himmelshime again, and, if possible, get his side of things; there could evidently be no complete commentary written on Appleseed which did not include his view. He had made me feel strongly my own limitation, and in my deepest nature I was inspired with the resolution to overcome the same; to pass over the old boundary into the new land. Accordingly I was soon prepared to set out for the purpose of reaching his residence.

On inquiry, I found that the Colonel was a well-known person in the town, having held several important civil offices, and having been a

soldier in the late war between the North and the South. Along my path I picked up scattered bits of information about him from the mouths of the people; everybody regarded him as a man outside the common strain of mortals, possessing great originality spiced with many personal caprices and singularities. At last I came to his house, which stood in the suburbs of the town; it had one story spreading out freely over the ground, but there was an observatory on top, where he often stayed the whole day, reading and pondering. An ancient negress was the sole occupant besides himself; she kept his household in a kind of order not too precise; she was on the whole disinclined to disturb the venerable stain on his books, which were not many, but much used, being world-books, such as Homer and Shakespeare. The Colonel received me with great cordiality, we soon brushed away the cobwebs of ceremony, though the other kind of cobwebs remained as before, and we both took a plunge together into the vast sea of his thought.

Of course the conversation sported and skipped and tarried by the way according to its own law; these manifold sinuosities of talk we can not pretend to reproduce. Still it seemed always to be spinning around one central point, which the reader may be able to extract from the following: —

“Can we not,” says Himmelshime, “find out

the source of truth and of delusion too? Indeed must not both have at last one source? Is there any peace for the bound-leaping spirit till that one source be discovered? Affirmation and negation must be seen in the deep abysses of the soul to shoot forth from a common root; Yes and No, which are so antagonistic in the lower world, became one in the upper world."

In the course of the conversation Himmelshime gave the following flashes into the historic genesis of our religious consciousness: "Mightily has the old battle, the Persian battle between Light and Darkness, raged through the ages. The struggle passed into the Semitic mind and was by it spiritualized into the mutually hostile powers, God and Satan, who have ruled our half of the globe for thousands of years in a kind of dualistic opposition. For it is mainly this idea working in the Semitic soul, which has produced the two greatest books of the world, the so-called Bibles, the Hebrew and the Mohammedan; one of which has been adopted by the Aryan race and gives to the same its chief religious nourishment; the other of which cannot get out of the Orient with any degree of success, but remains wedged in between Eastern Asia and Europe. Monotheistic are both Bibles, yet with the negative dualistic power secretly lurking in their deepest conception, and with this power is the grand battle,

which seeks to overcome the separation into twofoldness, and to restore a cleft Godhood to unity.”

In the same line of thought ran a good many of the Colonel’s sentences, some of which the editor has here thrown together, but not all of them by any means. For it would be as difficult to pick up the whole chain of Himmelshime’s talk as to handle a streak of lightning; no human organism could stand the electric shock in either case. Now follow some further remarks, toned down, however, by having had to pass through the editorial brain.

“Every great song, every great mythus I find in some way trying to unify these two antagonistic energies, or seeking to show their reconciling principle. Literature, in its noblest efforts, makes the same mighty endeavor, toiling to bridge over with a fair rainbow arch the black yawning chasm between Hell and Heaven. Even these stray fragments of Appleseed wandering and singing over the prairies of the West, have the same purpose, are making for the same grand unity, trying to put themselves harmoniously together into a sky-spanning structure, which is to hold inwardly and image outwardly the one idea. Still the hearer, or perchance the reader, has to fit and mortise the many little pieces into a whole as best he can. Poor Appleseed, with his straggling, struggling rhymes, is himself a picture of

humanity in a small way, an atom chanting atoms."

Picking up a volume from his table and then throwing it down again, Himmelshime went on: "Yet I observe that other more pretentious books are quite as helpless, being made up of a few scattered welkin shreds, faintly illuminated by sunbeams whose path they happen to obstruct. Nor can I help noticing that the two aforesaid Greatest Books, called Bibles by worshipping millions, are wholly fragmentary, being in their best portions composed of sudden far-darting gleams of radiance, of fitful flashes of inspiration coming from the Sun beyond the sun, and then quite ceasing for a time. What is called artistic organization they have not, but divinely descending insight—the Infinite bursting into the finite in a twinkling, and then departing beyond and over the border."

I recollect also one of Himmelshime's remarks about our last great book-maker: "It is a significant fact that Goethe, the most organic builder of poetry in these recent ages, as he grew older, and perchance wiser, broke up his classic order and become more fragmentary, apparently on principle. The second part of *Wilhelm Meister* is one of the wisest of books, but it refuses to fit into any known limits of the novel; it breaks the form, wherein lies just its form."

26.

The prophet must always have a cloak,
 Like good Elijah of old,
 Which he puts on when he talks to the folk,
 To cover well what he has told,
 For the prophet's word if bare to the stroke
 Of the season, might take cold.

And still we shall have to bemoan him,
 However his word may be planned;
 For the people will certainly stone him
 For what they do not understand.

At last they will learn
 From his dying groan,
 His sense to discern,
 And make it their own.

27.

How shall I pass through the portal
 Into the twilight immortal?
 Be the sower and the sown,
 Be the mower and the mown,
 Be the reaper and the grain,
 Be the slayer and the slain,
 Be the one and the twain,
 Then thou shalt live again.

28.

Though the prophet in dreams the great riddle
 behold,
In the Now the Future is not to be told ;
It has to be first transformed into act,
The best interpreter is the fact,
Then becomes humdrum
What was before a conundrum.

29.

Religion is called a profession,
The Trade looks to a confession,
 And the Church itself is a store
 Full of ready-made clothing ;
 But look not on it with loathing ;
 You can be fitted — what more ?

30.

If you spend the whole of to-morrow,
 And sing your hey-day,
You will never be able to borrow
 On God's pay-day.

31.

I would not care to have a God
Unless he kept for use a rod,
And brought it down in might,
To let us see the right ;
It is the Godlike
To make the rod strike.

32.

Poet, grasp not for the stars in thy mood,
Hang thee not on the tip of the moon,
If thou but reach to the heart of the good,
That of itself will flow to a tune.

33.

“ Tell me, Confessor, what is sin? ” —
What you cannot get out of when you get in.
For if you get out of what is sin,
There is no need to call the Lord in.

34.

If the Lord's word be but enigmatic,
And man's deed follow that word,
Life will be found to be running erratic
Just in the ways of the Lord.

35.

The old word was: Divide and command;
Soon the command sped away;
A new rule prevails in the land,
It reads: Unite and obey.

36.

To the eye of faith
Thus the Scriptures saith:
What Baalim foretells to-day,
His ass to-morrow will bray.

37.

An immortality he tries to catch,
And bridle to his soul ;
He sits upon the very horse he seeks,
And rides around the goal.

38.

Life is the running an endless race,
Weary a moment we cease from the chase ;
Then it is thine to make Death
But a short pause to take breath.

39.

To make yourself eternal,
You sow each day the crop ;
To make yourself infernal,
You only have to stop.

40.

Appleseed, thy soul's immortality
Thou must prove this minute,
Else it will grow old and die,
And leave thy soul within it.

41.

I believe us immortal to be,
But with words I like not to truss it ;
Spare me an immortality
Which will make me forever discuss it.

Certain common traits could not help dawning on the editorial mind in sorting out and arraying this mass of Appleseed's verses. We have noticed in many, if not in nearly all, a religious, or perchance ethico-religious tinge, which, however, plays over into a great variety of hues, shifting, yet with a permanent substrate. It would seem that Appleseed has no distinct creed or dogmatic code by which he swears through life and death; that is, he belongs to no special sect or confession, neither Homoousian nor Homoiousian. Yet every reader will feel him to be deeply ethical, though perchance not narrowly moral; nay he shows piety, with reverence for all forms of genuine faith among the children of men. A strong undercurrent of Universal Religion runs through his utterances, from beginning to end; one can perceive in his lightest, most wanton moods, not a flaunting skeptical spirit but a sportive humor which at last rests on love of God and fidelity to the Divine Order. Such at least is the editor's diagnosis of the man, possibly a little too favorable.

Indeed we think we can trace in undogmatic forms made up of parables, images, metaphors, abstract reflections, and ever so sly witticisms, the fundamental ideas of the Christian Faith, such as Repentance, Grace, Sacrifice, Resignation,

Hell and Heaven ; nay even the Trinity Appleseed seems to acknowledge, but a Trinity of his own conceived in his own way. At this place, however, let us make a sudden turn, lest we strike a discordant note. But we wish still to affirm with emphasis that Appleseed sings in unison with the soul of Christendom, slaking his thirst at the inner stream of its spirit, yet apparently having little to do with its organized shapes in church, creed, priesthood, mass, service, hardly speaking of them, and probably paying little or no attention to them in life. For which neglect the organization would shake its minatory finger at him, and possibly damn him, if he did not mend and move along its accurately surveyed and carefully constructed highway to the world beyond.

We have reached a point at which we shall cite again the words of Himmelshime, who has thrown some keen glances into this phase of Appleseed's character: " It is clear to me that our wanderer did not like the fixed in anything, not at all in religion. To be sure he adhered just as little to the fluctuating, fleeting, unsettled. How then can we grasp the innermost kernel of the man? He united the two sides in some way, he harmonized the grand dualism between the changeable and changeless, the negative and positive, Time and Eternity. He did not in his last view hold the Part against the Whole, for thus the Whole gets lost. Coming to religious matters, Apple-

seed probably believed that the true religion was not this or that one, but all of them, the complete religious movement of the race. So Art is the process of all Art, and Philosophy the process of all Philosophy.”

It is no wonder, therefore, that we find Appleseed continually throwing fitful gleams into the depths of immortality. He is no agnostic, he does not dismiss the question as wholly useless, as something that can never be known; on the contrary, he holds it to be the most practical of problems, one which is to be solved every day of human existence. Man is a compound of Death and Life, of the mortal and immortal, of the finite and infinite, man is in himself the eternal process. But here the editor feels somewhat out of his element; he is fortunate again in being able to find a suitable passage from Himmelsheim's notes: “Very important is this one duty with Appleseed—to eternize himself. By which he certainly does not mean, How to acquire immortal fame, but How to live here and now a life which shall be veritably undecaying, deathless, in spite of age and bodily decline. Not by any doctrine, or dogma, or cunning theologem, is the thing to be done, but by an actual life with a world-view corresponding. There is only one way of proving immortality—that is by living it, by demonstrating Eternity in Time through activity. Such proof transcends ordinary logic,

as Heaven is above the earth — for how can you prove the *summum genus* by some lower genus, how prove by a middle term that which is beyond and includes all terms, concepts, limits? The proof must be ever-proving, never-ceasing, not once for all; it must be a life, and, by filling the moment, transcend the same, and burst over the temporal bound.

“In some such manner the poets of all times have enforced the immortal principle in man. Did not Dante make it the one glorious trait of his teacher Brunetto Latini, whom he had to put into the Inferno notwithstanding, that Brunetto taught his pupil *come l'uom s'eterna*? Quite on a level with the same statement runs an expression in one of Goethe's rhymed *Xenia*, the whole of which is worth setting down:

Nichts vom Vergänglichlichen,
Wie's auch geschah!
Uns zu verewigen
Sind wir ja da."

Thus hath the Colonel eased his soul upon this theme, calling to witness two world-poets, whose books are evidently for him a kind of religious breviary. By way of contrast we here append a short string of versicles by Johnny Appleseed, not a world-poet, but a street-singer, who has, nevertheless, a call in his own little way to set the Universe to music.

42.

Do you know the Sun is growing old?
The burnt-out candle of the Universe
Will be hereafter but the sombre hearse
Dragging its planets dark and dead and cold.
The light of Time doth also seem to age
As it shineth in the mind of Sage,
And, waning slowly, dies out from his page—
Oh whither, whither, then shall we run?
Stay: there will be another Sun.

43.

God's thought hath speed
To be the deed;
When he doth speak,
All speech is fact;
When the Divine doth teach,
It is itself the act.

44.

If a man a man defeat,
Defeater may be defeated;
But when Zeus begins to cheat,
The man is forever cheated.

45.

When the Lord goes forth to dun,
The debt to settle is no fun;
For his judgment is not spoken
Till the bank itself is broken.

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46.

I wonder what is the logos?
A misty sea to befog us?
It was the word once spoken,
That can never again be broken,
But became, in the speaking, a deed,
And spake not simply a creed.
“Let there be light,” was the original word,
“And there was light,” was the answer first
heard;
The word the act,
The thought the fact.

47.

Of the Divine
Observe the sign:
It is the Godlike
Which rightly makes the rod strike,
And always 'tis the Godless
Which will have the Master rodless.

48.

Did man make God, or God make man?
Let him answer whoever can.
That some men make their God, I know,
He is so like them, just so so.
But God makes some men, that is true —
And makes them out of his own hand,
They're so like Him in what they do,
Like Him unmeasured, high they stand
Until they reach beyond our human view,

And overarch with heaven the land;
And thus in them the diurnal
Doth rise unto the eternal.

49.

Two Sun worshipers once I saw,
They prayed the same prayer, obeyed the same
law,

In the temple they made the same genuflection,
And rolled up their eyes in the same high direction;

But one of them looked on the Sun as a fire,
Burning up the whole world in his ire;
Saw all of the planets wince at his breath,
As he mightily shook from his fire-hair death;
The glance of the great bright Sun-eye was evil,
And the God of the Day was destroyer, was
Devil.

The other worshiper was just the other,
He saw in old Sol his eternal big brother,
And he could not help seeing in fire the light,
Saw even in wrong the way of the right,
Found in all sour things the working of leaven,
And in Hell he discovered the path up to
Heaven.

Good or evil, it was his trick
The part of Satan to play to old Nick,
That he seemed to be able, just at a slight nod,
To make the old Fire-Fiend shift to the Light-
God.

Something of the stern old Goth, at least of the Gothic, lurks in Himmelshime, a dealing with the mysterious and supernatural, a wrestle with fiends, goblins, devils, such as we often see in ancient German wood-cuts. Says he: "In this group of verses, as well as in those which follow, I find Appleseed trying to grasp the all-powerful No of the Universe, even sporting with it in a kind of elephantine dance. Herein, too, he belongs to his age and his ancestry. I hold that all thought, all deep-searching philosophic speculation hovers about this 'Play of the Negative,' lurking not only in the subtlest turns of the Ego, but also in the mightiest movements of the World, being the terrific storm-center of the Inferno, as well as the working leaven in all Purgatorial striving and likewise in Paradisaical serenity. The Negative becomes a person in the Mythos, which is the very word and mind of the people; with that dark personality it specially deals, calling him Devil, Satan, Beelzebub, and a hundred other names, whom the religious spirit of all times looks upon as its arch-enemy. Infinitely subtle, penetrating, secretive, deceptive, double, yea treble, and yet one in his thousand masks, how shall we catch him and hold him and make him

do our work? Just that has been man's problem through all time.

“Particularly, as it seems to me, has the Teutonic mind had for its task this mastery of the Negative with its multitudinous transformations in thought, feeling and imagination. The old Teufel, in spite of Greek and Oriental connections, is still for us a German, coming down out of the somber forests of the North. But above all the new Devil, the fiend of Culture, called Mephistopheles, has been shaped for us by a German poet, Goethe, and after him wrought over and over into every form of utterance of our modern life—music, picture, opera, drama, novel. I hold that the works of Beethoven are one prodigious struggle with the Devil, showing many ups and downs of the Titanic conflict in the dark regions of instinct and emotion. But the grand German discipline of this century is philosophy, and herein we note the same struggle in its most intense form. Kant's battle of the autonomies is really a desperate Teutonic tussle with the fiend, typical of the time in a supreme degree, in which contest, however, the philosopher, if not quite hurled to the earth by his diabolic adversary, comes out second-best. And what else is Hegel with that subtle dialectic of his, but the giant holding the sinuous, slippery, infinitely twisting and wriggling Serpent of old, coiled up in the Ego and in the World, and dragging it out

of its den in the dark recesses to daylight, in which he, grasping it by the neck, not only has made it bite itself, like the demons in Dante, but forces it actually to swallow itself then and there! Nor is the battle yet over by any means. Though Hegel seemed to give the last blow to the old liar and sophist, making him not only eat his own words, but eat himself, Schopenhauer has had to have his grapple, and has been badly thrown, so that he ran away in terror and gave the world over to the Devil."

It is plain that Colonel Himmelshime, soldier in the Civil War of America and of his own soul, is not a man to be trifled with when a furious fight with demons is going on; he gets to be quite as demonic as they are, in the intensity of the combat. He evidently takes delight in tracing his spiritual ancestry to the Teutonic mind and its products. Behold him send out some lightning flashes backward upon the greatest Teuton of former centuries:

"Were I asked to select the most symbolic man of the German nation, it would be Luther; and, furthermore, were I requested to select his most symbolic deed, it would be his hurling of the inkstand at the Devil. The greatest German writers, philosophers, poets, even musicians, have been doing the same ever since, repeating in thousandfold shapes that famous nightscene at the Wartburg, whereby the splashes of ink have

miraculously turned to written thoughts, which are to-day chasing the fiends all around the globe. I hold that Appleseed shows his Teutonic kinship and connection in these verses which have often in them a sulphurous smell coming from the old battle."

At this last declaration the editor expressed some surprise to the Colonel, who, having searched for and found a piece of paper in his desk, began to read the same, with these remarks as a preface: "Here is a little squib in which Appleseed has set forth the characteristic difference between the three great European peoples, French, German, and English, as regards old Splay-foot. You are particularly requested to notice the German words which he uses and the fact which they suggest."

50.

The Frenchman gay
Has a charming way
To make the old sinner *Diable*
Sweetly rhyme with *aimable*.
But the gloomy prying German *Teufel*
Has his only counterpart in *Zweifel*;
So mated with eternal doubt
The Teuton has hard work to put him out.
But at once his case in English is *evil*,
For we catch his distant tempting tingle
In the diabolic little jingle
Which the Anglo-Saxon makes with *Devil*.

Again comes up the question concerning Appleseed's linguistic acquirements, which at one time deeply interested our friend, Professor Brazen-nose. But dropping this matter for the present, the editor wishes to call attention to the following batch of rhymes, all of which he obtained from Colonel Himmelshime, already arranged by the latter's hand. They seem to form in the main a little treatise on demonology and diablery, yet with surges in other directions, critical, sarcastic, defiant. Still a positive tendency the careful reader will note underneath all these Mephistophelean fire-works, wherein Himmelshime may be seen reflecting himself in Appleseed's verses.

51.

I hear two voices speaking in verse,
Yet out of one mouth they are sent ;
One is blasphemous, mingling a scoff and a curse,
The other sings hope and is reverent.
Still the twain will rhyme
If you give them time ;
Hark ! in the very last word of the very last line
The two voices embrace and in music combine ;
Now you may hear the ultimate cosmical chord,
The Devil is rhyming to the word of the Lord.

52.

If you would whip the Devil well,
You must yourself descend to Hell ;
There is a danger, it is true,
The Devil may whip you.

53.

The age's finest elegance and mode
Has also reached old sooty Nick's abode ;
Whitewashed and tapestried it is now Hades,
A devil's drawing-room, fit too for ladies.

54.

A dirty shirt the ape had on,
He deftly turned it outside in
And wore the filth next to his skin,
And seemed to think it was all gone.

55.

When Satan by the curse of the Lord was shent,
He deftly slipped his old integument,
And left it whole, though empty, behind
On earth, forever to frighten mankind ;
For that which is by people most apt to be
stuffed
Is the snake-skin which the old Serpent has
sloughed ;
Meanwhile the new Viper is coiled in the grass
at its side,
With poisonous fang it is lying in wait unespied ;
But watch the Devil ! how he seems to forsake
sin !
He forks out his tongue and stings his old snake-
skin.

56.

“ Why does the man compassion teach? ” —

He uses it for pelf;

“ Why does the man forbearance preach? ” —

He needs so much himself.

57.

“ What does the city say

To the passing brother? ” —

Get out of my way,

Time has no time to bother ;

Here is the kingdom of pelf,

Everyone is to-day for himself

And for none other.

Let the winder now wind most,

And the blinder now blind most,

And the grinder now grind most,

And the Devil take the hindmost.

58.

Before he honors the honest man,

He makes him out a rogue if he can;

As he himself doth wear the skin of a scamp,

All honest men with his own hide he will vamp.

59.

Stand up erect in your track,

If you stoop but once

And yield for the nonce,

Straightway the Devil is on your back;

And if once he bestride you,

He surely will ride you.

60.

If the head grow colder
The warmer the affection ;
If the hand be bolder
The darker the direction ;
Then the Devil over the shoulder
Is casting his reflection.

61.

The fox, though he be fleet,
Bears with his speed deceit,
And is the more deceived ;
In cunning he is so very cunning,
That in his maze he is caught while running,
For he thinks he is believed.

62.

I spurn one authority,
That is, priority.
Well do I know that what I have said,
Has before me been said by the ages,
Hymning their wisdom through all of the sages,
Who are living, though they be dead.
If I well understand what they say,
I am original even to-day ;
And if I well say it again,
In a new rhyme
Attuned to the time,
I too am one of those men.

63.

“ Tell me, Johnny Appleseed, how goes it?
Thou battered,
And tattered,
Surely for thee the world moves wrong.”—
“ Yes, I confess, I no longer can prose it,
To the ideal race I belong.
I must be a poet,
Ah ! well do I know it ;
For what else am I fit?
The world I can't hit.
And so I let fall, though mushy the thud,
My rhymes, which sink out of sight in the mud.
You may blame if you will,
I shall doggrel it still.”

64.

“ In what way shall we poesy rank,
When we come to count up its treasure? ”—
Plainly when all verse is a blank,
Blank verse must be the sole measure.

65.

If too much wind your candle doth puff,
It blows out the light and leaves but the snuff;
And then each nose will be eager to tell,
That your light is leaving behind it a smell.

66.

“ To be great writers, what shall we do? ” —
You tickle me, and I tickle you.
“ Of Letters say then the A B C.” —
I tickle you and you tickle me.

67.

“ What is the good of these verses you strow
All over your house from bottom to top? ” —
My house — ’tis an apothecary’s shop,
And this is my trade, for rhymes, you know,
Well jingled, will make the nose-bleed stop.

69.

What I as a cure for me allege,
For thee may set the teeth on edge;
Let me swallow in faith my own antidote,
But thou take care, lest it stick in thy throat.

70.

“ Fiction and Truth, or Truth and Fiction,
Which comes first in thine own conviction?
Is it the soul, or is it the diction? ” —
The Truth may transfigure the Lie,
Then you will find the poet is nigh.
But the Lie may transform the Truth;
Who is that? is it you, forsooth?

71.

Ten thousand books were born into print
This very year, it is said;
The inky fount seems to run without stint
Out of everybody’s head;
And the stream has become so very thin,
That more runs out than ever runs in.

72.

“ Let me dare in life the fashion despise
And in writ defy, too, the rule. ” —
Oh, yes, you never will learn what is wise.
But first by playing the fool.

73.

The rhyme may be perfectly pure,
Purified e'en of a thought,
The thought may be perfectly sure,
Yet with the jargon of Babel inwrought ;
But when the rhyme and the thought run
together,
Each gets free of the other's tether.

74.

For a hiccup our fathers had an old rune,
Which put the whole body at once into tune ;
And if a headache would cause us to grumble,
A mystic rhyme our grandma would mumble,
So however keen the pain might us tingle,
Some chosen words she had but to jingle,

The cure

Was sure.

That medicine still I claim to be mine,
And its magic is chiefly contained in a line ;
If I begin to feel hate of the whole universe,
I seek to compress it within a small verse ;
And when mankind I am ready to damn,
I love it at once in a sweet epigram,
Where I can artfully stow it away,
Making it dance to my measure and play ;
The pinchbeck of life, the dross of the time,
I transmute into gold by the turn of a rhyme ;
So whatever demon the hours may bring
I harness in meter and force him to sing,
The monster that erewhile threatened to claw me,
I hitch in my chariot that upwards he draw me.

The reader has probably felt already a certain audacious warlike strain in some of the utterances of Himmelshime, who has been a soldier in two Civil Wars, the one external and the other internal; the latter, by the by, is still raging, with occasional short truces breaking the clash of arms. The title of Colonel is not simply ornamental; Himmelshime led a regiment in the late Rebellion, and he is still leading his spirit's allies in the much longer and fiercer war with the Devil.

Nothing is more natural in the soldier than that he should indulge in reminiscences; the happenings during years of campaigning, when every day may bring forth events which make the soul tense with excitement and energy, and thus stimulate memory and the other powers of mind and body, furnish a grand storehouse of anecdote and illustration. Himmelshime is no exception; the fact that he served his country as a soldier in the hour of its greatest peril, he evidently regards as the chief glory of his life. In the following account he informs us that Appleseed, though old, also marched out with the boys in blue, and was on hand and in the front rank at the critical moment: —

“Well do I remember the battle of Lookout Mountain, for it was there that I came first to know Appleseed. He was not an enlisted soldier,

he was too old; yet I noticed that when the call to arms took place, he would always fall into line with the boys, and take a musket which he claimed as his own property. But he did not drill, he shunned tactics as death, he could not be brought to appear on parade; still he never failed to be on hand when the fight was likely to happen, and then he knew well enough how to march and muster, and follow the necessary evolutions of the regiment. It was said by the soldiers that he was carrying on his own war with the Southern Confederacy, and was simply willing to take the United States as a useful ally in the enterprise. At first I was going to drive the old fellow out of my regimental lines, but officers and men declared him harmless and even helpful, and so he stayed.

“He was tolerated especially because of his services in the hospital. Beside the sick soldier he would take his place, and watch the critical hour of disease, administering both medicine and comfort. Many a veteran will tell you to-day with tears in his eyes that he owes hope and possibly life to the care and consolation of the aged, benevolent wanderer. But chiefly, when the opportunity came, Appleseed would hum a soft lay of home and of heaven into the ear of the dying boy, as he lay on the red field of carnage. I have seen the white-bearded figure leaning over

the blue uniform stained with the heart's blood of its wearer, touch gently the ebbing pulse and administer a cordial to call back the departing soul. Then he would start a simple song of home and peace attuned to the soft vibration of strings, when the closed eyes would open again in astonishment, as if expecting to see a flight of angels and the golden gates beyond. Often it was the last time, the lips would quiver but remain speechless in thanks, and the poor fellow would droop into sleep and pass away to the music of Johnny Appleseed."

In another paragraph the Colonel recounts with some feeling an incident of the war: "We were charging up the steep at Lookout Mountain, I leading, sword in hand, mounted on my battle-drunk steed Rarer — that animal would actually get intoxicated on powder smoke; over brush-wood, boulders, chasms, the regiment and in fact the whole line of the brigade rushed, swaying to and fro, undulating with the sides of the declivity, fluttering like a long ribbon in the wind. Up, up we were going, the flag rose higher and higher; if one man dropped, another took his place, the waves of blue coats kept rolling and surging topward, with many little quiverings and momentary retardations, yet with continual advance. Something caught my center for a minute, I rode down the line to see what was the matter, but it had already surmounted

the obstacle, and was plunging ahead to close the ranks. There in front I beheld Appleseed, with gun in hand and fiddle slung round his back, for this too had to go along, but in his ordinarily peaceful countenance was now kindled the look of war, and his eye shot a demoniac lightning which I have never seen in it since. We were not far from the goal, I saw dart through his face the gleam of victory, which was enveloped in a sudden blaze from the enemy's guns, followed by huge coiling clouds of sulphurous smoke. I felt one side of me benumbed by a quick shock, a warm stream coursed down my leg and filled my boot; fire-eyed Rarer, my war-horse, gave a plunge and fell, throwing me over his head into a clump of bushes. There I lay, and at once the sun set and darkness came over my eyes.

“I do not know how long it was before I awoke, I must have been still in my swoon, when I heard the sweetest music, a song softly supported by an instrument, and out of the strains seemed to flow a fountain of water flinging its cooling spray over my feverish body and even sending a jet to my parched lips. Never did any music sound so sweet to me, hovering as I then was on the borderland between two worlds. And of all the gardens adorned with fountains and channeled by little streams which I have seen in my travels over the world, the garden which

then rose on my imagination was the fairest and most refreshing. I dreamed that I had returned to Eden, and the angel was not wanting who began to sing:

To-day thou canst not enter here,
Thy work is not yet done;
Before thou risest to this sphere,
Thy crown is to be won.

I seemed to turn around in sorrow and to be retracing earthward my steps when the same voice began again in strong tones of encouragement and compassion:

Go back, go back, my soldier bold,
And win thy other fight;
Not till thou hast in it grown old,
Shalt thou behold this light.

“ At last I was conscious again, gradually I opened my eyes and there stood Appleseed. I found myself alongside a mountain brook whose waters rippled over the pebbles in soft undertones almost like speech. I lay on the grass with wound bandaged, while the kind old man with the face of a ministering spirit kept pouring cold water upon it from the stream in order to keep the fever out. I have no doubt that I owe to him this limb, and possibly my life. He ran the risk of being killed or captured in that exposed position, still he stayed at my side till surgical help came, and even then he assisted in many

ways. His best medicine for me was his singing, the tones of his voice seemed to possess a healing power over body and mind, they brought their harmony into every disordered nook of existence, pouring their happy concord into the soul within as well as into the world without, whereby restoration, physical and moral, became a necessity."

In the preceding account, Himmelshime unfolds the origin of the intimate bond which existed between himself and Appleseed. The latter at a critical moment which demanded both courage and devotion, had saved the life of the Colonel, according to all probability; hence the gratitude which he felt for the wandering minstrel, and which was strengthened to the last foundation by a deep kinship of spirit.

The story of Himmelshime, moreover, calls to mind a ballad by Appleseed, which we have in our possession, and which we shall insert at this point. It is derived from a pathetic incident of the war, and is coupled with a spot which has become sacred to the whole nation. In this class of compositions Appleseed is known to have produced much; indeed the occasions for them were springing up every day in the camp, during the march, and on the field of battle. But nearly all have perished, as far as the editor has been able to investigate. The strokes of destiny were falling everywhere; what else is war? The poetic nature, deeply sympathetic, responds with its outcry of sorrow.

ARLINGTON.

O Arlington, O Arlington,
Thou art a quiet town,
An army brave lies in thy hedge,
How silent it lies down!

O Arlington, O Arlington,
Where is my only son?
I come to seek my soldier boy,
Where is he, Arlington?

His father old, his mother true,
He left them both alone;
O General, O General,
Send back my only son.—

Old man, I cannot send him back,
If still he draw his breath;
The soldier must to battle go,
He may come back with death.

The mother cried, O Governor
Give me my only son; —
I cannot give him unto thee,
But unto Arlington.

O President, O President,
A maid weeps at thy door;
My bridegroom, O bring back to me,
He has been wounded sore. —

I cannot take him from the wars,
Were he my only son;
To see him I would have to go
Myself to Arlington. —

O Arlington, O Arlington
Thou art a quiet town,
Beside a bed within thy hedge
I would I might lie down.

Lie down to rest, lie down to rest,
Where lies my only son;
'Tis there alone I find my peace
In silent Arlington. —

Lie down to rest, lie down to rest,
Where lies my loved one;
And thou shalt be my bridegroom still
In silent Arlington.

Let a man spend three or four years of his youthful period, or even one year, doing active service in the field, and he carries the stamp with him as long as he lives. Once at least he has offered himself as a sacrifice for an idea; he acknowledges by his act the invisible principle above himself, above his physical existence, to be his master. So in the military business there is an ideal element in spite of its savage drawbacks. A training it is, other than tactical, and may become in happy natures a true school of the spirit. .

Himmelshime, as it seems to me, bears marks of such a discipline resulting from his military career. This has colored his whole character certainly, and has probably made him the free man that he is, as well as the dashing trooper and independent campaigner. A transcendental thread runs through all his militarism; it is no wonder, therefore, that he touches up and lovingly paints this side of Appleseed's life. Hence we find him calling attention to the spiritual phase of soldiering, and he celebrates some of the heroes thereof with considerable fervor. A few of these remarks we shall take the liberty of citing.

“I have observed,” says Himmelshime, “that the Christian life has borrowed a number of its most striking designations from military life — soldier of the Cross, Church militant, Salvation Army with its organization from generalissimo down to privates.”

“It is often thought,” he continues in a sort of defense of the comrades of his hardships and dangers, “that the soldier must have a stony heart, and be only a man of blood and iron, wedded to glory and to his appetites. It so happens that the two most tender souls and most thorough-going idealists I have ever known were officers in the army, both with deep mystical threads woven through their whole being and tingeing all their thoughts and actions. One of these was General Ethan Allen Hitchcock, a writer of books, interpreter of Shakespeare’s Sonnets and of the Bible in a Rosicrucian, Hermetic transcendental vein, shedding certain far-off gleams upon darkness circumambient. He had to write, not for fame, but to ease his heart and its strong throbbings for utterance. Soldiering was a duty, but he had another task also, he had dealings with the Infinite Spirit. Amid drilling and the transportation of troops and the clangor of arms he heard the voice within, and obeyed, being commanded by his superior officer; thus he had to do double work, wielding his pen and his

sword in what he deemed probably one and the same cause to the eye of the Eternal.

“ But the soldier whom I loved most, and whose memory rises up surrounded with a sacred halo, was General Napoleon Buonaparte Buford, drilled by West Point but disciplined by philosophy. Not a writer of books as far as I know, but seeking to live a beautiful life, he passed his serene days; once indeed he had to write a paper for a society and chose as his subject “ The Philosopher’s Stone,” which he above all men had found, I think, though he made no claim of the kind. A mystic by nature, accessible through instinct to all that is true and good, with courtesy, chivalry, tenderness, yet with heroic courage, for he would fight, by the Gods! when his turn came and the time called. I saw him storming down the line at Iuka, the hotter the battle, the hotter his valor. Then again I saw him in his tent during the intervals of the march and the combat; that awning of his, staked down for a day mid the sycamores of primitive forest, he possessed the charm to turn into a philosophic Academe with its grove of Attic plane-trees. Not soon shall I forget the man or the landscape or the incident, as he once dismounted and sat upon a camp-stool under the thick branches of a scrub-oak, and began discoursing with me upon Plato’s Doctrine of Pre-Existence, when suddenly the

trumpet brayed out "Fall into ranks," and the General in the midst of a sentence sprang upon his horse, getting his men into line of battle to meet a troop of the enemy's cavalry which was bearing down upon us.

"But after the war, I often went to his hospitable home in Chicago; when other matters of the day were duly disposed of, we two would descend into the basement, where he kept what he called his "den" with his favorite books; then the hours would somehow show themselves fleeter-footed than I have ever known them to be anywhere else. It was paradise, but it too is now lost," said Himmelshime, and then seemed to stop suddenly in a fit of strong emotion at the memory of his departed friend.

But the Generals of the War were not all Hitchcocks and Bufords; perhaps it is well that they were not. The seven deadly sins run riot among the tents, specially Envy has her sphere enormously widened, often to the extent of bringing intentional disaster upon the great cause, in order to injure some supposed rival. The tragedy of war rests not alone over the field of battle with the enemy; it spreads its wings also in the camp of those who ought to be friends. Again by way of contrast with the two soldierly characters just mentioned, we shall present another of Appleseed's ballads, in which we see a different kind of officer in charge.

CAPTAIN WORTHINGTON.

I see the Moon with curvéd blade
Run down a star on high,
And raise it spitted on the tip,
As she rides through the sky.

The General sat within his tent,
His rage burst in a flood,
He drained the wine out of the bowl
It ran as red as blood.

“O where can I a soldier find
To spy me out the town?”
He spilled the wine upon his beard
How red it trickled down!

Then spake the cunning Orderly,
And poured the scarlet draft,
“Send wily Captain Worthington,
His sword is made of craft.”

The General wrote in haste the word,
And sealed it with his hand,
“Take this to wily Worthington
And stay at his command.”

The Captain knew the big red seal,
He laughed for joy outright;
The Captain saw the letter dread,
The hot tears bleared his sight.

“And I am sent to silly death!
Who hath me done this deed?
Come with me, cunning Orderly,
I think thou too shalt bleed.”

“O Captain, Captain, send me back,
I hear the bugle call,
The letter dread it smites me dead,
I hear the death shot fall.”

“Nay, nay, thou too shalt go along,
And read this letter dread
Where it is written in thy blood,
I ween it should be read.

“I saw the Moon with curvéd blade
Run down a star on high,
And hold it spitted on the tip,
As she rode through the sky.”

The Captain girded on his sword
And threw the letter down;
“ To horse, to horse, my gallant men,
Ride with me to you town.”

The General sits within his tent,
The wine is running red;
“ I fear to-day a deadly wreck,
I see it just ahead.”

The cannon boomed, the bullets sang,
The Orderly first fell:
“ I hear my heart's blood gurgle out,
I read the letter well.”

The cannon boomed, the bullets sang,
The men charged to the wall,
And at their head the Captain lay,
He was the last to fall.

The cannon rest, the bullets hush,
His eyes flash through their pain;
“ Here now I write my answer back,
I think 'tis written plain.”

He rises on his bended knee
His bosom through is shot,
He writes a letter on the air,
And ends it with a dot.

He writes upon the empty air,
His finger is the quill;
Hot, hot the words flow from his heart,
And trickle, trickle still.

“ My letter now I seal and send,
The red ink has no blot,
The words come straight out of my heart,
I feel them drop down hot.

“ Long, long by day the bride will look
Far up the street and down,
Ere she will see her lover bold
Come riding into town.

“ Long, long, O mother, thou wilt watch,
Then dream ere right be done;
Across the sill a shadow strides,
It is thy spectral son.”

The General sat within his tent,
The beaker by him stood,
He flung it down upon the ground,
The red wine bubbled blood.

He saw the Moon with curv'd blade
Run down a star on high,
And hold it spitted on the tip,
Then ride far out the sky.

As the source of the preceding ballad, Appleseed evidently drew upon some incident of the war, transforming the same through the introduction of a supernatural tinge, by which he has colored the hard fact into a weird tale, full of presentiment and terror. Himmelshime has the following note upon the piece: "I think I recognize the event and both the men, the Captain and the General, though the reality has been strangely transfigured, the poet having used his right of weaving into the prosaic affairs of this world the divine element, if not directly at least indirectly, by way of suggestion, premonition, dim foreshadowing through the appearances of nature. Here the magic luminary, the moon, flings its uncanny sheen upon the fateful deed."

With these remarks Himmelshime breaks off with a sudden dash into a new topic. What have we to do but to follow him in these colossal leaps which he makes around the figure of Appleseed? Surely he deserves consideration in his own right; the reader's interest, we hope, has been roused to the extent of regarding him as a human being and not simply as a commentator. Breaking loose from war and its alarms, Himmelshime turns to the contemplative side of Appleseed, and of a sudden we are ushered into the peace

of philosophy. These strong contrasts lie deep in the Colonel's character; his oceanic soul has tides like the Bay of Fundy, the highest probably and the lowest on this terraqueous globe. Let us hear him:

“ We have often noticed a transcendental, speculative, abstractly metaphysical bent in Appleseed, in spite of his images, metaphors and symbolic flashes. We shall have to connect him with the philosophers of the past on many lines, he has inherited their certainties, their dubitations, even their nomenclature. Have we not seen him persistently grappling with the Negative, both in the concrete and in the abstract, as if he were wrestling for his life? Then again he has often taken a joust with the thought of *The One and The All*, reading into the same the great interplay between the opposing forces of the universe. Little spurts like the following seem to hint of Plato:—

Would'st thou grasp the All?
Thou must see it in the Small.

“ But Appleseed touches upon another set of philosophic terms in the lines:

When of the Infinite is your song,
Be sure and take the Finite along;
But if the Finite you should sing,
See the Infinite in each little thing.

“What a link with former philosophies! In the last line we have to think of Spinoza’s *sub specie eternitatis*, one of the most fruitful phrases in the whole history of thought. It is Hegel who makes ‘speculation itself identical with experience in its totality.’ Even Natural Science takes the single thing for its start, yet in spite of itself it seeks to get all and finally the All into its circuit, reaching up toward the height of that lofty sentence of Spinoza: *Quo magis res singulares intelligimus, eo magis DEUM intelligimus* (Ethica V. Prop. 24.)

“Two great tendencies of Man and of Time are the pursuit of the Finite and the Infinite. Separated, they become hostile, mutually destructive. From old India down, the Infinite turns to an all-devouring maw into which the Finite is swept, nay has to sweep itself, in the person of the Hindoo devotee or the Christian ascetic. The Finite, on the other hand, in our modern materialistic time, becomes a chaos of particulars, struggling, writhing, hissing, a huge nest of serpents little and big, each seeking to swallow the other. Very little choice lies between the two abysses.

“Thus the world has been a grand see-saw between Finite and Infinite, in which both sides have got the worst. Now Appleseed in the above lines, if we understand him on this obscure and abstruse point, hints a unity, nay a harmony in

song between the two warring elements. True to the principle which underlies his verses as well as his life, he seizes the dualism in order to set forth more fully the process of unity."

Thus far Himmelshime, who seems on the present occasion to have dived further out of sight than ever before, since his appearance in this book. He is getting to need an interpreter more than Appleseed, whom he interprets; he threatens to upset the whole commentary by supplanting the hero and taking the latter's place himself. Certainly not with any such intention has he offered his assistance; but how can he help being himself? The personality of the man is, like the oak of the forest, by nature overshadowing; those who wish to behold their own reflection must retreat from his umbrageous presence. But we have let him expand in full, thinking that some reader or readers (if there ever be more than one) will understand him if we do not. But it is high time to look a little at Appleseed again, though we have to turn away from Himmelshime.

75.

"What are these verses, what are they, what? Rhyme, meaning, and measure ajar?" —

O they are every thing but what they are not,

And they are not anything but what they are.

76

“ Tell me what is the nature of What,
And why is this riddle of Why? ” —
All wisdom, O friend, is tied in a knot,
Else it were nothing at all to untie.

77.

It is, and it isn't — isn't it?
Three riddlesome words to unravel.
He does, and he doesn't — doesn't he?
Three cross ways for man to travel.

78.

An if the thinker
Should be but a tinker,
His mending of pots and pans
Will be but ifs and ans.

79.

If there be a What,
And I have it not,
In and out of season,
I try to find the reason;
Always before I can my soul sing,
I have to see the whole thing.

80.

“ Why is the sun so bright?
What is the eye without sight? ” —
Surely your deities
Are the old Whats and the Whies.

Methinks you are worse than a baby crying,
You tease me to death with your what-ing and
 why-ing.

Within me I feel insupportable dryness
To still all the thirst of your Whatness and
 Whyness.

81.

The soul's deep cry
Is What and Why;
Ere it wills Not,
It asks you What;
And ere it may deny,
It asks you Why.
Something lurks underneath the denial,
To find that out is the soul's last trial.

82.

There is a why, but what is it, say?
There is a what but why is it, pray?
There is a cause, but what is its cause?
I want not the law, but the law of the laws.

O Johnny Appleseed,
Thou never wilt be freed
As long as thy chief enemies
Are the ever-living Whats and Whies.

“The book *Why* has never been printed,” says an old Italian proverb. Still this book is continually being written in every truth-hunting human soul. The choice spirits of every age have been drawn by these categories which underlie all questions: *Why, How, Where, When, What*. Some less daring athletes of mind dismiss them, crying out unthinkable, inexplicable, unknowable; but the great protagonists make them just the true knowing and thinking. This matter, however, reaches beyond the arm of the editor, who is fortunate in being able to find a note of *Himmelshime* which applies here.

“Natural Science holds to the *What*, and abandons *Cause*, specially *Final Cause*. It was Aristotle, the greatest thinker of antiquity, who dug up these tap-roots of man’s thinking, and laid them out in sunlight, as if he were showing the foundations of the universe. From him they passed to the Schoolmen who had a mighty and long continued wrestle with them, often ending in a doubtful victory. But in these recent centuries Hegel is, of all thinkers, the most desperate investigator of the fundamental categories of thought. All his books are hardly more than an ordering and marshalling of the same; his logic is the *Idea* as category looking

at itself and examining its store of categories, and determining their relations. Vast is his philosophic edifice, a veritable temple of the Eternal who thinks, with foundation stones resting upon the very center of the cosmos, and with pinnacle piercing all Finitude."

After giving a further historic development of the categories, which we have to omit, Himmelshime goes on: "Methinks that I behold Appleseed resting at midday on the roots of a tree by the side of a brook which winds taciturn through the Western prairie, with his fiddle-bag cast to one side and his eyes gazing upon the boundless stretch of green meadow before him; what is he thinking of? The immensity of the nature around him throws him back upon himself, he turns his glances into the depths of his own being, and seeks to witness a greater immensity there. In some such manner I imagine, these little verses, grappling with the Whats and Whies of existence, took form in his mind, and possibly worded themselves on his lips, in a kind of contemplative vision. True to himself he is in these desperate reaches of his soul; true also to the Time-Spirit (manifesting itself in the great thinkers) which insists upon having its periodic Olympian contest over such fundamental questions. Are there not everywhere around us signs of such a contest approaching or at hand?"

In explanation of this last interrogatory of Himmelshime, we cite the following from one of his stray leaves: "On the whole I think it highly probable that Appelseed must have been present at the Concord School of Philosophy during some of its sessions. That gathering, despite the fun made of it, was epoch-making, and ploughed a deep furrow on the time, sowing therein no small harvest. I can fancy our frowsy, dusty Western wanderer entering the quiet New England village, to the wonder and amusement of its precise, well-brushed citizens; he winds his way to the Hillside Chapel, takes his seat upon a wooden bench amid a small audience and there listens to words ever memorable. I think I can hear in some of his lines a humorous echo of that School, taken up by all the newspapers of the land, which had much to say of whichness and whyness, and clearly expounded the yesness of the No, since just that was and is still their business. We may, however, hear the same echo in the grave words of Thomas Aquinas, running down six centuries and more, when he discusses *The Entity and Quiddity of the Apostolic Keys*. For what is quiddity but whatness of the what?"

With this conjecture of Himmelshime that Appelseed paid a visit to the Concord School, the editor is inclined to have nothing to do. Literary coincidences do not establish a case of plagiar-

ism; one swallow does not make a spring, but certainly the wish is often father to the thought. Of one thing the editor feels sure: Himmelshime himself went to Concord and drank of the potations there to downright debauchery, the signs of which he still carries with him.

83.

“ Say, why so obscure the prophet’s word? ”

It for the present the future must borrow;
In it the voice of To-day must be heard,

Yet bringing along the thought of To-morrow;
But when To-morrow becomes To-day,
What the prophet hath said, all the people will say.

84.

For more than a hundred years
The old Gheber had worshipped fire;
He had given his prayers and tears,
Had spent all his priestly ire,
On those who had no fears
At the terrible name
Of the God of flame.
One day on a brand divine he stumbled,
And ere he knew it, in he had tumbled;
But as soon as he fell
Into his own little Hell,
He would in it no more
The burning God adore.

85.

The comet is hanging over my house so near,
Soon it will drop on the roof, I fear ;
Now it is lashing the stars in the skies,
And its whip on the fugitive planets it plies,
O'er the curve of the moon it is whirling its
flail,

In the face of the sun it is switching its tail,
It throws the whole universe into a cholic
To see but the threat of its rod parabolic ;
It has set all the lights in Heaven to bouncing,
Now it is the turn of the earth for a trouncing.
'Gainst me, I know, it has had a long spite,
It has shaken its scourge at me every night,
I cannot look out of my window to God,
But I see up in Heaven that damnable rod ;
It is raising a blow just over my head,
See ! it descends ! Oh me ! I am dead.

Come with me, good neighbor, come with me to
pray,

I feel I am at the Judgment Day.—

But in the cool of the evening the neighbor
replied :

It is bad for thee if thou truly hast died ;
But go with me away from thy window a mile,
And then let us look at the comet a while ;
See, no longer it hovers over thy house,
It runs in the sky as light as a mouse,
And still it remains in the very same place,
Just read its true course by the stars in its face ;

No error in it — thou hast the flaw,
 Find and follow like it thy beautiful law,
 Keep thy path, as it does, by night and by day,
 And I promise thou never wilt be in its way.
 But thou wilt forever collide with a comet,
 If in terror thou triest to run away from it. —
 Help, cried the other, a sky full of snakes!
 Into a river of sweat my body now breaks;
 True, it hovers no longer over my door,
 But 'tis pursuing me worse than before;
 It has quit my house to turn after me,
 Oh how of the comet shall I get free! —
 Now rightly I see, said the neighbor, the evil;
 Not the comet pursues thee, 'tis the Devil.

86.

A man came into the world with a theory,
 He always saw just what he expected to see;
 He wandered over the face of the earth,
 On each spot he beheld his theory's birth;
 He burrowed profoundly into the ground,
 Everywhere his theory still he found;
 But when far below into Hell he had wormed,
 His theory there was not confirmed;
 Although he writhed and squirmed,
 He had to go again to school,
 Until he kenned anew the Stygian pool.

87.

We tolerate every fool in his way,
 Though we may be unwilling to own him;
 But we mind so little the prophet to-day
 That we take not the trouble to stone him.

88.

A ground-hog lay within his nest,
Was taking there his winter's rest ;
He dreamed a dream what he would do
When snows above him melted through,
When early flowers would burst and peep
And laugh him out his wintry sleep,
When merry birds their love would sing
And greet the sun along with spring.
The ground-hog woke and raised his head,
He quit at once his gloomy bed,
The birds he heard, the hum of bees,
The rustle of the budding trees ;
Soon stepped he forth into the sun,
Which shone as it had never shone,
When lo ! a shadow there he sees,
And with himself it just agrees.
The fright cut straight into his soul,
He sneaked at once back to his hole,
Where he in night still hibernates,
And for another sort of sun awaits,
Which will no ground-hog's shadow throw,
That ground-hog never may the ground-hog
know.

89.

He quarrels with the very air
On which his words are thrown,
Because it will not make them fair,
But gives him back his own.

90.

Let the big ocean make all the big rumpus,
Thou hast the ship and the sail and the compass ;
Wind and water may threaten disaster,
Over the elements thou art the master.
Sun and moon that rule in heaven,
By day and by night unto thee have been given,
 Thy course to measure
 And save thy ship's treasure ;
The true polar star
Will shine from afar
 To make thy billowy way sure.

Thy ship seems to move on an endless line
But it is cutting a circle over the brine ;
While sailing away, it is sailing back,
The going wake is the coming track ;
We look around at the haven from which we
 departed
 With sorrow ;
 To-morrow
With joy we enter the port whence we started.
Thou must grapple the wave
Thy treasure to win and save ;
Let stick in his slough the mud alligator,
 And drowsily gape with pondrous saurian
 jaw ;
 But thou must follow another law :
'Tis thine to become the world's circumnavigator.

91.

Note the first little word of the child,
It lisps a pretty mistake.
Mark the youth's first action, how wild !
He is sure an error to make.
Watch the first great thought of the man,
See how he fails in his plan !
However strong, he has to try twice,
Or perchance even thrice.
Age is not free of the self-same task,
Though it be a little more cunning;
What is the pith of it all, do you ask?
Life is an error that cleanses by running,
Like some mighty terrestrial river
Flowing down the mountains,
Rising up to the fountains,
Filling the round of the law of the Giver.
Man is not Truth at first hand —
He must make himself true,
Else he would be unmanned,
Having nothing to do.

92.

“ O this eternal debit of evil,
How can it be put to account? ”—
If daily thou make the Devil,
Preach the Sermon on the Mount.

93.

Be like the Master, glad,
Shine on the good and bad ;

 If I am round,
As a circle bear me,
Seek not to square me

 To thy square bound ;
And if I already am square,
 Force me not to be round,
You will win not a hair,
 And me will confound.

Leave me a greenbriar, seek not my sapwood to
 harden,
And let me prick out my days in my own little
 garden.

94.

O peacock, old Sol is abroad with his ray,
 Let thy tail to his sunshine now strut up ;
O peacock, the storm-cloud has put out the day,
 In their case let thy feathers be shut up.

95.

I love the babe's pretty prattle,
I like the child's little rattle,
I laugh at the maid's tittle-tattle,
But when prattle, tattle, and rattle get to be one,
That is the end of the fun.

96.

Oh for that happy time when I was most unhappy !
Oh for that joyous world that took from me my
joy !
Oh for that eye of fire whose look could freeze
my bosom !
Oh for that life of love whose minute was a
death !

97.

Before the match
Must be the catch,
Without the song what is the lark?
What is powder without the spark?

Powder without the spark
Is a spirit in the dark;
Bring the living coal ! enough !
See the puff !

98.

So it is fated
That all things be mated;
The woman and man
Is the world's plan,
By love is done
That two is one;
Singular is the trouble
That each one must be double.

The preceding string of verses, after sending shoots off in various directions, didactic, enigmatic, parabolic, suddenly takes an amatory turn and winds up in a kind of arithmetical marriage. Already we have heard an erotic note in Appleseed, though subdued; there is something within him, which he is not willing to let out to full sunlight, and which he keeps under with no little self-suppression. But the fire is in his heart, and will leap forth during unguarded moments, showing a small lancet-tongue of flame, which succeeds in speaking a warm word or two, and in hinting many unsaid things. Then it suddenly withdraws itself, flashing back into its inner tenement or cardiac sheath, where doubtless it continues to burn, or at least to smoke and smoulder, with occasional low reverberations of a volcanic underworld. Not without sympathy, we hope, does the reader look upon these short, quick heart-flashes of the homeless singer; some profound cause they must have far down in the wells of being, despite their playful, humorous, even bantering exterior. I have noticed that the deepest natures, those possessing true humor, cover up the tragedy of life with its comedy.

But what shall we now say concerning Himmelshime and his comments? A far less self-suppressive character than Appleseed, more eruptive, thunderous, defiant; he will certainly

blurt out his heart, in spite of the Satanic hosts of mockery. A seismic temperament is his, for have we not already seen that an earthquake is always lying in wait somewhere inside his corporeal periphery? It is clear that he has had his fierce tussle with the Love-demon, as well as his blessed consolation from the Love-god; for only too well certified is the fact that every feeling, emotion, passion, Love most of all, has a double set of attendants, one infernal and one celestial.

Pinned on, in a ragged, neglected fashion, to the preceding collection, which is derived from Himmelshime, the editor has found the following biographic note of curious contents, in which we imagine the reader will be interested. It is plainly in the Colonel's handwriting:—

“ That was a great day for me when I resolved to withdraw from society and from all dependence on my fellow-beings, and show that I was a self-sufficient man, complete in myself. I would do my own work, make my own bed and bake my own bread; my meat I would win from the chase and my clothing I would piece together from the skins of animals. I was going to live my own life, taking for company only a few world-books, such as Homer and Shakespeare. So I went forth into a back county of Illinois, where the native forests still grew in primeval grandeur untroubled by the woodman, where men were few and game was plentiful. With my own hands I built

me a cabin, in which I spread my couch of hairy fells; with my leaden bullet I overtook the fleet-footed deer and the swift-winged turkey, with whose flesh I loaded my table; in a cleared spot I planted my crop of Indian corn and potatoes. More and more I kept cutting the threads which continued to tie me to civilization; I found my own lead in the ores of the hills, and I even schemed to make my own powder, which I still had to purchase from the outside. Finally I resolved to immolate my dearest companions, those world-books, Homer and Shakespeare, whom in a mighty wrestle of the spirit, I flung into the fire and saw burnt to a crisp, their leaves rising and flying heavenward out of the flames. Never can I forget that moment when I thought I had broken the last bond which connected me with my race, and had liberated myself from its shackles; I was for once an independent man, I had reached true individuality, and I would write my own Homers and Shakespeares. In my exultation I shouted *Freedom*, and the silent woods echoed back the word. But this very word, I reflected, had been transmitted to me, a gift of my race; the whole language which I spoke and wrote I found not mine specially, but a remote ancestral inheritance. More toil and more struggle came to me; I planned how I might throw off my native speech, and substitute for it a tongue of my own, a kind of per-

sonal hieroglyphic, all for myself. But noting the fact one day that my father begat me and my mother bore me, and thus my parents had given me to myself, I thought of undoing this gift, and of taking me away from myself. So far I had come in pursuit of my individual freedom, namely, into the presence of SUICIDE, over whose horrible chasm I took a peep and there beheld my own Ego masked as a fiend, a very devil, armed with a goad of ten thousand hissing serpents, ready to catch me on his hip and fly off with me into the bottom of the abyss. "Who art thou?" "Him of whom thou art in pursuit." "Not so, I do not want thee." Then came a tussle, I broke loose from my demon after no trifling battle, I began to retrace my steps, I returned to my cabin and bought my powder with content, obtained new copies of my world-books, and started the journey of life once more, mid alternations of hope and doubt, which often made the forests rock with the throes of inner upheaval. Thus I stood in a swaying balance, not lost, not saved, in an oceanic swirl around the point of dead calm, an incarnate maelstrom with stagnation as the center.

"In such a mood the bright shape of a maiden crossed my path one day, whom at once I felt to be the new luminary, greater than all those of heaven, sent to bring me light. Verily she was an incorporate sunbeam, and out of the blue

depths of her eyes came a message which I recognized soon to be of the Gods. Through that simple maiden I was taught the mysterious power of LOVE, the first grand sacrifice of the individual for another, source of all transformation and spiritual palingenesis. In that new light the earth was transfigured, fair roseate hues of dawn began to take the place of night; I left my cabin in the woods, and took a dwelling place among men; I joined the family, and through it I came back to society, state, civilization. Still I have to confess to a tendency toward solitude, born of that early flight back to myself and nature. Moreover Fate could not keep hands off, but smote me, cutting asunder the new-born tie; again I am alone, but not in the woods."

Thus Himmelshime tells of an experience long past, and in a certain degree accounts for his present domestic environment, with the old negress as housekeeper. The editor has found in his papers traces of woe, notes of deep separation, allusions to death's wings, troubled queries concerning immortality, intense longings for a vision beyond—over all of which let a dark veil be drawn, as over the face of a sacred nun. O Himmelshime, life has given thee its keenest joys, its sharpest sorrows; I fancy thy furrowed iron face, seared by exposure under a Southern sun, has been cut into channels by fierce tempests of aforetime, perchance in part

by hot tears streaming from the bruised heart. My feeling in perusing thy manuscripts is imaged in some lines by Appleseed, which I may as well insert just here:

A Vesuvius red I have found
In every heart somewhere ;
Long hid it may lie underground,
Still it is raging there.
Often I walk on the crust,
Feeling no fear or distrust,
But in a crevice I thrust,
All thoughtless, my staff,
See the smoke ! pifpaf !
With what ire
It takes fire.

It is highly probable that while Himmelshime was deep in these solitudes and sorrows, the wandering singer came along, the gentle pain-releaser, and seeing the bitter trial gave of his sympathy, and brought sweet consolation by means of music and song. To such effect are some hints, rather obscure and fragmentary, it is true, which the editor has found in these papers. Who cannot imagine our tender-hearted minstrel attuning his instrument and his soul to lighten somebody's burden? It would almost seem that Appleseed again saved the life of the Colonel, as he once did in the battle of Lookout Mountain, this time, however, not physically but spiritually, giving him new-born Hope, the spirit-lifter, and build-

ing for the despairing man of sorrow a rainbow arch from the Now to the Beyond, from Time to Eternity.

Otherwise it is difficult for us to comprehend the admiration, perhaps we ought to say, the deep affection which Himmelshime shows for the following little ballad by Appleseed, a simple foolish thing, but giving tender gleams, presentiments, intimations of a bond which reaches out of life and joins the heart to aught over the border. A note like the following means somewhat when set down in writing by Himmelshime :

“ This little song or ballad is deeply inwoven into my very existence, is so bound up with my heart that I have no judgment whatever of its value or meaning for another human being. Many years have passed since I first heard it, and still it rises and floats into the horizon of my soul when cloudy and black with earth's storms, across which murky abyss fair Iris at once throws her many-hued celestial bridge rising out of bondage and finitude, and I march over toward freedom and the Infinite. Well do I remember the first morning it was sung to me, I was in the grim clutches of Death. I was determined to follow the departed. But the song expressed my longing and thus eased it ; I obtained an eternal image or symbol of deliverance, and made my escape, by no means imaginary, but most real.”

Somewhat long is the matter drawn out, but let us allow Himmelshime the right of unfolding himself fully, according to his own law. He continues the same subject: "May we not imagine a shepherd with his flock, a typical character from time immemorial, standing in the presence of a tempest upon his mountain beside the sea, and suddenly beholding a rainbow bend from the summits above and reach over the troubled waves into the distant Beyond — what a transformation does he undergo just then! The poor shepherd wonders; he, the finite, recognizes an Infinite, his spirit stretches out for the same, sweeps over its limits through Wonder, and feels itself to be also that bound-bursting Infinite. You rainbow arch finds a correspondence within, the soul itself is such a lofty-reaching, heaven-tinted arch, the poor shepherd himself is that span bending out of the moment into the Eternal. Along with this Image always comes Thought, and there rises spontaneously within me the strangely searching definition of Hegel: 'The Infinite is the union of itself and the Finite.' With such a Thought in the mind and with such an Image in the soul all sorrow and earthly limitations begin to vanish, and Fate herself, with arm uplifted to strike a blow, sinks to earth conquered, and cowers down invisible into her gloomy cavern."

There it goes again! Most mystifying, unac-

countable, inexpressible Himmelshime, what kind of a psychology is surging around in thy brain, unsettled as those agitated sea-waves! Just a moment ago thou didst carry us off on the iridescent wings of the Imagination, charming into our presence fair terrestrial rainbows, but now thou dost drop us at once into the most abstruse, unpictured and unpicturable utterance of the most recondite philosopher, flinging us on the spot, as it were, into the very sun of Pure Reason, where no mortal eye can see in the excess of light. Whom dost thou expect to follow thee in these sudden prodigious leaps across the entire Solar System of the Spirit? Certainly the thing is impossible for the very moderate stride of Theophilus Middling.

But the editor has again allowed the gigantesque form of Himmelshime to monopolize the whole canvas, in spite of all self-imposed rules and precautions. Hard is it for us to keep the man in bounds, he being inherent a limit-defying spirit, and thus by nature kicking out of the editorial traces. It is indeed high time to produce the poem over which Himmelshime has raised such a pothor; only let not the reader be disappointed if it means not so much to himself. Let us add that it has already been seen in print, and has gone the rounds of a small circle of readers.

O SHEPHERD, COME OVER TO ME.

The Shepherd came into the city,
And wandered up and down ;
There rang in his ear a ditty,
Through all the din of the town.

From the hill-tops a rainbow is bending,
It reaches far over the sea,
And a song I hear with the ending:
O Shepherd, come over to me.

I know not what is the matter,
That song rushes into my head,
Its music floats over the clatter,
But she who once sang it has fled.

I see my old flock on the mountain,
As it grazes in pasture up high ;
I look at her face in the fountain,
I there see myself too, and sigh.

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Still the rainbow yonder is bending,
It reaches far over the sea,
And a song I hear with the ending :
O Shepherd, come over to me.

The dwelling is empty yonder,
And the songstress has gone far away,
And I in the world have to wander,
At home I no longer can stay.

I hark on my path by the hour,
The heart of the hills is so full,
The earth brings many a flower,
But none I stoop over to pull.

Still above me a rainbow is bending,
It reaches far over the sea,
And a song I hear with the ending :
O Shepherd, come over to me.

The Shepherd went out of the city,
Still wandering up and down;
But always he hears the same ditty
He heard in the din of the town.

The ditty has always the ending :
O Shepherd, come over to me ;
And always a rainbow is bending
Which reaches far over the sea.

WHOSE IS THE HOUSE?

1.

Whose is the House? Whose is the House?

Not mine, not thine,

It belongs to another;

We plan and we scan,

We take and we make,

And receive but the bother;

We toil and we moil,

We pine and resign,

It is all for another;

Whose is the House? Whose is the House?

2.

The House, it is fair,

But who is the heir?

Eat, drink, and be merry,

Take the meat and the bread,

Take the apple and cherry,

Take the board and the bed,

Take the house overhead,

Take the world in the sweep of the day,
And now to the banquet away!

It belongs to another,
The dead man was buried to-day,
To-morrow we bury his brother,
Whose is the House? Whose *is* the House?

3.

The House is well-made,
But the cost — is it paid?

With sore and with sorrow
From the book our debt we shall clear,
When we lie down to rest on the bier
To-day or to-morrow.

But who is it now coming here
From whom we no longer can borrow?

With muffled drum

The heir is come

To take back the gift of his mother;

We cannot expel him,

So let us just tell him

This House is the House of another;

Whose is the House? Whose *is* the House?

4.

The House is not mine,

The House is not thine,

The House it belongs to another;

Thou canst drink of the wine,

And sit under the vine,

Thou canst share in the feast
From largest to least,
If thou wilt bring with thee thy brother;
The first and second long since have fled,
The third and fourth already are dead,
The owner now is breathing his last,
The future will be as was the past,
But who is yonder riding so fast?
As the corpse is borne out before,
Who is it knocking behind at the door?
The heir it is I — the heir evermore,
But the House is not mine — Whose is the
House?
Whose is the House?

In this last poem with its wondering, we mark something of an irregular, wandering, dithyrambic vein, playing freely with metrical forms; also there is wound through its spiritual texture a mystical, enigmatic, Orphic strand truly spun out of Appleseed's romantic genius. Some vague, unearthly longing possessed the man, he had a soul full of unanswered and perhaps unanswerable questions, of which we probably hear an utterance in that repeated echo, *Whose is the House?* — the beginning and end of the poem, possibly of the poet too. Yea, the beginning and end of man, it may be, of man coming into the world with a cry of interrogation, and going out with a sigh of interrogation. Yet even this wonder concerning the unknown is a holy feeling, a kind of adoration; indeed ancient Aristotle affirms that wonder is the starting-point of all philosophy. Veritably Appleseed was a wondering man as well as a wandering one; in the depths of character the two traits have a certain degree of kinship, for the wonderer is naturally a wanderer, that he may get to see the marvels of the world.

But ere we wind up this tortuous, meandering Book, we must again introduce the Colonel in a final incident which is not without some dramatic

vigor. As the Iliad frequently devotes a Book to the grand exploits of one of its heroes, Diomed, Agamemnon, Menelaus, so do we devote this Third Book to Godlove Himmelshime, also a hero in our eyes, yea doubly a hero, with a fighting record in two wars, spiritual and temporal.

We have already noted the inborn and doubtless inbred Gothicism in the character and style of Himmelshime, which tendency has probably come in the main from his Teutonic ancestry, but has also in part been nourished by his reading in Gothic literature. Germany furnishes many such writers, perhaps all have a tinge of it, culminating in the author of *Faust*, truly sprung of the soil and of the soul of the people. Still further, Himmelshime's method of utterance in English has been influenced by his loving perusal of Thomas Carlyle's books, which are themselves derived from the German fountain. Here are found similar touches or splashes of strong color, apostrophic outbreaks, gruesome humor, wild fastastic conceptions leaping forth suddenly in lurid grotesquery: surely the Scotch Goth of modern times has laid his spell upon our Colonel Himmelshime, as well as upon other weaker spirits, those who are less able to swallow the genuine Berserker fire, and so make a mess of it.

At this point we have an interesting report

from the publisher's taster. It seems that he, feeling the pulse of the public, as was his duty to his employer, and beholding in imagination scorching reviews from the critics on all sides, and also shocked deeply in his own literary sense by these irregular and unholy streaks of Carlylese, wrote to our friend concerning the danger.

“I heard that Colonel Himmelshime was in town recently,” says the taster, in his account appended in this place, “and I concluded to address him a most humble, courteous note, well knowing the extreme sensitiveness of authors, who are inclined to regard their smallest word as inspired and unalterable, and I asked him to pare off a few of the worst excrescences, and to modify here and there his extremely uncouth phraseology, out of consideration for the public as well as out of regard for the English language. Imagine the answer which I received from a hostelry well known in our city.”

LIBERTY HALL, WEST SIDE, July the 4th.

DEAR SIR: I must express myself in my own way, and it makes no difference who has employed my way before me. If Thomas Carlyle chose to adopt my style before I was born, go and talk to him, and tell him to change and not me, for he was the first transgressor on my domain. As for me, however, I have no quarrel with the great men who have used my thoughts and even my expressions in advance of me; indeed I regard such use as a new proof of their greatness.

As to the public I must declare to its face that I am still and intend to remain a free man, in spite of having contributed some notes to a commentary on Johnny Appleseed. On this birthday of our national independence, I assert my inalienable right to use the English tongue after my own fashion, for my own needs, with a liberty which takes in past and future, reaching out before my birth and after my death. I respect language, but it shall not rule me tyrannically, though backed up by all its cohorts of grammarians and all their followers. Is not this another chain which the Professor has forged, and which the Soldier must break? *Rex super grammaticam* was a royal saying in the olden time; but in the new epoch and in this free country we are all kings, and must assert an equal right with royalty. So in matters of style I shall burst the

barriers, and if I happen to break into a road which has been traveled before me, still it is mine. Such is the Declaration of Independence new-made and read to-day by your fellow-citizen
GODLOVE HIMMELSHIME.

Such was the Colonel's letter in reply to the publisher's taster, a letter smelling of gunpowder and defiance more than of sweet charity and modesty, showing the soldier more than the philosopher. Manifestly with him the war is not yet over; that devil whom he saw in the woods, and whom he called Ego, was not then wholly conquered in spite the gigantic battle which there took place, veritably a new contest mid the solitudes between Hercules and Cacus. Not a prudent letter the editor deems it, for is not the only channel to publication now blocked up with huge boulders of wrath as well as of prejudice? To the editor this epistle was the source of troubles unnumbered, about which let there be silence. It will be sufficient to state that the above letter was pinned on to the returned manuscript at this point.

Still the editor, exercising all his self suppression, cannot wholly keep to himself his pent-up woes. He hastened to the city to avert the threatened calamity, he went directly to the office of the irate taster and sent up his card, but could not get an audience; then he sought the

publisher in person. This gentleman knew of the fatal letter, and made it the ground, or at least the pretext, of an immediate and unconditional rejection of the whole book. The editor tried to soothe, to placate, to apologize; but the more apologetic he, the hotter the publisher. Finally the latter turned away, doubtless in a fit of anger, and uttered the following pronunciamiento: "We publishers are servants of the public, and you authors must be our slaves, or go to the devil."

To which the editor could only give a calm response, born of despair: "Good-bye, we are going."

BOOK FOURTH.

THE DEMON IN THE BOTTLE.

“ What is that clinking, drinking sound
As when the beakers rattle?
Unbidden voices play around —
What is it that they prattle?
It surely must be something said
By spirit tongues of air;
But if I start to look, 'tis fled!
Deep silence everywhere.”

The Scholar turned back to his page
Lit by the lonely lamp;
Upon his mind another age
Had set its golden stamp;
The mystic script of Hellas fair
He followed in a book,
And found a spirit hidden there;
Entranced it held his look.

But louder, louder grows the sound
Than it has been before;
There is a trembling of the ground,
A flashing through the door!
It makes a gurgling, struggling noise,
As if it sought to be;
Hark! it hath rounded to a voice:
“O Scholar, make me free!”

The word darts down the chimney spoken,
At once the Scholar wakes
Up from his book to catch the token,
While all the building quakes.
“I heard the word which was just said,
Yet know not what to do;
O speaker, be thou quick or dead,
Now show thee to my view.

“I swear it, I shall dare to free thee,
Ere I forsake this spot;
But, first, I deem that I must see thee —
I seek and find thee not.
Out of the keyhole here behind me,
Thou deftly must have shot;
Alack! I seek and cannot find thee!
I found, and sought thee not!”

He gave but one unwilling look,
And then his glances played
Into new pages of his book,
O'er which his lamplight strayed ;
The antique characters were lit
In bright Hellenic grace ;
The Gods, from underneath the writ,
Look straight into his face.

But list ! that clinking, drinking sound !
The moving in the hall !
The flashing through the doors around !
The lightning on the wall !
Again the struggling tones are heard,
Like buzzings of the bee,
Until they gather to a word :
“ O Scholar, make me free ! ”

Up from a high Olympian line,
In which Great Zeus once spoke,
And left on speech a trance divine,
The Scholar once more woke ;
Impatiently he shut the book,
A little curse he dropped,
And to the mantel turned his look :
How suddenly he stopped !

Upon the shelf the vial stood
That sent a piercing light,
It had one ray as red as blood,
One ray it had of white;
They flashed and flared, they wrenched and rang,
A battle he could see;
The light became a voice which sang:
“O Scholar, make me free!”

The light wrought in a mighty trial;
He could not understand
What labored so inside the vial;
He took it in his hand,
A sudden whisk he felt it give,
It squirmed and heaved and whirled,
It was a being that did live
Within its little world.

He raised it up and held it near,
A cloven shape it took,
A language he began to hear,
The vial strained and shook;
Hark! firmer, firmer grows the tone,
Though struggling heavily,
Its muffled heart has heaved a moan:
“O Scholar, make me free.

“ I pray thee break the blood-red seal
On which is stamped the cross,
Whose pressure here within I feel,
For thee it is no loss ;
Thou wilt let out thy burning doubt,
And wonders thou shalt see ;
O take my prison's stopper out !
Good Scholar, make me free.”

The Scholar smote the waxen sign,
He cracked the ruddy rood ;
A flame ran round the mark divine,
The red wax bubbled blood ;
The spirit rose out of the bottle,
Till all the room was filled ;
“ Thee have I come to-night to throttle,
Here thou art to be killed.”

“ And who are you, that will affright
My soul with doom of evil ? ”
“ I was the ancient God of Light,
But now I am the Devil.”
The monster swelled up to a look
That was aflame with ire,
And that lone lamp, with pen and book,
He flung into the fire.

A crucifix, and eke a crown,
He shattered at a blow ;
The entire house he would tear down
And in the ocean throw.
But why, in wrath, yon looking-glass
Should that grim fiend assail?
It showed to him as he did pass,
His horn and hoof and tail.

The Scholar saw the baneful wreck
Which comes from Satan loose ;
He looked around to find a check —
How little was the use !
About him rolls the mighty clatter,
He sees his burning tomb ;
Hark ! now he will the Devil flatter,
If that may stay his doom.

“ Bearer of Light, I hail thine art,
Which I, like thee, would know ;
But now reveal thy higher part
Surpassing thy great foe ;
Thy little world thou breakest through,
Show next what is far more ;
Do what a God alone can do,
Thy former bound restore.

“ Bethink, thou art not yet the All,
Though great has been thy trial ;
Prove thou canst also be the Small,
Creep back into this vial.”—
The Devil fleered, the Devil jeered,
He blew his nose and shrunk
Till there a little ape appeared
Where stood his mighty trunk.

Upon the bottle's brim he tips
With diabolic grin ;
He stops to think, and then he slips,
Behold, he has slipped in.
The Scholar shouted, the Scholar flouted,
The laughter cracked his sides :
“ Who could have thought the Devil doubted ?
See now he too backslides.”

The Scholar seized in haste the stopple,
And fixed it in its place ;
The tumult made the chimney topple,
But still he won the race ;
The Fiend no longer is his own,
A prisoner lies he ;
Again begins his ancient moan ;
“ O Scholar, make me free ! ”

“ Let him who hath the Devil caught
A second time, hold fast ;
Thy freedom must henceforth be bought,
Or this hour be my last ;
Thy only love is to destroy
What once the wise have built ;
In thy closed world be fire thy joy,
But mercy be my guilt.”

The Devil said it was so cruel,
But soon his coin he told :
“ I’ll give thee my most precious jewel,
Which turns the earth to gold ;
I’ll give with it the fairest wife,
Whose love shall pleasure be ;
I’ll give thy joys eternal life ;
Good Scholar, make me free.”

“ I care not for thy shining gold,
Not much I care for life ;
And, since I am a Scholar cold,
Why should I take a wife ?
A wand of pitch is all I ask,
Lit at thine own hell-fire,
To scorch thee with when out thy flask,
Than me thou risest higher.

“ But first my pen must be returned,
My house — I wish it new ;
The book that was by thee once burned —
Restore it, through and through.
Of sooty flocks, thou black bell-wether,
Hear it — thy deepest dole —
This broken crucifix put thou together
That it again be whole.”

The house, the lamp, the book, the pen —
See him renew each thing ;
He welds the cross and cries Amen !
While hymns he starts to sing ;
He does it all, he does it well,
Much better is that store
Now tempered in the fire of hell,
Than ever 'twas before.

The Devil is set free again
Yet under sharp command,
He still can send a red-hot rain,
If it be elsewhere planned ;
But from the ashes of his flame
New life begins to spring,
And Lucifer has won a name
In service of the King.

All have to laugh in every glance
To see him mending things,
To watch him dance the Devil's dance,
While he new order brings;
He darts a scowl, he gives a howl,
Unhappy still snarls he:
"If I can be no longer foul
What is it to be free?"

The Scholar turns back to his book,
It is the antique writ,
But now it has a strange, new look,
Beneath the lamp relit;
The Gods still peer from out each line
And sing the olden strain,
Yet they have won a hope divine —
The Gods are born again.

The Scholar keeps his magic wand
Tipped with infernal pitch;
With that lit torch his learned hand
Burns out the Devil's itch;
Around the world he flaming goes,
The Liberator, he,
When he but hears a spirit's throes,
"O Scholar, make me free."

Thus has the editor, at the beginning of the present book, flung into the face of the even-tempered reader, not a batch of rhymes fluttering and flying in every direction, but a connected poem with a mythical texture, quite the longest in the entire collection. It takes the form of the ballad, and even reaches out with some ambition toward a little epos: wherein we may see hints of a new development in Appleseed's poetic career. Is not the Iliad made up of the mythical treasures of oldest Hellas, songs and ballads unified and transfigured into one great national deed, the siege of Troy? Such epical materials does the editor sometimes see, looking perchance with a too-favorable eye, in these little floating shreds of Appleseed's Muse — an unrealized possibility.

It is to be observed that we witness here again that strange, supernatural element, which often gives a medieval Gothic tinge to our singer's versicles, especially to his ballads. Somehow he cannot quit fighting the Fiends, and, accordingly, we have now another wild, fantastic account of a new tussle with a demon. The scholar, student, thinker, investigator is at present the central character, round whom a series of marvels is made to spin with a final triumph. Thus we catch, the editor ventures to say, a glimpse of that devil who is born of all striving and advancement, a

genuine Mephistopheles. This poem was known both to Brazennose and Himmelshime, hence the reader is to have the advantage of hearing the opinions of these two very different commentators.

We are happy to introduce again the Professor, who had almost vanished in the preceding Book, in which the overwhelming, somewhat overbearing figure of the Colonel had reared itself and had elbowed everybody else out of the way. Even Appleseed himself, though the great original fiddler and singer, began to play second fiddle and to hum in a subdued alto. But let us listen again to the welcome voice of Brazennose :

“ The conception of putting a spirit into a bottle and of there letting it flash and flare and make a show of some kind, goes back to the Orient. Something of the sort is, I believe, found in the Arabian Tales, where a genius or spirit appears under such conditions. But in Europe this legendary notion was seized upon and unfolded at the time of the Revival of Learning, when it took the form of Homunculus, the little man in the glass bottle, who can be made in the Laboratory by a chemical process. It is well known that the legend of Homunculus was taken up by Goethe, transformed and put into the Second Part of Faust.

The *Spirit in the Bottle* appears in the form of a Tale in Grimm's *Mährchen*, where the

scholar is introduced studying and working away with all diligence, when he hears the voice begging him, "Let me out." There is no doubt to my mind that Appleseed drew directly from Grimm. To be sure he might have obtained his incident from tradition, as the story was current among the people. But the printed book of Grimm, in one of its numberless editions, must have come under his eye, and have called forth this poetic response, which, I confess, is not wholly to my taste."

Here the Professor stops short with his comment, though the editor finds in his notes many references to works in which there are some allusions to *Homunculus* and kindred legends. Evidently the heart of Brazennose is not in this subject, he is weak in style and thought, he shows some disrelish of the whole thing. No better field for the display of his multifarious erudition could be found, yet he drops spade and mattock, after showing us two or three old roots dug out of the Past, and takes to his heels. What can be the matter?

But here comes Himmelshime, with a grin breaking up his iron features into a thousand rippling fragments; he, the old Goth, has evidently found the subject congenial. We see at once that his comment, and even his handwriting (for he is not present in person) show his delight. Says he at the start: "On the

whole, I think this is the best of Appleseed's productions. Here he has not simply wooed the Muse at a distance, but she draws near and actually kisses him, even promising to marry him at some time in the future. Whether she ever fulfilled that promise, it rests with coming generations to say; I confess I do not know. But in this poem I hear distinctly the words of love and betrothal."

Thus Himmelshime in one of his riotous, metaphorical, bantering moods; surely the imp has gotten out of the bottle and gone into him with a kind of demonic chuckle. Listen now to his interpretation of the poem: "It very distinctly shows the narrowing effect, the limitation which comes from all merely academic training. The study of the classics, for instance, pursued in the old fashion, has a tendency to throw the spirit into the bonds of erudition, to break which may cost it infinite trouble. The scholar in the poem is apparently studying Homer, "The High Olympian line in which Great Zeus once spoke," when he heard the voice in the bottle calling for freedom. How many Homeric commentators, great scholars indeed, have I read, who are in just such a bottle, small, confined, vitrified! It is the voice of a demon of course, a spirit destructive of the old crystallized limits, which is appealing to the student."

It is at this point that Himmelshime takes up the Homunculus of Goethe, and even goes back and cites the old German text of Paracelsus, that typical Gothic genius, who has quite fully described how Homunculus was to be manufactured. This passage, however, cannot possibly be introduced upon these pages. A grim Teutonic humor pervades the disquisitions of the Colonel, in which he claims that the author of *Faust* intended to exhibit a genuine spiritual product of the University, and that Appleseed, in a somewhat different fashion, had an entity of the same sort floating before his fancy in the preceding poem. Moreover the Colonel has already intimated in his talk, and now he sets down in writing, that our friend, Professor Brazennose, is a good sample of Homunculus. No wonder that an unfriendly feeling exists between the two men; perhaps, also, here we may find the cause why the Professor, stung by the Colonel's taunts, has felt an inner reaction against Appleseed's poem, especially with the foregoing interpretation.

But the editor must at once take the opportunity to declare that he cannot accept the view of Himmelshime in the present case. Such a legend as the above is sure to come to the surface when the ancient bounds are felt chafing the aroused Human Spirit, and when the latter is getting ready to take a new step in the World's History.

We find in *Homunculus*, in Grimm's Tale of the Spirit in the Bottle, as well as in Appleseed's poem different legendary shoots from one great trunk, which trunk we may call the Mythus of Culture. For this is unavoidable in any mighty spiritual change: destruction of old and revered forms and beliefs must take place, and men must be shaken to the foundation. The new world seems to be made by the earthquake, and the new doctrine runs the eternal danger of calling up the Devil. Especially the Renaissance with its study of antiquity, its investigation of nature, its inquiring spirit, suffered a kind of relapse in going forward; it actually in certain respects, went back to classic Heathendom. So Appleseed's "Ancient God of Light," perchance Apollo himself, becomes an evil demon in Christendom. Dante also belonged to a period of classic Revival, the negative consequence of which he has intimated by the place in the *Inferno* where he puts the polished, poetical Frederick the Second of Sicily. Skepticism, the collapse of the old Faith, the negative result of unsettling men's minds, even by a beneficent change, we may well read hintfully in this mythical utterance. Indeed what is *Faust* but the Mythus not only of the Reformation, but of all like Reformations, however needful; they beget denial, and denial unfolds into Mephistopheles. The man of supreme learning and aspiration has

reached the point of denying all truth; very soon appears the Devil in person, for the man is ready to see him.

Such are one or two of the threads which connect Applesseed's poem with the Past, yea, with the Spirit of Time, imaging the negative element in all Culture, and the way of mastering the same. For Applesseed seeks also to show in a weird, symbolic fashion, how such a fiend is mastered when once aroused. That curious wand, "tipped with infernal pitch," seems to be endowed with the power of destroying infernality in general, fire somehow burning out fire. In such a case, the Liberator is the Scholar, he who has had his own conflict, his own experience with the demon, and knows him well. But let the reader tackle the matter for himself and be his own Liberator, especially from the commentators, who can also become fiends in their way, fiends in a little glass bottle, who love to bedevil the innocent reader with all sorts of delusive shows.

But whatever we may say to these various views concerning Applesseed's poem, it is plain that between Himmelshime and Brazennose there has developed a strong and deep dualism in word, deed, character. Two tendencies we behold embodied in the two men; tendencies which reflect themselves in everything said and done. Nature and Culture, Teutonic and Latin, Roman-

tic and Classic, we may name these tendencies, with partial hint of their difference; or perchance, we behold the University and the World manifesting the products of their respective disciplines. Yet withal both men have many sympathetic ties in spite of themselves; both work in the literary field, both are in pursuit of the same great end, both have certain tastes and ideals in common; have we not seen both as loving admirers and annotators of Johnny Appleseed? Some underlying bond unites them beneath all diversity; I wonder if it will ever come to light and assume visible shape!

We feel ourselves justified in inserting at this juncture one of Appleseed's quatrains in his altruistic mood:—

To others you their own must give,
If you would have your own;
The more you keep, the more you live
In this great world alone.

In view of the conflict which has arisen between our two friends, the Colonel and the Professor, and which threatens to come to hard words, the editor seeks to keep himself composed, and advises the reader to cultivate the same frame of mind. Not only impartial must be our attitude, but also intellectually charitable, for this charity of the intellect is a rarer gift,

and more deeply spiritual, I think, than charity of the heart, though the latter also is to be cherished. At least I have often seen the same man very tender-hearted, but very hard-headed, emptying his pockets to a beggar, but stoning the prophet and even damning Johnny Appleseed. The latter, however, has written some lines, doubtless born of experience in this direction, in which lines I have found help, when writhing under strong provocation :

Seek not to destroy any man
Because he is narrow and small ;
He has his place in the Plan,
Else he would not be at all ;
If he cannot abide,
He must himself set aside ;
Not from without, it is done from
within
By his own folly, weakness, or sin.
Then to the man's own decree,
It is likely the Lord will agree.

By way of contrast with the demonic ballad herein before given, the editor adds the following four stanzas, in which the mythical form is dropped, and the human imp is exposed in his nakedness, being the diabolic without its legendary wrappage, yet measured and rhymed to a tune.

I heard a man deriding faith,
Who lacked himself belief ;
I heard a man defending theft,
Because he was a thief.

I heard a man a doctrine teach,
Which is a lie well known ;
I heard him then a vice defend,
Because it was his own.

So when I hear a man assay
To justify abuse,
It is his charge against himself
For which he seeks excuse.

And when I hear a man proclaim
Some wrong to be a right,
Defending his own secret sin
Unvails it to the sight.

Of course I did not intend to leave Hard-scrabble, without paying a visit to my friend, Professor Brazennose. When I arrived, I found him hard at work in his library. Various books, particularly of an ancient cast, were piled up around him, each apparently begging to be taken up first. Certainly the old volumes showed a love for the man who loved them.

The Professor's greeting was friendly, but it lacked for a moment its former cordiality. I

imagined he felt that I had come from the camp of his enemies. But a word concerning Appleseed was enough to drive away the cloudlet. I asked him whether he had found any further treasure. "Yes," he replied, "I am just now exploring the allusion in a certain verse of his which I have come across. The lines run:

If we know ourselves aright,
That will certainly illumine us.
But beware! next door to "know-thyself,"
Lives Mr. Heautontimoroumenos.

There! what do you make of that?" I had to confess that I was graveled by the long word at the end and its meaning. "Well," said the Professor with a look of triumph, "it is taken from Terence, the Roman poet, who wrote a play by that name. It means the self-torturer, the self-punisher, and was derived, as are most of Terence's plays, from the Athenian comic poet, Menander, who flourished about the year 300 B. C. It has brought me another little surprise at Appleseed's learning.

"It is a strange fact," I replied; "how could the old fellow have gotten it in his rambles? But I am interested also in the meaning of the verse; that is not so plain as it might be. I have already noticed an oracular, ambiguous, mystifying strand in Appeseed's character. Does

he not here turn against excessive self-examination, which becomes a brooding Mr. Heautontimoroumenos?"

The Professor answered: "There is also an allusion to the famous Delphic inscription *Know thyself*, which has passed so long in Europe under its Latin dress *Nosce teipsum*. It is clear to me that Menander was opposed to this maxim, for he declares in one of his fragments published by Meineke (here the Professor took down his Greek book) that it would be more useful for thee to know others than to know thyself. One of Goethe's sentences also comes to mind: 'Man only knows himself in so far as he knows the world, which he perceives in himself only when he perceives himself in it.' Here too I may join another little verse by Appleseed:

Look outside of your skin,
You will surely get sick
If you have the trick
Of always looking within."

"More certain does it become," I answered, "that Appleseed in one way or other was intimately connected with the spirit of all ages in its manifold fluctuations, and knew something of the utterance of that spirit by the men who shared in it and had the gift of expression. Ancient Menander doubtless felt the excess which came from too much thinking over the unfathomable

Ego, represented in the Delphic saying above cited. Modern Goethe, we know, often warns against the same extravagance. And what else does our Shakespeare in his Hamlet teach? Too much reflection, too little will; too much thought, too little doing; so ancient Athens in Menander's time, went down with its Delphic precept, before the man of action, the Macedonian man." "Now," I continued, "I am going to trump your card, for I too have found another versicle which seems to unify the two tendencies, making them over into a single effort of the complete mind:—

‘ Appleseed, thou art my friend;
Give me the right direction: ’—
‘ Make the two ways blend:
Outward be thy introspection.’ ”

Now it was the turn of the Professor to be puzzled, as this twofold contrary movement of mind, which is nevertheless one, lay distinctly outside of his sphere. He mused for a moment, looking at his book-case, and then began:

“ This is a phase of Appleseed's work which does not appeal to me very strongly. To my thinking the outer is outer and the inner is inner, and a contradiction is contradictory, not to be brought into harmony by any number of intellectual screws, levers or gimcracks. But you may know of a man who takes special delight

in this mystical, transcendental, hypochondriacal side of Appleseed's genius, who indeed twists all of his sayings and poems into this bizarre, crooked, outlandish method of explanation."

Incontestably there was some heat in these words. The Professor must have known of my presence in town and of my little address before the Hardscrabble Literary Club. He may possibly have heard that I had had quite a long conversation with Himmelshime afterwards. I had no doubt about the person he was aiming at, though he mentioned no name. I was ambitious to heal the breach, of being a mediating spirit between the two sides, especially as both seemed to be united in a common study and appreciation of Appleseed's verses. I therefore said in a soothing tone of voice:

"I did not see you last evening, I missed you."

"The truth is," he replied, "I seldom go to that club, though I have the honor of being a member. There is too great a tendency in it to run after the vague, the indefinite, the fantastic; I want the fact, the solid fact, with its place in history. If I cannot find that, I soon decamp."

There was plainly no way except to come to the main point at once and speak out mutually what lay in the minds of both. So I asked him, "What do you think of Colonel Himmelshime?"

“You met him last night, I am glad you did. I regard him as a man of ability, well endowed by nature, retaining perhaps a dash of pomposity and of imperiousness from his military career. He has strange crotchets; well, every man has, doubtless I have, but he is the maddest idealist I ever saw. He will read only what he calls Great Books; with lesser writings, such as you and I might be able to produce, he will have nothing to do. He has, too, a wild scheme by which he thinks he will drive out all academic training.”

“If you will permit me, Professor,” I interrupted, “I heard him say that his scheme, which he did not unfold to me, was not to supplant, but to supplement the University.”

“Be that as it may,” the Professor went on, “he despises learning and the halls of learning. What have we all here not endured to bring the light of higher education to these prairies and there make it shine! I myself have been here twenty years and more, on a meager salary, scarce furnishing me the bread to keep my brain alive. I started instruction in the ancient tongues hitherto* unknown in this region. I opened the world’s treasures to the child of the backwoodsman, or at least gave the key for unlocking them. I shall not so easily be set aside by a half-cracked vagabond.”

When the explosion came, the Professor heard

the reverberation of his own high-pitched voice, and at once sought to dampen its effect. For Brazennose is certainly not of an ugly disposition, in spite of a touch of irritability, which he shows with most of his class. At once he began correcting himself: "I have no quarrel with Colonel Himmelshime, he is an able man and a good fellow. But when I hear him on Shakespeare, I often think it a great pity that the bard of Avon is not living to-day, in order that he might find out the meaning of what he has written. If he could but return to us he would probably be the most surprised man on the globe at his own profundity. But Himmelshime is a good fellow, I like him."

At this the Professor suddenly turned toward me and asked: "Did Himmelshime walk home with you or go part of the way?"

"No," I answered, "I was talking with him, and the conversation was growing more interesting, as I thought, when he looked up and saw somebody pass; at once he ceased, turned away, bade me good-night, and darted into the aisle toward the door, where he was soon lost amid the crowd."

"Who was the person who passed?"

"I do not know."

"Was it a lady?"

"Very dreamy is the whole scene now."

1.

See approach the sunny fly !
He has come far out the sky ;
As he strikes his shiny wings,
Subtle melodies he brings ;
Whence he sprang, I do not know,
Whither going, he will show.
On the paper now he sits,
Where are spread the honeyed bits.
O the keenness of his pleasure !
He indulges without measure.
But one foot is fast, he cannot fly,
Though he for a moment try.
Still he moves his tongue's wee tip,
And he takes another sip.
Mad delight, it cannot last ;
See ! the other foot is fast.
How he flaps his rainbow wings !
Hark ! his very struggle sings.
Now he laughs a little laugh,
And he takes another quaff.
Sticky ropes have bound him tight,
Then he thinks to take his flight,
But one wing is caught outright.
Look ! his feet have sunken deep,
The other wing he cannot keep ;
Though it flutter in a fear,
Down it drops into the smear ;
Still he takes another swallow,
Now he rolls down in the wallow,

Flits no longer in the sun,
Song is still, his piping done;
In a grave of sweets he lies,
Closed his hundred thousand eyes.

Already in the preceding book it has been duly reported that Himmelshime was a collector of Appleseed's rhymes, and also a commentator. This information is confirmed and amplified by the following note from the Colonel, which we found on our table when we returned from our visit to Brazennose. This visit had, we think, a conciliatory effect upon the Professor, who had before been visibly withdrawing from our horizon. We felt it very necessary to keep him harmoniously attuned to the new work, not only out of personal regard for the man, but for the sake of this commentary. But let us now listen to the Colonel's note, in which there is something left out, at least it has not his usual directness. Dropping some introductory compliments, we come to the relevant part:

“Of course, I could not help noticing in our various conversations, that you had become deeply interested in the words and deeds of our remarkable fellow-mortal, Johnny Appleseed. Still further I have been led to conclude from certain casual remarks, as well from the general tenor of your talk, that you were making a collection, or possibly an anthology of his verses

and that you intended giving them to the world. I imparted to you a little hint of my own labors in the same direction, but I did not then tell you that I had the same purpose in mind, and had already resolved to print my results in due season. The object of this note is to offer you the entire material which I have gathered with some trouble. I cannot help thinking that you are the proper person for editor and not myself. Surely my opinion is not wrong that you have purposed publication at some future time, however your modesty might shrink from an open avowal to that effect.

“I am eager for your success, I wish to see you move by the right road, hence I take the liberty of hinting an admonition. Danger lurks not far away, error is lying directly in your path. Under all circumstances consider me as at your service. G. H.”

Thus I had let the cat out of the bag, or else the cat (of authorship or editorship) had given such an audible mew in the bag that the Colonel had heard her through the words of our conversation. Impossible is it to suppress a book or a murder; the moral order of the Universe compels the guilty man to divulge his secret. But the thing being out, wisdom proclaimed, make the most of it.

But what means the dark allusion in the latter portion of the note — this suspicious hint of

“danger” and of “error?” I could interpret it in one way only. It must be another thrust of the Colonel at his antagonist. Himmelshime had evidently got wind of my conferences with Brazennose, and probably was informed of the latter’s offer of assistance. Such whiffs of small talk do get noised abroad surprisingly in a small town, where everybody knows everybody and what everybody says and does. It was plain that the Colonel was competing with the Professor for a place in the new work on Appleseed. He shall have his wish; a free bed we shall give him with ample space for kicking, but he must not expect to be permitted to kick out his bed-fellow.

Such was the new situation in which there was manifestly but one thing to be done: let the rivalry of these two men run its course, nay, fan it a little when getting faint, and let the world have the profit. Himmelshime, the intuitional, the inspirational; with insight, yet not always well-balanced insight; with violent, fiery outbreaks of volcanic fury against Zeus and the present order at certain times, but in other moods a most peaceable, benevolent soul full of the spirit of reconciliation; a man of few books yet of much knowledge, inclined to read in one the all, hence dangerous to antagonists, not free of danger to himself. Then his style of speaking is noteworthy, containing a rude, elemental

energy of Titanic stress, full of expletives and explosives, exclamations, objurgations, barbarisms and sudden apostrophes, in which the unexpected may break out at any moment. Brazennose calls him "an auto-didact of the tremendous type, self-made, furiously so." Let the two now be pitted against each other.

The reader has already observed that both these men quote Appleseed, according to their necessities—each finding easily passages which are strong on his own side, quite as opposing sectaries cite texts of the Bible for their respective tenets. It seems that each reads the poet in his own fashion, with his own preconceptions, finds just what he wants and leaves the rest behind unseen probably, at least untaken. Meanwhile we, holding the scales of Astræa in this and all other matters, have to affirm that Appleseed must have had both sides in him to furnish both these men with their outfits. At this moment, the editor, fumbling over the papers of Himmelshime, comes upon a bunch of versicles pinned together, which are labeled, *Appleseed's view of erudition*, with a caustic dedication to the Professor from the hand of the Colonel.

2.

Many a learned man has crossed my path,
And I have found him out,
Always concerning what he hath,
He leaves me in a doubt.

3.

Do we whatever we can
He is ready to damn us ;
It is just the learned man
Who can be the greatest ignoramus.

4.

On this book-shelf behold the huge stuffing
That fills up the belly of Night !
It is now but a candle-snuffing
Of souls that once gave a light.
Yet men with their candle to-day
The burnt-out snuff will explore,
Expending of light even more
Than the light which has long passed away.

5.

Why seek in a corner obscure
For days before yesterday's day ?
If you go out of doors, you are sure
To find now shining its ray.

6.

Learning alone
Is not meat but a bone,
The more you get, the less you own.
What I now tell,
If you understand it well,
Fling away your dry bone,
It is time to turn it to good ;
But if you cannot find
What I have in mind,
Keep your bone and gnaw at it for food.

7.

Though learning be a dry bone,
Still we should not call it a stone.
Be done with it, cast it into the earth,
And let it rot,
When it is not,
Behold the new birth,
It has come to the top
In a fresh crop.
Out of that which we thought to be dead,
We at last shall be getting some bread.
But as long as it seeks of itself to exist,
It will never be able to furnish a grist;
Though erudition we strive to procure,
The very best use of it is for manure.

In this connection Himmelshime comes back to his favorite theme, the character of a University. The editor has again and again wondered why the subject so often rises up in the Colonel's mind. He did not obtain his training in such an institution, he was never a professor, he shows a kind of aversion to the halls of learning; and still he cannot let go and pass on in quiet. Hear him: "The truth is, a University, to attain anything like its supreme function, must somehow be able to combine itself with what is opposed to itself. The free limit-transcending spirit is hardly nourished within the walls of the University in its present shape. The new epoch-making book or discovery seldom springs from it directly, though it may have a certain influence. The soul must be free of its trammels to be truly creative, and not merely reproductive. This liberation of the spirit, final goal of all culture, is not found in the training of the University, useful though it be."

Manifestly the Colonel has in mind to correct all these defects by that new educational scheme of his to which we have already heard certain covert allusions. Still he does not come out with it, but branches off into an illustration, of which we give the reader an extract: "I think that the two conflicting sides of the human

mind in its eternal sweep forwards and beyond were most happily represented in Jena and Weimar during the time of Duke Karl August. Two different places for the two different souls—fill the one with professors and have an University, fill the other with poets and have an Elysium. Let the two towns be but a few miles apart, so that each may give to the other its best in poetry as well as in science, in inspiration as well as in information, in the limit-transcending as well as in the limit-positing movement of the spirit, both sides being presided over and looked after by the most universal man of these later centuries, uniting in himself most profoundly yet harmoniously, the dualism whereof we are speaking—I mean Goethe. Of him I am now ready to say that of all mortals who have wielded the pen and written their message on Time's scroll to the future, he is most worthy of being read."

Such is the Colonel in one of his better moods, too often negative, damnatory, iconoclastic; he is more personal and so less harmonious in the following paragraph, which also shows the character of some of his day-dreams: "I have often in my walks fancied myself a student at Jena somewhere about the beginning of the present century, and have started to tramp across the country to Weimar, passing and repassing from one atmosphere to the other, seeking to take up

both into the currents of my being. Two poles of an enormous magnet I have fancied lying there and reaching between the two places, at one end of which stood Goethe and at the other Hegel, both sending shocks through me at every step, that I would leap up in a thrill of ecstasy. Then I have suddenly waked and found myself staring at the dingy brick pile of the University of Hardscrabble, out of whose front door would issue a Brazennose still peering into his book, as he waddled along the gravel walk with the shriveled, abstracted air of a mummy."

Such outbursts may be forgiven, but they raise a query: Is there no personal feeling at the bottom of these contemptuous flings? And here we shall have to give a rumor which we ourselves heard at Hardscrabble, asking, however, the reader to note carefully that it is only a rumor. It is whispered that Himmelshime was once an applicant for a professorship in the University and that he failed to show the technical requirements for such a position. At once the much coveted grapes turned sour and have remained sour to this day, only increasing in acidity and acridity, so that the worthy Colonel makes an awfully wry face whenever he puts one of them into his mouth. Why not throw the whole bunch away? Simply because he is full of human nature, which, in its demonic mood, takes special delight in flaying itself, always

keeping near at hand the instrument of torture. And here the editor has to confess his belief that Himmelshime, in spite of his abilities, nay, by virtue of his abilities, would not have made a good professor.

This report, doubtless originating from the University, makes him a disappointed professorial candidate, who keeps munching away at his bunch of sour grapes with a kind of diabolic pleasure in his own self-torturings. But let the editor report that this commentary is the better for both these men; without the one where would be our information, and without the other where would be our inspiration? With Brazen-nose alone the editor, along with Johnny Appleseed, would be brayed and frayed and frittered to very death in the mortar of the Finite; with Himmelshime alone we would soar upward into the thinnest ether of a boundless cloudland, or perchance sink down in the other direction, vanish out of sight, and be lost forever, like rain-drops, in the ocean of the Infinite. Brazen-nose and Himmelshime — may the good Lord protect us from each, but send us still both !

8.

What is the harmony born out of strife?
The wisdom left from the error of life? —
The more you come to know men's limits,
Appreciate the more their merits.

9.

“ Teach me how to pray.”—
 Thou must live all in small;
 If thy day be but a day,
 Thou hast not lived at all.

10.

“ The hundred best books ” is the cry now,
 For this and for that is the voice;
 Choose one best out of the hundred,
 Then thou hast all in thy choice.

Professor Brazennose, if we catch his drift, is inclined to tone down the strong emphasis which Himmelshimé is always placing upon Great Literature. This, according to the latter, is at bottom but one Book, written by the choicest Spirits of Time at a few different epochs. Behold now the Professor sally forth in defense of mediocrity, which we give as a kind of counterpoise to the Colonel's somewhat one-sided stress. Says Brazennose:—

“ Ancient Horace starts the saying that neither Gods nor men can endure mediocre poetry. Yet both have endured it and will continue to endure it, nay men read and enjoy it. Indeed what is mediocre poetry? Pollock we call mediocre, compared with Homer or even with Milton; but he means more to many good people than Homer or Milton. Tupper is possibly less

than mediocre, yet he persists in living and doing his work, not by any means to be despised. So Appleseed with his little verses has found a little corner on Parnassus; let him cultivate his patch and expand its boundaries. The great majority of mankind are mediocre, and in the main they like what is mediocre. They have to be screwed up to the best, to Shakespeare and Dante for instance, and then they easily get unscrewed. The popular ballad-maker is a man and a brother, to whom I always give his due. Not every book is for everybody and the best is usually for the best."

The present editor has had a curious flash of wonderment dart through his head on reading the above: is the Professor really defending himself in his defense of humbler verse? Himmelshime once charged him with being ambitious of courting the Muse in his own right, and not through Appleseed; is this a preparation for a new poetic sunrise?

In another passage of the manuscript which the Professor has so kindly lent us, with full permission of making extracts, we find a favorite thought set forth with some suggestions and questionings:—

"One of the strange things about Appleseed is that he seems to have been a man of no little reading and erudition. I can with difficulty make it consist with his manner of life and his

free roving habits. Where did he get his books in the forests and prairies of the West? How did he find time for their perusal, forever going and coming? I think I can observe traces of Homer and Virgil in him, not to speak of other classic and modern poets. Did Appleseed know Greek and Latin, did he read with fluency the original text? Hard to answer. I find in him many indications of Time's literary heritage; he must have gotten it somehow from books, from a library, from contact with learned men. On the whole, I am inclined to believe that Appleseed must have known Greek, for did I not discover in some of his verses allusions which must have been suggested by the fragments of Menander, which he could not have obtained from any English translation? Yes, Appleseed, in spite of his wanderings, belonged to the erudite guild, whatever may be said to the contrary."

To this passage, which is evidently a challenge, Himmelshime has the counterpart in his notes. It is clear that the two men must have met and hotly disputed over the preceding view long before the editor of the present book appeared at Hardscrabble. The Literary Club had been in former days the arena in which these two intellectual gladiators, Himmelshime and Brazennose, had measured their strength and skill, with many a subtle turn of argumentation, in which satirical thrusts were not

wanting. Thus we account for the following exclamatory outburst of the Colonel: "O Brazennose, when wilt thou get rid of thy professorial pedantry! Dost thou not know that the poet, the seer is the direct heir of the ages in his own right, inheriting their treasures immediately and not by way of erudition? Art thou not aware that Homer is in him as in Time itself, and needs but his recognizing glance to spring forth and show himself in native shape, speaking to him as to a brother, in the deep intimacy of spiritual kinship? But thou dost painfully grind away in thy academical mill at grammar, scansion, and dialect, without ever seeing Homer face to face or hearing one real human word from his lips. I affirm that Appleseed, with that creative power of his, requires but a half dozen pages, or at most but one pivotal book of the Iliad, in order to reconstruct and recreate the whole poem from beginning to end, to behold all Troy and its war, along with Olympus and its Gods. If the translation be poor, he can mend it, nay, can make it over again, knowing what it must be from the whole, he being a man who sees wholes and reconstitutes the parts therefrom. Such is the true way of reading, namely the re-creative, but of course there must be something to re-create in the first place. O ye fatal Brazennoses, what is to become of the Bibles of the Past, the Sacred Writ of the

Race, in your skinny dehumanized hands ! and — worse and worse — what is to become of the youth of the land, given over to the ingenious torture of your instruction ?

The editor would have to suppress these violent expressions of the Colonel, if they went much further. As it is they topple on the very brink of discourtesy, and threaten to pitch over into downright rudeness, which might end in a personal encounter, should the protagonists ever meet again. The reader, however, has an interest in the man, we presume, and hence we let him reel off his rhapsody, which, by the way, has in it a good deal of truth. Still not the whole truth. At times he would drive our industrious, erudite, though somewhat plodding Professor out of the world, whereby the world would be so much the loser. Hard it is to keep the balance between these two refractory units, both being in full possession of their own individuality along with no little self-assertion, and, indeed, both being in no want of temper. Capable of explosion both of them ; and why not ? What man is quietly going to see his lifelines, laid down with toil and staked off with care and cherished with devotion for many years, run into by an outsider and ruthlessly broken up ? The thing is not to be expected. The editor, therefore, holding over both the scales of Astræa, who is in this delicate business our Goddess,

blind, or at least blindfolded, decrees that each must go his own way according to his own law, being permitted courteously to invite others to listen and to follow ; but that there shall be no attack and ruin of the one by the other. The editor wishes to keep both as friends and as commentators on Johnny Appleseed, whereby the reader also will draw his share of profit, we hope.

It is worth the while to listen again to some comments by Brazennose, which are in line with the subject of dispute between the two protagonists :—

“I notice a certain unfortunate tendency in Appleseed to underrate the erudite man of the time, even to disparage him. A number of epigrams cast flings upon learning and do not spare the lofty vocation of its devotees. But what class of men have done a nobler work in the world? Who have carried the torch of knowledge into the dark places of the earth and belted the globe with a line of illumination? Who have written the books, taught the schools ; who have been the professors at the universities? As for myself, I have labored now for more than twenty years at Hardscrabble. I came when it was a wild, naked prairie ; I began my instruction in the classics with two pupils sitting on stools in a log cabin ; as regards earthly compensation, I have obtained my bread and butter, or rather, mere bread without any butter often, and always without any honey.”

Thus the Professor, who has reached an interesting degree of warmth, and sallies forth in self-defense which has a heart in it. Who can gainsay what he affirms? Let us hear him further in his present mood: "The learned are the pioneers toward the unknown world, they are the much-enduring heroes, like Ulysses, who also went westward, seeing many new things, laying down the track of civilization. There is always a frontier between the known and the unknown, which the hardy pioneer settles upon, and, with the help of axe and plow, opens up to the light of the sun and to the spirit of the age. Often you can hear the blows of his axe ringing solitary through the forest, he is not working so much for himself as for those who are to come after him. And his gun is always standing within reach to maintain by his valor what he has won by his enterprise."

A streak of pugnacity we may well feel in this last remark, indicating that the peaceful Professor also can mount his war-horse and wield a sabre. It is, therefore, in place to bring forward the Colonel at this point, who starts off mildly enough, but grows hotter as he gets into business, and finally leaps upon his apostrophic steed and flies off cloudward, whence he flings down some streaks of lightning: —

"I do not believe that Appleseed would underrate knowledge, at the same time it is clear

from a number of his sayings that he makes a sharp distinction between wisdom and knowledge. Why should he not? Has not the same distinction been urged by all the sages from the beginning? And despite thereof it is, in Appleseed's words, 'half the time night.'

"Since ages immemorial the fluid spirit runs the danger of getting fixed in formula and dogma, which have a certain degree of truth, and thus it seems to lose its fundamental quality, *that of getting beyond itself*. What the spirit has once made and settled itself down into, may be excellent, may be the very best of the kind, but it is surely lost if it calmly rests in any attained good and ceases to rise out of itself. I have seen not a few learned men in my promenades over the globe, and I have read after a multitude of them; it is my emphatic experience that the whole set, Pedagogues, Professors, Jurisconsults, Theologians, Doctors of every degree, Soldiers too, are apt to become ossified in their formulas, and thereby are metamorphosed into a kind of machine. Man is a formula-swallowing animal — thus the great Mirabeau looked at himself; oftener, however, the formulas swallow the man.

"Alack-a-day for such a man! He is fast in the toils of knowledge, and becomes a prisoner in the very house of light, instead of a free man in a free world. What chains of adamant does

not learning often forge for its votaries! Indeed every library is largely a curious museum of such chains carefully labeled and packed away with directions for use. Frequently do I see with pain living men going there and putting on fetters, yea the fetters of the dead a thousand years ago. They work and toil and sweat through huge tomes, and get as their reward a ball and chain riveted to their ankles ever afterwards — a hobbling, melancholy, dusty lot of specters. Far better if they had been put to the plow, or at once sent to the galleys, to an outer servitude in which they might have remained inwardly free, and have been saved from a spiritual slavery. Cleave your bonds, set fire to your prison, run, or, if need be, die in your tracks; I say, O Professor, swallow your formulas, open your windows, and make a break for freedom, though blood-hounds and devils are in pursuit."

In explanation of this mad apostrophe, it ought to be known that the Colonel was once a prisoner in the hands of the Confederates at Andersonville, whence in a mighty fit of valor, though sick, half-naked and half-starved, he escaped from the guards mid a volley of musketry sent after him, and got to the swamps and woods where he lived on roots and acorns and berries till he was picked up by some cavalry scouts of the Union side. It is evident that a

few throes of that ordeal darted through his soul when writing the above, and started a convulsion ; has not the whole something of the panting breath of the prisoner escaping from death to freedom? -

It is now due to Himmelshime to show him in a different mood, in which he corrects his more violent moments. For he is at bottom a philosopher, and cannot be permanently thrown into a one-sided view of things. The following may be regarded as his more sober judgment: —

“If man be a formula-breaking animal, equally certain is it that he is also a formula-making animal, and he cannot in the present ordering of universe, help himself. The first is quite as important as the second. We sometimes feel inclined to answer Mirabeau: ‘Thou hast swallowed all formulas, hast thou? Well, just that has become thy formula, namely the swallowing of formulas.’ So little can man escape from himself by kicking out of his own skin; could he once succeed, he would have to grow another skin. Thus the process goes on; the form, the getting rid of the form, and the positing a new form.”

All of which is probably true, but we feel that Himmelshime is becoming a little formal in discoursing of form; growing apologetic, he grows dull; only when he is hot in combat, do the sparks fly from that sword of his, which he

sometimes calls his tongue. To help liberate his spirit, just now a little clogged, he at this point calls in Appleseed, from whom he cites the following lines, evidently written in defiance of some prowling inquisitor or sharp-scented heresy-hunter, who probably sought to imprison him or his verses (the free children of his brain) in some narrow dogma, poetic or theological:—

Why out of my rhymes be seeking to shake sin,
With many a turn of the head?
You keep tugging away at my snake-skin,
Which I already have shed.

What you get, is your choice,
Still you do not rejoice;
You take what you please from my store,
Then turn and curse me the more.

I grant the food must be tough,
And yet it seems not enough,
You still want something to chew;
Wait, another skin in time I shall slough,
I shall give you that too.

Herewith we come face to face with our singer again in a new mood. It would, indeed, be strange if Appleseed did not feel at times that his peculiar way of existence was out of tune with the age in which he lives, at least on the surface. That settled, monotonous life of civi-

lization with its daily routine is not his, and will not appreciate him; nay, it will call him vagabond, if not by a worse name. Under all circumstances he must go his own way a free man, but he must pay the penalty. A veritable nomad he is, wandering over the prairie, yet in the midst of a highly organized society, which must, to a certain degree, disown him, feeling the contradiction between him and itself. Indeed it may arrest him and send him to jail as a vagrant; once, if report be true, he had to serve a short term at the public workhouse in breaking stones.

Thus he has the fate of the prophet, genius, extraordinary man, who must of necessity conflict with his time and suffer. Appleseed does not say much, he consumes his own smoke almost, letting a little puff escape now and then, and wreathes skyward, showing that he, too, is human. He cannot wholly conceal the fact that he deems himself an unappreciated genius, poor mortal! Hence he manifests not infrequently a critical tendency, in spite of his thrusts at criticism; specially he takes some random shots at the literary spirit of the time, and cannot help getting a little satirical.

So the editor, in spite of certain misgivings, is going to let Appleseed unload himself and speak out his heart in the following farrago of versicles. His negative mood we consider it, not always in good temper, not always in good taste

even, still he is serving the Lord by making the demon scorch the demon. The reader has the right, if he chooses, to take a peep behind the curtain and see the entire soul of the man, though it be not always dressed in its Sunday clothes. The negative asserts its right in the universe; we have to take glimpses now and then of the reverse side of the human picture, though we ought not to dwell upon the same. So here the reader may catch gleams of the moody, querulous, disagreeable, nay improper Johnny Appleseed, if he wishes; if he does not wish, assuredly in these days of newspaper reading he has learned to skip and skim. Let not this editorial warning whet his curiosity. But if it does, and if he is determined, Adam-like or perchance Eve-like, to eat of the forbidden fruit just because of the admonition, may he follow with sympathy, if not always with approval, the manifold curvettings, careenings and sinuosities of feeling and experience which the following verses indicate. In advance we shall place some lines by Appleseed in which he seems to glance, half apologetically, at this negative side of his Muse:

Every man has his moral night-side,

Hid deep in his soul from the sun;

But the poet turns up to the light-side,

The dark threads that through him are spun.

Others sleep off their intoxication,

He writes his down, for our edification.

11.

In the new deluge we daily are whirled
That is for its sins overwhelming the world ;
'Tis the deluge of print
That pours without stint
From an empty sky,
Nobody knows why. —
What shall I do — Oh, what shall I do? —
Thou must write a book, too,
'Tis the lightest craft, if made of light wood,
For floating down stream, since Noah's flood.

12.

“ Appleseed, now tell me true,
How does my poem sound to you? ” —
Ask me not about your verse,
Whether it be bad or worse ;
I could not tell, even if I would,
Things always seem to me too good.
The test most true
Of yours is you ;
You must see that you the prize have won
Though another see not what is done.
And though to me your work you read
Cling to your own poetic creed ;
If you are of yourself no test,
Stop your scribbling — that is best.

13.

Everywhere it was shallow around me,
As I cast the first look
O'er the expanse of this book,
Thinking what I should do ;
But the watery element drowned me,
When I tried to wade through.

14.

“ Wouldst't thou hear the newest chimes?
Appleseed, I bring to thee my rhymes.
Thou always singest thine,
So listen now to mine. ” —
The grinding of a mill I hear
With wheel and cog and water-power ;
A mighty rumble smites the ear ;
But then I see no flour.

15.

Ah me, it saddens the thought to a tear,
Ten thousand poems were written this year,
And all of them born in a hope or a fear
Of readers that never have read.
Which one of the thousands will Time save?
Alas ! they already are dead,
Piled under a mountain-high rhyme-grave.
Time needs himself no longer to bother,
They are enough now to bury each other.

16.

The newspaper morn and noon and night !
The newspaper never is out of your sight.
It says with a flourish it gives you the news,
But serves a repast of the whole world's stews
Cooked over and over, the same old ragout ;
Stale is the thing, though the name may be new.

So you go and you go
Through an Inferno of woe,
Till of the Devil's existence you have little
question

And none at all of your own indigestion.
In Time you cannot get rid of its wallow,
For Time itself the newspaper seems to swallow,
Who gives his time to read it no longer has Time,
Though he finds an eternity made out of slime.

So to-day the deed of old Cronus,
Inverted, has come down upon us ;
He, savage sire, made it his fun,
To swallow at birth each son.

At last comes vengeance grown,
His youngest babe now swallows him.

17.

Of the new poetic school
Would you learn the rule,
So that, if you know it,
You too can set up for a poet?
Let the rhyme be well jingled
And the thought well jangled ;
That the ear be well tingled
And the brain well tangled.

18.

Forget not, the small man must grudge
What he knows can never be his ;
If thy work he were able to judge,
It surely were not what it is.
Let him show, if he chooses, the size of his
smallness,
And measure how short his magnificent tallness.

19.

If you lie flat on the earth,
As you did at your birth,
You may be saved from many a tumble ;
But as soon as you crawl,
You have to take with it a fall ;
And there follows the chance of a stumble
When your feet you but once set in motion ;
But if you dare fly,
Like Icarus, up to the sky,
There is risk of your dropping down into the
Ocean.

20.

“ O Johnny Appleseed,
The hotter gets thy creed,
Thy face with bluish flame is lit,
Tell, what can be the cause of it? ”—
When the sinner has been freed
Of the due of his deed,
I feel myself ablaze down in the pit.

21.

“Appleseed, we have heard thee oft as preacher,
Let us have a streak of thee as teacher.” —

The Lord, I hold, is a good pedagogue,
Though in his school he has not ceased to flog;
In Chicago he could not get a position
For the lack of all just recognition;
And if he were in he would soon be put out,
Since he would use his best birch, there is not
a doubt.

That saintly city has abolished the rod,
And has become more humane than its God;
It will follow no longer the great schoolmaster,
The march of its progress than his is much
faster.

Wait! the child to-day may be spared a small
thwack,
The man will get it with interest on his back.

22.

You may keep up your flurry,
I am resolved not to be in a hurry;
I have gone through the past generation,
Taken part in its battle,
Heard its musketry rattle,
Seen its new-born nation,
And in it have lived the whole life of my race
From the first day of creation:
What more shall I reach by mending my pace?

23.

If you go too fast,
You will come out last ;
If you go too slow,
You need not start to go ;
Who, then, is the race's winner ?
He that is least the sinner.

24.

The dirtiest printer's ink they fling,
And the song the critic stamps on ;
To the Philistines David is trying to sing
Of the deed of glorious Sampson.
But list to the praise ! See the laureled meed
Bestowed in print on poesy pristine !
For now it is small Sampson's deed,
Which is sung by the glorious Philistine.

25.

Again just listen
For a moment of time ;
It is the Philistine
Who also can rhyme :—
“ The best thing about a poet
Is, that he never know it ;
But if he knows it, the next best thing
Is, that he never begin to sing.”

26.

Parsimony — I think I may grant it ;
Liberality — perhaps I want it ;
Of the two I had early to choose ;
So I have followed my bent,
Found that for which I was sent,
Done what I've undertaken,
Earth's fruit trees I've shaken,
And have paid with mine own all the dues.

27.

“ I wish to get a higher berth,
Where I can show my worth ;
Johnny, give me now your best.”
“ A touch of true humanity,
A little less inanity,
A little more urbanity — ”
“ Is that your puff ?
I say, enough !
I beg you keep the rest.”

28.

The candle gives bad light,
Though many breaths puff it ;
I look at its sad plight,
Conclude I shall snuff it.
I blacken my fingers with soot,
And blister them badly to boot.
But my deed
Is my meed.

29.

Is he better than his book,
Or is better his book than he?
If each into the other look,
The same old ground hog both will see.

30.

Who is the master, I pray, and who is the slave
In guard of the treasure?
Is it the reason, or is it the rhyme, that can save
My poetical measure?
Alack, the very question
Disturbs my verse's digestion, —
And if Pegasus be not deftly reined from it
He is quick
To get sick
And from his heavenly flight will strew but his
vomit.
Let not the rhyme nor the reason be slave or be
master,
If thou art eager to shun thy poetic disaster,
But in Apollo's high chariot yoke them together
That they fly up the sun's path as light as a
feather.

31.

I declare I never would stickle,
Though perchance I be firm;
And I swear I am not fickle,
Though at times I must squirm.

32.

Shall I tell you the latest poetical news —
 How a new poet cut up his mistress, the Muse?
 Gruesome and gory
 Runneth the story.
 Like a giant he scattered the gobbets around
 In a disgusting chaos over the ground,
 Till her fair body decaying, stank worse
 Than ever it did in old — Blank's blank-verse.

33.

If two rhymes be as husband and wife,
 When they sing, let them keep out of strife;
 If one rhyme be love, and the other be dove,
 Surely the couple belong together;
 But if one say can't, and the other say shan't,
 'Tis already a sign of foul weather;
 Then if he swears and she rhymes it with tears,
 Great is the strain at the conjugal tether;
 Then should they chance to get into a tiff,
 And the man be stern and the woman be stiff,
 Down comes the whack,
 Each has a crick in the back,
 The one by giving, the other by getting the blow,
 'Tis just as bad to strike as be stricken, you
 know.
 The man is cursing, the woman is crying, of
 course;
 For the Lord's sake give the two rhymes a
 divorce.

34.

O Omar Khayám
Mighty to damn !
Thou singest the world is a stinking fish,
Falling asunder in rot !
Why serve such a poetical dish,
And rhyme what it is and what it is not?
Little use to damn it,
Still less to embalm it.

35.

“ Appleseed, I have a doubt
Let me tell you plainly what it is about ;
Why those coarse, mal-odorous words which are
sung
So oft by the poets from Shakespeare down,
Down even to — Blank.” —
“ O friend, I too shall be frank ;
Such words — pass them not over thy tongue,
Tear off their poetical crown,
Put them aside from thy nose and thine eyes,
They are, I tell thee, but Pegasus’ dung
Which he sometimes drops as he soars to the
skies.
Ride on the back of the steed in his flight,
Keep to his head directed thy sight,
Onward, upward, sunward away from the
night
He mounts, and will bear thee up to the light ;
But if under his tail thou keep prying behind,
The Lord only knows what thou wilt find.

36.

“ Your verses have an angry clatter;
Johnny, tell us what's the matter? ” —
Poet, it is time to close
Thy omnipresent nose
Which has in earth and heaven scented
Where is the foulest scent;
Pray now be a little discontented
With thy discontent.

37.

In good humor I fain would be seen,
When I mingle among my kind;
But in my body I too have a spleen,
And at times it gets into my mind;
But when I begin to curse,
At once I put it in verse,
For always I feel much better,
If I can give my pen to drink,
And make with the flow of the ink,
The gall run out of me into the letter;
But thou, poor reader, must tell which is worse,
The rhyme or the curse.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

Within a garden maidens three
Once met a blooming youth;
“O gardener, O gardener,
Tell each of us the truth.”

“I cannot see into the soul,
The flower is all my art,
But in my garden is a plant
That looks into the heart.

“If she who touches it, is false,
It feels at once her blame;
If she has torn her maiden wreath,
Its leaflets droop in shame.”

The first maid stormed, “It is a lie,
My mind you cannot daunt.”
She cursed in wrath the blooming youth,
But would not touch the plant.

The second sighed and gently said,
 " That plant I may not try ; "
She looked at it and turned away,
 The tear dropped out her eye.

Then Mabel came and firmly said ;
 " I do defy the taunt ;
If what it says to me is vile,
 ' Tis vileness in the plant."

She touched the stem, the leaves drooped down,
 Two maidens shrank and stared ;
But Mabel stood yet more erect,
 As if the world she dared.

Loud sang the blooming gardener :
 " O Mabel, thou art mine,
The rest may pass out of the gate,
 This garden is all thine.

" O speak me hope to see the bloom
 Thy life long in my bower ;
And this shall be our paradise,
 And thou its fairest flower."

The preceding collection is the result of days of industrious effort at Hardscrabble on part of the editor, who has had to use a good deal of discretion in getting these stores from two opposite, if not hostile, quarters, the Colonel and the Professor. Once or twice he thought he would have to give up, the counter-currents grew too strong; but matters would again assume a peaceful look, and the work went on. Brazen-nose was often suspicious and moody, Himmelshime uproarious and explosive; but Theophilus Middling, true to his name, always found the middle way, and mediated the fierce dualism.

The foregoing poem, headed *The Sensitive Plant*, I came upon in a peculiar manner, which must be told. I had spent a pleasant evening with the Professor in reading and expounding various rhymes, wherein he was very instructive; I noticed, however, that he was at times dreamy and absent-minded, though always somewhat excited and elated. When it was time for me to leave, he brushed together with his hands a large number of scraps of writing, which were lying on the table, flung them into a paper bag promiscuously, and handed it to me, saying, "There, that is my contribution for to-day." I thanked him and bade him good-night.

When I opened the bag next morning I found

a great variety of verses and comments ; but that which drew my attention specially was a small white envelope of finest quality, sealed but not addressed. I queried a moment, then concluded that it must be for me ; so I broke it open, and found the preceding poem written with great care and beauty upon the best letter paper. Why this special honor to these verses? I turned the sheet over, when a small scrap fell out containing some lines which I herewith impart to the reader :

Thou art the only one
Under the shining sun
 Who canst rightly be double,
 And still the heart's deep trouble
By being the only one
Under the shining sun.

On perusing it I said to myself: " Another of Appleseed's amatory streaks, such as we have repeatedly met with. Funny old fellow, fiddling away with such a flame in his heart! " On the reverse side of the same scrap, I observed an obscure scrawl, which, after closely scrutinizing, I made out to be the word *Theodora*. Deeming it a mere casual scribbling of a Greek word by a Greek Professor, I thought no more about it.

The next evening it was my turn to go to Himmelshime's abode, as I was trying to keep the

Colonel and the Professor in a kind of equilibrium of good-will toward me, by showing equal favor to both. Let me repeat just here that it required no little diplomacy. I found the Colonel in a most hearty, rollicking mood, he bade me ascend to the observatory on top of the house for an evening's symposium, in sign whereof a bottle of wine stood upon his table already opened — an article which I had never before seen at his house.

He shook me by the hand, tapped me on the shoulder, and began talking at once: "I have a surprise for you, a new strain, which shows Appleseed in one of his wild moods, such as you never saw him in before." Then he read me the following convivial song, and even sang it boisterously mid a clanging of two wine-glasses, which were not always empty and not always full. I said to him, "But I have heard this before, it is not new, it is adapted from a well-known German song." "So it is," replied Himmelshime, and then he broke out with a stunning bass-voice into the original: *Der Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt.* He added: "if the Professor knew of these verses, he would find another argument for Appleseed's erudition, since the song has not, as far as I know, been translated from the German. But the truth is I have repeated the substance of it to Appleseed frequently in hilarious moments, when we were cracking a little

bottle together. I have found the old fellow always picking up such things by the way, and transforming them into his own mood, often adding turns not in the original. What flashes would dart out of him, when his tongue was somewhat loosened !”

Himmelshime, after taking another sip, went on : “ I think the best commentary upon the song is that couplet popularly attributed to Luther, when he renounced monasticism :

*Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib, und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.*

You have seen Appleseed on a good many sides, now you can witness his festive, convivial element. He was no ascetic, in spite of his life of self-denial. But I must read you the poem again.”

SONG.

The Pope he drinks the finest wine
That sparkles in a bowl,
There is in it a grace divine,
Aye, that would save my soul ;
To holy Rome some day I hope
A pilgrimage to make,
And there I shall become the Pope,
The wicked world forsake.

But no, the Pope I would not be,
He cannot take a wife ;
A maiden scarce he dares to see,
It might cut short his life,
By day he can do naught but groan :
Oh why am I a man !
By night he has to stay alone,
In his great Vatican.

For Turkey soon I think to start,
And leave old Rome behind ;
There I shall play the Sultan's part,
His rule is to my mind ;
More than five hundred damsels fair
The Sultan has at home ;
O might I fly and settle there,
And leave behind old Rome !

But hold ! the Sultan has a flaw,
He dares not touch the wine ;
It is forbidden in his law,
That law be never mine !
So I would not the Sultan be,
With all his lasses fine,
I swear I ever shall be free
And drink my bowl of wine.

In Pope and Sultan both I think
I something sadly miss,
The one has nothing good to drink,
The other none to kiss ;

Then Pope and Sultan I combine,
Their boons to me belong,
I take the maidens and the wine
And make them to a song.

I rove away and sing my lay,
I sing my very best,
Before a sunny door one day,
I stop to take a rest;
The daughter comes, she is divine,
I shall not go to Rome;
She reaches me a cup of wine,
And now I stay at home.

Truly a surprise, indeed something of a shock did these verses occasion to the editor. Appleseed then has also a convivial strand, shows a touch of the reveler, with flashes of Bacchic inspiration. The editor was prepared for many turns, but not for this one, in Appleseed, a most peculiar, versatile genius, in appearance a wandering beggar, but hiding in his skin a most diversified museum of traits. But not Bacchus alone, Eros also plays in. Again a maiden enters and carries off the prize, namely, the minstrel himself; in the preceding poem, *The Sensitive Plant*, a maiden after a sharp test captures the wily gardener. Several times already has this erotic vein come to the surface in Appleseed, but now it is to be duly noted that both

the Professor and the Colonel have found their favorite love-songs — the one putting his into an exquisite envelope, of the finest paper, the other declaiming his with a kind of Bacchanalian frenzy. Himmelshime has here added a word of comment : “ Observe that Appleseed changes wholly the German original, ending his song with a sweet note of true-love, and hinting the marriage tie as the outcome. Thus the wild divinities, Bacchus and Eros, lead the way to the altar, to a true union in the Family, and Appleseed in his maddest sport and revelry shows himself ethical.” Thus has the Colonel permitted us to take a little glimpse of his own throbbing heart through his defense of his friend.

Himmelshime was verily in a grotesque, madly Rabelaisian effervescence, which had at last to simmer down a little out of pure exhaustion. But this short lull was merely a spell of rest preparatory to another surprise. Suddenly he reached for a small package of tattered, fluttering shreds of papers on which I could see some writing. Said he : “ Now I shall probably astonish you again. I am going to show you Appleseed’s complete relaxation, when he sinks down not only to fun, but to a pun. Shocking, isn’t it? But do you know that I am inclined to delight in this also and to defend the punster? Certainly the greatest minds have had a fondness, perhaps a weakness for this play with words (which is

found in all tongues) seeking therein subtle relations not simply of sound, but of spirit, and sometimes pouring into the same their profoundest thought. Specially the world-poets have their colossal puns. Do you recollect Homer's? It drops from the mouth of the wise man Ulysses, who gives himself a punning name, Nobody (Outis in Greek), whereby he deceives the gigantic man of mere nature, Polyphemus. This is the deepest pun ever made, being based upon the doubleness inherent in the negative, a phase of that "Play of the Negative," about which I have discoursed to you before. Then Dante (*Inferno*, *Canto XX.*) has a very striking pun on the Italian word *pietà* (meaning both pity and piety) which cuts deep and almost makes a person shiver with its audacity. But our Shakespeare — why prove a thing which everybody knows? What a world of doubles in his speech, yea trebles at times, possibly quadruples, often subtly ensconced and organically bound up in thought and word, where it lies beyond the ken of the reader skimming over the surface!

"So take this little batch, showing Appleseed in his funning and punning, childish possibly, but which no sane person ever gets over wholly, for certainly the man is not whole who is limited by a pun. Indeed I have thought that insanity is the result of taking life's pun (manifesting itself

everywhere in the Play of the Negative) as serious, as having a single meaning instead of a double. Now exercise your mental agility in seizing the pun not simply as one, but as two in one."

Such was Himmelshime's transcendental dissertation on the pun, whereof let the ingenious reader test the meaning by cooking it over in his own brain-pan. Then let him seek for illustrations in the following anthology of Appleseed's own. Pouring out the last drop in his bottle, in fact draining it to the very dregs, the Colonel handed me the package.

38.

The puny life of the puny pun
Bubbles over, and then it is done ;
The smallest drop of brain — but 'tis all joy,
The Egoist alone it can annoy.

39.

When the trifle is the great thing to be done,
Let Time himself shrivel up to a pun ;
But take with joy its pinpoint of fun ;
Remember, the smaller its pretension,
So much the greater thy condescension.

40.

This Miss has missed it so long,
The suitor will soon her dismiss ;
But to dismiss her were certainly wrong,
For she would be left still amiss.

41.

O man and woman, ye prove not
Just what ye do not prove;
Your marriage ye call a love-knot,
Because it has not love.

42.

When life runs down to a dribble,
The word will shrink to a quibble;
The loftiest spirit has played with that toy,
And you should relish its wee drop of joy;
For in its little laughing life
There is no strife.

43.

Our nightingale sings us, Farewell forever!
Forever farewell! what pain!
She will never come back, Oh never,
Never will sing it again.
But as we hear it,
We grin and bear it,
Then bear and grin it,
For she will return with the spring,
And farewell again will sing,
If there is anything in it.
She already has done so twice,
For good luck she will just make it thrice,
But then it must be made even, four times,
And so on many more times,
And thus runs the tale
Of the sweet nightingale;

She will return when 'tis again spring,
Once more her farewell strain sing,
When it comes to the main thing.

44.

The Anarchist said to the Judge,
As he grated his teeth in a grudge:
“To annoy you
Is what I have taught,
To destroy you
Is what I have sought;
Do me some hope send.”
Says the Judge: “You are caught;
Your end must be a rope's end.”

45.

If his whole nation
Be condemnation,
And his life's ration
Be vituperation,
Then all the man's ability
Will be detestability.

46.

The diamonds on his bosom bold
Drew there the murderer's knife;
The cheapest diamonds ever sold,
They cost him but his life.

47.

Thine I is made to see ;
At once it turns to me : —
Made also to be seen,
It takes what lies between :
What does the riddle mean ?

48.

Let your folly be divine,
If you choose to be a clown ;
Unto his fool King Lear
Gave long ago his jeweled crown.

49.

'Tis true that men are very many,
And man is very human ;
But of this tangled skein of mortals
Is woven hope which holds the true man.

50.

Shakespeare's mind that soared to the sun
Could settle down and romp with a pun.
Though he tossed the whole universe up like a
ball.
He delighted as well to play with the small,
And make it a miniature smile of the all.
Yet when the whole man becomes but a pun,
Then it is time for him to be done,
And for you to run.

So much for so much, and therewith quite enough! Here we shall have to cut the stream off, the editor holding that this is a sufficiency of the present phase of Appleseed. A few little quibbles and squibs we shall have to consign to oblivion, unless the public calls for them in a future edition. But does not the reader begin to feel that there was some truth in the complaint of the publisher's taster against Appleseed: "He has a fatal lack of dignity?" Nay, the editor has to confess to his own conscience that he has concluded from the evening's performances that Himmelshime himself, despite his lofty stature and his grandiose military bearing at times, is not altogether free of the same defect.

Midnight had passed when I arose to go. The Colonel grasped me by the hand with the greatest cordiality, and bade me come the following evening, as he had something else to impart. I groped through the dark, silent streets of Hard-scrabble to my quarters, trying in vain to bring into order my dizzy, tumbling impressions. But they refused to organize themselves, and the next day found me still in chaos. There is some secret in this whole business — what is it? What lurks behind this antagonism between the Colonel and the Professor?

In the evening I was again with Himmelshime according to agreement. But the change! this time it was not the hilarious, uproarious, tempest-

uous ; on the contrary, it was the sarcastic, negative, demonic ; there was no bottle of wine, and there was no ascent into the observatory overlooking all Hardscrabble and the world. He spouted stinging epigrams, he defied the University and belittled its training, introducing thrust after thrust against our worthy Professor. A formal man, he cries, without the spirit ; a mummified specimen of humanity dead and embalmed thousands of years ago.

O to be breathing, breathing still,
And yet to be mummified ;
O to be dead, to be dead
Long before we have died.

At my suggestion that the Professor was a very industrious worker, and also talked well, these two good qualities turned to gall in an epigram cited from Appleseed :

He has nothing to do but to do
And he does it very dutifully ;
He has nothing to say but to say,
And he says it very beautifully.

Not a rag of a virtue was left hanging upon poor Brazennose, his persistency became obstinacy, and even his well-known fidelity got a slap :

The fickle-winged butterfly may be a changer,
From flower to flower the rapidiest ranger ;
But 'tis a fact indisputable
That the ass is immutable.

Thus the stream ran on, much to the wonderment of the editor. What can have happened since yesterday? Certainly all this cannot be simply the afterclap of one little bottle of wine? At last the Colonel said: "Here I have something longer and a little different." Then he took up a manuscript and read with many an innuendo and sly twinkle of the eye as well as satirical twist of the lips and nose, the following ballad of *Jamie*.

JAMIE.

O where art thou going, proud Jamie,
And why such a strut in thy stride? —
I am going to witness the wedding,
And first be to kiss the fair Bride.

Young Jamie has joined the procession,
His homage he offered in pride,
But he failed to catch the soft answer
That fell from the lips of the Bride.

In triumph he danced at the wedding,
Through a kingdom of guests he did glide;
But how comes it he never saluted
The Queen of that kingdom, the Bride?

He paraded the garden of beauty,
The roses and lilies he eyed;
But he never was able to answer
The glance of the beautiful Bride.

I saw that he turned everywhere,
In each little corner he spied;
But the sun at the center escaped him,
The sun of that sunlight, the Bride.

He reached to the hand of the bridegroom,
The bridegroom who stood at her side;
But hers was a world far beyond him,
The beautiful world of the Bride.

I ran and offered to help him,
I sought his finger to guide;
But ah! he never could feel it —
The throb and the thrill of the Bride.

With longing he stood in her shadow,
The sunlight was to him denied;
Yet the rays fell full on the wedding
From the luminous face of the Bride.

He ran out the house to behold her,
And over the land he did ride;
But when he returned from his journey,
He brought not a word from the Bride.

It was not that the Bride was unwilling,
Nor the bridegroom who stood at her side,
It was not that the guests were unwilling,
That he dwelt in the shade of the Bride.

All, all were eager to help him,
But could not, though they had died
To get him one glimpse of her beauty;
Still he hoped for and groped for the Bride.

And ever she shone the bright lode-star
Of all that he sought for and tried;
O Jamie, her world is another,
The beautiful world of the Bride.

I asked what the poem meant, as, even with Himmelshime's gesticulations, grimaces and interjections it was not altogether plain to me. "That is you again," he exclaimed, "you are always asking after the inner meanings. Well, to my mind no better illustration of its purport could be given than just that man Brazennose. Do you not see that he is seeking the hand of the Bride in every possible way and cannot get her? She is around him, near him, before him, yet is a thousand miles distant, yes a universe away. He can never get her." "Who is the Bride — her name?" I asked. But Himmelshime had lapsed into a kind of revery, and began talking to himself, as it were, looking up to the ceiling and reiterating; "He can never get her, he with all his learning cannot fool Theodora." The echo of this word, vibrating on the air to his ear seemed to wake him out of his day-dream, and, starting up, he changed color and tone, and with

some inner violence he threw out the following interpretation: "The Bride is here, as I understand the poem. Wisdom, or the Spirit, at least something which is unattainable by learning or knowledge, or erudition, though they all are in hot pursuit of the same." Then he dropped off into a self-occupied fit of silence.

The situation soon became unpleasant to me, the host being evidently out of humor; I rose and started to go, and he did not try to detain me. When I came into the free air once more, I said to myself: "O Himmelshime, that Bride of whom thou speakest with such warmth at first is not Wisdom, or Virtue, or any other abstract female of straw: she is no allegorical pale ghost of a woman, but is alive, with red blood coursing in her veins, with Heaven-born glances darting from her eyes, and setting human hearts on fire: old fellow, I believe she has singed thee just a little."

It was still early in the evening as I came to the opposite end of the town of Hardscrabble where the University lies on a little knoll, and pleasantly overlooks the surrounding country. I passed the room of Bruzennose, in which a small light was flickering, and I resolved to enter in order to see what I could get out of him. I found the Professor gracious, but preoccupied: he was not then studying, but sat gazing out of the window. He was hard to rouse; even at the

name of Applesseed he preserved silence. Incidentally I read to him one of those epigrams which I had just obtained from Himmelstine: it was the one about the mummy. At once the Professor took fire. Said he: -- I know where you obtained that, it has been applied to me before. I question much whether Applesseed ever wrote it: at least I have never received it into my collection, and I shall not till I get sufficient proof of its authenticity. But if you want some genuine shots from Johnny Applesseed which hit Godlove Himmelstine in the center, and which were probably written with him in view, I can furnish them. Here:

This philosopher seems to know
All about the unknowable:
But he somehow fails to bestow,
Just what is bestowable.

Thus is his lofty pretentious philosophy struck to the heart. The following also applies well to him, with his grandiose interpretation of trifles, with his reading deep meanings into simple verses, with his seeing the All in the Small:

A steam engine to work he put
To crack his hickory nut:
And a mighty columbian
To shoot a sparrow he had:
But all the wisdom ever writ
Could not amuse his finite wit.

Now you must recollect that Appleseed knew Himmelshime well, but never knew me, never saw me but the one time. I think, therefore, that the verse which I now read, was cut out after the measure of the Colonel:

He shot off a philosopher's word

Big enough to knock down the Universe

At a little bird,

Which afterward seemed to fly no worse."

The Professor was growing more and more excited, he chuckled a little at the foregoing epigrams, but he was not done by any means. I was of course interested ; he seemed to put himself into a balance against the Colonel, as if he was aware of all that the latter had told me and proposed to offset the same. Old contestants, they knew each other's lines, and on these lines they never failed to fight their battles.

It soon became evident that the Professor was preparing for a tremendous discharge from his heaviest artillery. He fumbled and searched among his papers till he laid hold of a long sheet of paper written over on both sides, when he said: "He has told you, I suppose, for he tells everybody, about his going to the woods, building a cabin, and living there all to himself, for the sake of his freedom. Do you know the real reason? He was jilted by a country girl,

and all this talk of suicide and the rest has its source in that, if it be anything but buncomb. He lived there on wild game, the product of his rifle, did he? The fact is, he foraged the neighboring farms for corn and potatoes, and plundered hen roosts, being fond of chicken as a darkey. I tell you, he ate in that solitary cabin of his more tame turkeys than wild, more roast pig than roast venison. How was that sort of house-keeping broken up? He claims that a girl came along, and did the business, he following her out of love; but I tell you that the farmers of the neighborhood tracked him down and smoked the fox out of his den. Do you know that Appleseed has a ballad on this subject? For Appleseed visited Reynard in his cabin, and must have been aware of the circumstances. Let me read the piece; it is called *The Lone Hunter*, or *The Fox Smoked out*.

THE LONE HUNTER.

Oh where is the king of my brood —
Old Strut my proud chanticleer?
On the grass is the trail of his blood,
And Reynard the Sly has been here.

The farmer set out for the wood,
His life for that fox he could give,
Who had stolen the king of his brood:
He swore that the thief should not live,—

I thought I took wings of the breeze,
My feet on the earth were not set,
Till I entered the circle of trees
Where soon the Lone Hunter I met ;

The Lone Hunter he hunts all alone,
He never will go with another,
He eyes on the road every stone,
And never will trust his own brother.

The Lone Hunter he never will show
The pathway that leads to his home,
But around and around he must go
In a charm forever to roam.

Say, why so great hurry my man?—
A fox I am trying to catch.—
Then let me take part in thy plan,
For Reynard I am just the match.—

Thou art the Lone Hunter I know,
Thy help can bring me no good. —
I swear as that thief is my foe,
I shall slay him to-day in my wood.—

First tell me the price of thy skill
To be paid at his death without fail? —
When that fox thou art ready to kill,
I ask but the tip of his tail.—

The farmer made promise to pay,
In his service the Hunter he took,
Who knew of the wood's darkest way,
Where beasts have burrow and nook.—

In his footsteps through brushwood I toil,
And with him I wade in the brook,
And after him worm in the soil,
Till my body was bent to a crook.

We hunted and hunted all day,
Wherever a trace could be found;
It was here that we bored in the clay,
It was there that we tore up the ground.

We skillfully marked every stick,
Just where he must have turned back,
In the air we snuffed every trick,
On the earth we smelt every track.

Alas no fox we could find;
Oh tell me, where is the trail?
Just then on my Hunter behind,
I spied a wee tuft of fox-tail.

It gave but one little peep,
Like an eye from under its lid,
Then suddenly whisked to its keep
Where again it thought itself hid.

But I grasped for that wisp of red hair,
And jerked it as hard as I could;
A full game-bag came out of its lair,
And in it the king of my brood.

Loñe Hunter, thy price thou hast earned,
What I promise I pay without fail.
Then to him his own I returned
I gave him the tip of his tail.

I paid him in full for his trip,
Said the honest old farmer in pride;
For along with that red little tip
Of his tail, I threw-in his hide.

It is needless to say that the Professor read this with a keen relish manifested in sly tricks of voice and little cachinnations; quite as great was his delight as that of the Colonel when the latter shouted and gesticulated and grimaced the ballad of *Jamie*. Verily counterparts are the two men in a number of ways; is not each fitting himself on to the other? One they are at bottom, with one end ultimately, with one ideal in them, I think; an unconscious unity lurks in their dualism, a unity which in time must become conscious, and perchance walk forth into light.

When the excitement of the Professor had somewhat quieted down, and a lull came which secretly called for some new subject of conversa-

tion, in the most accidental manner in the world a question darted through my head, and I asked: "Who is this Theodora?" At once the Professor's agitation rose higher than ever, he stood up from his chair, turned red to the tip of his nose and exclaimed: "Did that miserable Himmelshime speak of her? What did he say?" I saw at once that I had tapped an unseen fountain, seething, dangerous, and I was frightened at the rush of the underground waters. I replied calmly: "I saw the word on one of the papers you gave me," and I handed it to him; but I kept silent about Himmelshime, who, in one of his explosions, had let out the same name. The Professor took the paper, looked at it, and added "O yes, I see; that is nothing but a casual scrawl of mine." I soon noticed that he wished no longer to be disturbed, I bade him good night, and took my way to my lodgings.

Thus is the dualism of life working itself out in the town of Hardscrabble. More strongly than ever does the editor feel that there is some mighty undercurrent here, towing along irresistibly both Colonel and Professor, the Lord only knows whither. Something surely underlies this bitter strife between learning and spirit; on the surface it may seem erudition versus inspiration, but there is a deeper vein which must sometime break up to the sunlight. So much the editor dares now prophesy.

But a horrible suspicion this moment crosses the editorial mind, a suspicion which literally takes the breath out of him for the time being, and stops the very flow of ink from his pen. It is that Brazennose and Himmelshime are themselves the authors of these verses, and are fighting their battle under the name of Appleseed; possibly they have conspired to employ this mask in order to hoodwink the editor. Can it be another case of literary fabrication so frequent in the annals of Literature? On the whole a second thought gives us relief, it cannot well be so for a number of reasons; still we shall keep an eye out for signs, and we advise the reader to do likewise.

But the editor, before he proceeds further, must declare that he emphatically disagrees with Professor Brazennose in the latter's interpretation of the foregoing poem, *The Lone Hunter*. The flight of Himmelshime to the woods was certainly as honest as that of the celebrated Thoreau; and his fight with the demons there, though told in the Colonel's overwrought, metaphorical, symbolic vein, was a real battle with the powers of darkness. The Professor evidently, in his eagerness to pay back Himmelshime in the latter's own coin, has allowed himself to be carried beyond the bounds of literary sobriety, just as the Colonel in his exposition of *Jamie*, exceeded the same bounds. Such is the decree of the editor,

again holding aloft the scales of Astraea, the divine. Meanwhile the editor must signify that he has his own interpretation of *The Lone Hunter*. In his judgment it was written in honor of the Chicago police (New York would suit better, if Appleseed's horizon extended east of the Alleghenies), inasmuch as Reynard, who has stolen chanticleer, has the habit of turning policeman and in that capacity he succeeds in getting himself sent to ferret out the thief. Then when he gets fairly under way, just hear his music through the woods! He takes the lead and barks louder than the whole pack of hounds together pursuing the fox. Do not fail to note that Appleseed, with his sense of ideal justice, gets the thief caught at last, to which the reality does not always correspond.

Thus the doctors will disagree, in spite of a peace-making mediator, and the fierce dualism seems at times to be running straight toward an actual duel with fists or fire-arms. A hard time the present editor is having with his geniuses, Himmelshime and Brazennose, yes and even with Appleseed, the latter causing no little editorial premonition in reference to the propriety of certain utterances. All three have ability, yet coupled with strong individuality, which is just the trouble. It might be clipped or even shorn away, but what then would be left? To keep the three whole, yet keep them in bounds, and

not have them kick out of the limits of this book and of all possible book-making has required a good deal of intricate management. Think of the group—the Poet, the Professor and the Colonel, all of them world-builders and world-destroyers too, each in his own special way ; they were certain to fall into collision and possible chaos without some guiding hand. Not one Phaethon driving madly through the Heavens in his sun-chariot, but three of them let loose together and whizzing round the skies with celestial steeds bitless and bridleless—what is to be done to avoid a grand final smash-up, fatal, if not to earth and stars, at least to this book?

And now it is our intention to give a little, quite insignificant fable from Appleseed, which has been found in the collections of both the Professor and the Colonel, with significant comments by each. Another kaleidoscopic shuffle of the broken many-hued bits of glass, here called versicles: let us see how the grand dualism looks in this new shifting of colors, especially through the diversely magnifying lenses of our two commentators:

Said the River to the Lake:
Why to-day lie half awake,
But to-morrow rise and fall and shake,
Till the whole earth doth give a quake?

Said the Lake unto the River :
Why do you so bubble and so quiver,
Running in a little shiver
To-day and forever?

“ Because,” said the stream
“ I love to dance in my dream,
And play through my valley along
And hear the bird’s song.”

“ But,” said the Lake, “ in spite of my calm,
I often get angry and damn,
Ten men I drown to your one,
In my capacious hollow ;
Look now ! just for fun
You too I shall swallow.”

It is curious to see how Himmelshime takes the part of the swallowing Lake, and gives a characteristic twist to his view, following in full freedom his symbolic bent. Says he: “ Two cities I know, having lived years in both; one stands by a great River to the South, the other by a great Lake to the North. With nearly every advantage in its favor, I have seen the one gradually lose the race of cityship, while the other has gained it steadily, even easily. The fact has often been a subject of reflection to me. Cities are the grand means of what we call civilization; rivalry of cities has made history. In the

olden time they would fight till one destroyed the other — Babylon and Nineveh, Thebes and Memphis, Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage, not to speak of the thousands of little eddies in the great historic Ocean, like that of Sybaris and Crotona, for example. But in our time and country open war is quite impossible, so the rival cities have to struggle for supremacy, not with death-dealing weapons, but with the very implements of civilization — the railroad is now the massive gun, the million-pounder, which wins the battle.”

Still further does the Colonel draw out the distinctions which have started his fancy on a gallop: “Of the two cities Lakeside had a rough incisive individuality, its people were not specially courteous, not specially modest, and always in a hurry to reap the harvest, not with the old sickle or cradle, but with their modern Briareus, the hundred-handed reaping-machine. Individual gain, yes; but when they saw any thing to be for the common benefit, every citizen would sink himself into the Whole and fight for his community at his own expense. Self-seeking and self-exploiting against other self-seekers and self-exploiters, with a vengeance; but union for city. Thus arose the grandest public spirit ever known in the world, rivaled only by Athens at the time of the Persian War.

“On the contrary, Riverside had courtesy, hospitality, with a sort of chivalry; personal agree-

ableness was inborn and also inbred in her people, and she boasted of her modesty. But when these individuals came together for any concerted action, they showed their pitiful nature. Singly they were lovable, collectively damnable. Envy of Lakeside amounting to a complete blindness (an actual *invidia*) was rooted into them, and led them belittle, and finally not to see at all the very thing on which their fate depended. Thus Envy, turned outwards at first toward another city, could not help turning inwards, and lacerating their own vitals. Any man of Riverside who sought to work for the general welfare and to become something himself, was at once frozen helpless by indifference or pelted by detraction till he sank to the mediocre level of the rest of the city, or took his flight else whither, often to Lakeside where he always found the field open. It lies within my knowledge that even the women of Riverside would squabble desperately and plot and counterplot, in order to drag down some born leader who was getting a little too prominent."

The editor thinks he feels some heat in these words, and wonders what it is all about. Can Lakeside be the Colonel's own house in Hardscrabble lying not far from a pond of some dimensions, which we recollect of seeing from his observatory; and can Riverside be the University whose campus slopes down to a rivulet mostly dry?

The Brobdignagian humor of Himmelshime has a tendency at times to run into the gigantesque; still it always has some meaning, and we seek in vain for the personal ground in this allegorized philippic.

Let us hear Brazennose, who will at least take a different view, though the main riddle lies as deeply buried as ever: "I have been in both cities, and I vote for Riverside. Lakeside has too much noise, too much outer activity; there is a mill in the heart of it which grinds me to very powder. Tremendous storms lash the lake, whereas the sweet sempiternal flow (*sempiternus amnis*) of the river soothes the nerves, gives an opiate to life's pains, and transports the happy man into a state of euthanasia. I must say, Riverside always recalls my beloved Hardscrabble with its reposeful, cloistered learning, fit place for contemplation and divine philosophy. Riverside I always think of as a good locality for fishing, and I love piscatorial sport."

The Professor continues in this vein for some time, making beautiful idyllic citations from the poets, which show both his taste and learning; but we are compelled to use the editorial shears, much to our regret, upon his sweet bucolic imagery. The same relentless shears, veritably those of Fate, have also to be used at once upon the umbilical cord of this Fourth Book, which must somehow get itself born, and cease its

throes of struggle. Truly a Book of separation, conflict, and spiritual warfare between the Colonel and the Professor, each representing a force in the universe; the two antagonists are still standing in line of battle, where the editor will have to let them stand for the present, till some point of settlement work itself out to clearness. To permit this process to take place untroubled by any external agency, the editor with his spoils proposes to withdraw for a time from *Hard-scrabble*, which has become a kind of storm-center, with himself as pivot. May the sunshine of peace follow his departure!

BOOK FIFTH.

THE CAPTIVE MINSTREL.

December's blast is blowing still,
 Though it be merry May ;
Out of the North has come a chill,
 Though Spring was yesterday ;
And now by night my neighbor stars
I have to see through prison bars ;
 How far they seem away !

The flowers oped their little heart
 To tell their little thought ;
The birds began to sing their part,
 And me the measure taught ;
Then I myself went out to sing,
And make the woods with music ring ;
 To-day it is all naught.

The scarlet bud that brightest blows
 Flamed up the sky like fire,
I reached to pluck the red wild rose,
 I reached yet higher, higher,
I seized my joy without a bound,
But when I plucked the rose, I found
 I hung upon its briar.

But still my garden and my bower
 I have this chilly morn,
The frost has given me a flower,
 The purest ever born.
Inside the gloomy prison wall
I have the spring, I have it all,
 And yet I am forlorn.

The ice-king makes my window pane
 His mazy flower bed ;
A diamond soil without a stain
 He on the glass has spread,
Transplanting all the garden fair,
Afresh he makes it blossom there,
 Though it before was dead.

Lithe leaves of fern grow on the glass
 And bow in graceful bend,
They nod to me in crystal mass
 As though I met a friend ;
When they last time by me were seen,
They with the hope of May were green,
 But hope no more they send.

And in the icy garden there,
I see a pansy too;
But all its freaked fancies fair
Are chilled to one blank hue;
O pansy, pansy, to mine eye
A flower's corpse thou now dost lie,
A corpse I cannot woo.

On its cold stem a violet
Hangs down its modest head,
With its sweet kind it has been set
Into this flower bed;
O violet, where is thy blue,
Where is thine eye that looks so true?
Thine azure love has sped.

A rose I knew this very May,
With love it was blood-red;
But it is palest ice to-day,
Ah, it to death has bled;
No longer can I woo the rose,
Back to bleak winter it too goes,
With all its passion fled.

How chilly bends this other one
Whose eye I cannot see!
It greets the yonder rising sun,
And turns its back on me,
I cannot look into its face,
Its name in song shall have no place,
Let it forgotten be!

Behold again the blooming pane !
Now blows the flower divine ;
In winter's snow, in summer's rain,
The sun may sink or shine,
That flower still is just the same ;
O wreath in sweetest rhyme its name !
That flower shall be mine !

Thou art the lily, lily white,
The purest of them all,
Thou comest in the frosty night
When other flowers fall,
So pure, so clear, so free of flaw
Thou hast become to me the law
Inside my prison wall.

The scarlet bud, the speckled pansy,
The golden sun's bright sheen,
The tinted world which took my fancy
The red, the blue, the green —
It is my gaol, it is my chain,
It holds me captive in my strain;
Let it no more be seen !

THE MINSTREL FREED.

It was a minstrel penitent
Who sang his troubled lay;
In prison up and down he went
And looked at merry May;
His song, erewhile a garden bright,
Had changed its color over night,
The price he had to pay.

“ Ah ! yesterday I felt I loved,
The world was all a flower,
To-day it hath a phantom proved,
The phantom of an hour;
A sudden blast of wintry birth
Turned yon bright garden of the Earth
Into an icy bower.

“ Ah ! yesterday I knew no duty,
To-day I pay the cost :
I look into the world of beauty
Through arabesque of frost ;
Give me the harp and let me sing,
As long as I can strike the string,
I know I am not lost.”

The minstrel tried his tuneful throat
And twanged the thridded string;
Alack! he could not fetch a note,
His soul refused to sing;
Upon him rests some demon's spell:
Thou must, O bard, thy fate compel
Just through thy suffering.

Again he tunes his rueful song,
His sigh has loosed his pain,
The icy shapes melt in a throng
Beneath his heart's warm strain;
Now forth he looks into the air,
How sunny is the world, how fair!
The flowers bloom again!

And there the lily first he sees,
Well has he learned its name!
It waves to him upon the breeze,
He sings its purest fame;
He weaves its life into his lay,
In frost or flower, be what it may,
It has no stain of blame.

But hark! just then a thunderous knock
Did shake the prison door;
The keeper comes, the keys unlock,
The captive's time is o'er;
He seemeth dumb, he looks around,
He's lost what never can be found,
The songs he sang of yore.

He never can the minstrel be
Such as he was before ;
When turns the prison's iron key,
The songs rush out the door ;
He is undone when he is free,
The echoes of his minstrelsy
Die on the distant shore.

Significant is the fact that our minstrel, Appleseed, now sings of his captivity and of his final release, giving some experience of his under the image of flowers. The two poems are manifestly counterparts and both were derived from Himmelshime and Brazennose, each of whom independently of the other sent to the editor a copy. This fact has gone far to allay the suspicion, already getting somewhat troublesome, that the Professor and Colonel were using Appleseed simply as a mask for foisting upon us their own verses. For Himmelshime and Brazennose, though living in the same town of Hardscrabble, held no literary communication with each other ; each probably had his own means for getting at that original fountain of poetry called Johnny Appleseed.

We observe that an ideal flower floats before the imagination of the poet in his bondage, till he is freed, and then he sings no more. Himmelshime, who has a note here, gives not the least clue to the poetic or psychologic change

suggested in the poem, but darts off into the following passage on the need of fiction: "Universal is the demand of the human soul for an imaginative, mythical, fictional setting for all doctrines, ideas, experiences. Not without the deepest meaning is the fact that the greatest books of the Race, the Bibles of Mankind, are always set into a framework made of the Mythus. A skillful fictitious vehicle for noble sentiments carries them straight to the heart and imagination, and the vehicle is often remembered longer than the sentiments. In fact, the poetic problem is mainly this: to find or construct a vehicle of fiction which will carry truth by the shortest way to the soul of man."

This is well enough, but the editor feels that intolerable suspicion aforementioned rising again in his inwards and leaving behind it disagreeable qualms. Is not Himmelshime, in his excessive love of fiction, playing one of his fictitious devices upon editorial simplicity, and thereby cajoling the innocent reader? In fact, is not the whole solid superstructure of this book, with Appleseed as the key-stone of the supporting arch thereof, threatening to vanish into a mere illusory cloud-picture? Perish the thought; let us turn again to Himmelshime, who has some words, in which he touches upon a matter near his heart:

"It is plain to me," he writes in a strong

bold hand, "that Appleseed must have held that there was something more divine in woman than in man. She is the visible deity, coming here below and clothing herself in flesh and blood in order to bring to the poor mortal his celestial portion. The poets in all ages have idealized their highest vision of what is excellent under the figure of a woman. Can the faithful reader ever forget that little ballad of the were-wolf, the man in shape of the beast, to whom the bride brings the kisses three, and so restores him whom she loves to the human form? It has also been noted that Appleseed has changed the legend, which, in its original form, makes the man bring the kisses three to the were-wolf who is a woman. This change points to a significant trait in the poet, who believes in the transforming might of love, it has the creative power to make the world and the man over. Wonderful is that influence of the simple devoted maiden; in her unconscious glance lies a Promethean might, world-creating, soul-regenerating for the one upon whom it drops with the sunshine of its favor. It kindles not only the youthful heart in response, but it makes young again the old. I tell you the woman has not only to bear the new generation, she has to re-bear the old one, when it threatens, as it often does, to go back into its own chaos; over and over again must she be a mother to those already born,

mothering not only the infant orphaned of parents, but the grown man orphaned of Hope.

“I give it as my emphatic opinion,” he continues, “that the great palingenesis, so much spoken of by Prophets, Poets and Philosophers, takes place usually through a woman, or has its beginning in her secret regenerative power, which comes through her love, for love is inherently creative.”

O Himmelshime, thou art surely now copying the text out of thine own heart; the palingenesis must have already begun in thee! On opening the sheet of paper upon which the above was written, a small loose scrap fell out and fluttered with many a whirl to the floor, where it lay with writing downwards. Picking it up and turning it over, the editor found the following:—

The wind is blowing from the south,
It leaps out of a dragon's mouth;
Behold the scowling monster scours
The cloudy skies above;
But now it turns to gentle showers
And drops below in love.

It seems proper to insert just here three little quatrains which are thrown upward into the sunshine at this point, like a sudden spray of water from a hidden fountain, and suggest a well-head of harmonies unrevealed. More important

than the versicles is the comment of Himmelshime, who shows signs of starting on a new career.

1.

Her tears were a sunshiny shower
Which never lasted half an hour ;
But when she would not cry,
The clouds were never out the sky.

2.

I, to be possessor blest,
I must also be possessed ;
Thou, be thou the gift and the donor,
Then thou art mine own and mine owner.

3.

Soul without love
Is like incense without fire ;
No fragrance, no clouds above,
For us to inspire.

These brief amatory sparks from Appleseed's Muse seem specially to set on fire Himmelshime, to whom we may again listen in a reverberating passage: —

“ It is my decided opinion that Appleseed during his whole life must have carried about with himself an ever-living germ of love, liable to shoot up and put forth flowers, manifesting its variegated hues in little songs and verselets,

when some fair beaming countenance would shed its sunlight upon his path. Tell me not that he was an old man, do not cite me that accursed Latin proverb, *Turpe senis amor*; age, especially a poet's, is never exempt from this, the eternal fire of youth. Did not Goethe, in his seventy-fifth year, flame up, burn, coruscate in poetry and nearly die of passion for Ulrike, a maiden of sixteen years? He was not exempt, and has honestly told us so, for which I in deep gratitude most heartily thank him. Sad had it been for him if he could not have glowed in all brilliancy even at sunset; he would have been no heaven-traversing luminary, if he had not shot forth beams of love and light at the last moment. Think, too, of that juvenile, Giovanni Bellini, aged eighty plus, painting the sweetest, divinest girl-faces on his Madonnas, who are still the most beautiful women I could find anywhere in Venice. What had he been doing the previous years of life? Evidently getting ready, letting his genius mature into true youthfulness, which knows how to love and how to express the same. The poet's and the painter's heart never grows old. I maintain that these lines of Appleseed were not written in his younger days, as some cold, unappreciative apologists seem to think; he would have flung them off at any time of life, with a fair appearance before him, fanning to flame that everlasting fire which always lay smouldering in his bosom.

Surely many occasions could not have been wanting in his travels when fair maidenly shapes, all radiance and soul, shot celestial beams across his laborious path, and set on fire that marvelous tinder-box of his called Imagination. Life is, indeed, a series of cycles, always self-returning; the years will at last bring back even the snowy-headed philosopher to his starting-point, and give him a fresh baptism in the warm, youth-renewing waters of the true El Dorado fountain, namely Love."

So far Himmelshime, who has now exploited the most surprising comment in this book. What can it all mean? The editor has puzzled his brains to find the secret thread, which provokingly hides itself in the above overflow of speech. It is told with so much decision, yea with so much vehemence that it carries some personal tinge of the writer's feeling. There is in it a tone not only of self-defense, but of actual defiance, to which the gentle flashes of Appleseed are as distant harmless sheet-lightning, which calls for no such hot mustering and arming.

Let us declare in a whisper our conviction. Himmelshime, who is no longer a young man, is probably caught in the toils of the Love-God, and feels called upon to defy all gossipy tongues, and possibly some younger rival. The editor, also alas! not a young man, holds that no such defense is needed, but Himmelshime, wincing

under some irritation, draws his old war saber and marches in.

The editor, looking back at his visit to Hardscrabble, seeks to recall some indication, some incident which may give a clew, but there come only the faintest flashes of light. Here is one query: Why did Himmelshime, in the midst of the conversation after the lecture, make such a sudden dart into the crowd when the fairy shape flitted past us? Then again this: What is the meaning of that enigmatic word *Theodora*, suddenly exploding once from his lips, then just as suddenly covered up with blushing solicitude after the percussion?

Of course no satisfactory answer can be given to these questions. Time alone can solve the problem which is evidently fermenting in the very heart of Hardscrabble. Meanwhile let us turn away to Appleseed for some rest and contemplation. A little introspective nook he furnishes, after his fashion, amid these seething emotions and conflicting ideas, of which no human being can now foretell the outcome, whether it will be comic or tragic. We shall, accordingly, interpolate Time with these rather soothing reflections on Time, just to let the old fellow know how he looks in Appleseed's versified mirror.

4.

Time is a snail
That leaves his shell behind
When out he creeps;
The Pyramid is such a shell
Left in the valley of the Nile:
The Parthenon is such a shell,
And e'en Greek Plato.
These rhymes are little shards
Which I, Johnny Appleseed,
Have nicked off the shell of the Time-snail
Creeping through the Mississippi Valley,
And have sowed them in its soil.
When this age is dead,
Perchance some of these nameless shards
May be picked up by the wanderer,
And give him a friendly twinkle as he passes.

5.

Let old Homer but chant a high word,
On each oaten pipe the echo is heard;
If Apollo one day the great riddle sings,
The next it is scratched on all fiddle-strings.

6.

“ Why such labor borrow?
Why poke into the snow,
When it will melt to-morrow
And Earth its secret show?” —

But you must know to-day,
To-morrow has been never;
Waiting till it come this way
The fool you are you stay;
This moment is forever.

7.

This minute skipping off to-day so free,
Doth orb itself with all eternity.
But first it runs the cycle of an hour;
The slower hour then turns with all its power
To round its spokes into the wheel of day;
And still the day will by itself not stay,
But longs to round itself into the year
As if to free itself from its own strife;
The year completes the cycle into life,
And life is but a little moment here,
Which is into the eternal cycle rounded,
And so all Time by Time itself is bounded.
Thou, Time, dost Time at last contain,
And hast by haste no more to gain.
Minute, hour, day, life I have to rhyme
Into the sweep of universal Time.

We have already dwelt upon the Teutonic tendency in Himmelshime, which tendency he is bent on finding in Appleseed. In this matter the editor is inclined to let him run his course, that we all may see where he brings up, and in what condition. Still it is to be noted that his admira-

tion of the old Fatherland is not indiscriminate ; he has strong American lines in him, which he never fails of manifesting. Listen to the following: —

“ Very significant has been the German movement toward this country since the colonial period down to the present. I hold it to be an offshoot of that deep Aryan instinct which always projects a part of itself westward, the most aspiring part. The Anglo-Saxon seems to go in advance, and to furnish the political framework of the new people; the German follows as colonist and contributes much of the social filling-in and settled character. The greatest German poet and the greatest German philosopher, both speaking less than a century ago, looked upon America as the land free from the fetters of the past, from prescription, from pedantry, from privilege, and from too much erudition.”

Thus the Colonel, in the last word, could not spare himself the pleasure of giving a sly cut at the Professor. But who is the “ greatest German philosopher ” alluded to in the previous paragraph? Manifestly Himmelshime has conferred that lofty title upon Hegel, concerning whom we are led for several important reasons, to insert the following remarks from his pen: —

“ Hegel has made the mightiest, most colossal organization of Thought that the world has ever seen. His total philosophy is the Universe of

Mind duly examined, labeled and put in place — yet not as a dead result, but as a vital organism, whose life is that subtle, slippery dialectic of his. Overwhelming is even the appearance of the colossal system, being the very militarism of the spirit — vast, complete, ordered to the smallest details; almost crushing is the glance. I do not wonder that Renan complained of a feeling of tremendous depression, in even looking at it, for he hardly understood it. Did he not have perchance, a foretaste of Sedan, not palatable to him, or to the French mind? I must declare that the phenomenon is not altogether palatable to me.

“ Yet I maintain that Hegel by his mighty organization saved Thought, saved the Teutonic spirit from its own self-devouring energy, and to-day he keeps it fortified, armed, and arrayed against its own devils, inner and outer. To me Bismark and Moltke are the modern Hegelians, not the Professors lecturing in a University, but men of the deed practically carrying out in a political system the vast militarism which lay in the Thought of Hegel. This Thought, through these two mighty Wills, has in our time been transformed into reality, and only a people that could think the Thought of Hegel could produce or even handle a German army. I do not know whether Bismark and Moltke studied the philosopher, probably not much, but I do know that the

philosopher had gone in advance and had ideally organized the whole Teutonic spirit, ere the soldier and the statesman came and made it real."

In such manner our mad human whirlwind, Colonel Himmelshime, catches up Professor Hegel, of the University of Berlin, and bears him aloft to the very empyrean of praise, then wheels down to earth and covers with dust our good Professor Brazennose of the University of Hardscrabble. Is such treatment fair? Is it consistent? But why ask a tornado to be logical? Why ask a Himmelshime to work in harness, the man who of all others is a form-breaker? It will be interesting now to see him in an opposite sweep, for he will be sure to take a tilt at Hegelian forms, and there is ample opportunity.

No surprise, therefore, is it to us on finding the following among his papers: " Militarism will not do for a free country. It is true that we must have order, organization, nay obedience; but we cannot endure this outside pressure, this crushing of body and soul into some pre-established system or dogma. Such cannot be our finality. The spirit must be free to create limits, free also to transcend them, and this freedom it must make institutional. I find militarism at present running through pretty much all the spiritual products of Germany — literature, state, society, school, pedagogy. What is excellent thereof, we must learn and adopt, but not the

militarism. Some have said that Germany cannot be free without militarism ; surely we cannot be free with it."

Thus the Colonel, a military man himself, a ready smiter and a hot-head, turns against all militarism. While he is in the mood, let us hear him out: "The massive nomenclature of Hegel we shall not wear, though it case us in impenetrable steel armor of the spirit. We may drill in it for a time, as the old knights jousted in coats of mail ; we shall probably have to get our last discipline through such a heavy ordeal. But a more pliable garment of thought we must have for our free life. So America must transcend Hegel, after duly studying him ; we shall, however, have to pass through him, and not around him, for he stands up colossal in the middle of the road of progress, the last great expression of the World's Thought."

The editor will now venture to give utterance to a surmise which he has been harboring for some time. Himmelshime must have visited the philosophers of St. Louis, and have stayed there during a period of incubation. I find in him words, turns of thought and expression, transcendental flights, peculiar interpretations of Art and Literature, which first became current through what is called "the St. Louis movement." In fact I am willing to hazard the conjecture that Applesced himself in his wander-

ings westward crossed the Mississippi at St. Louis, probably passing over from Cahokia in a flat-boat, and finally strayed, many years ago, into the philosophic Academe then located on Targee street, but at this moment an old rookery for negroes. Another typical fact, the editor had to cry out in melancholy suspiration on visiting the spot recently.

Thus do we catch glimpses of Himmelshime in his philosophic character; but he is not altogether a cold philosopher devoting himself to Pure Reason; he has emotions, and his philosophy thaws out, if not into tears exactly, at least into a state of sentimental liquefaction; and, instead of preaching always the lofty self-determination of man, he falls back for support upon an external prop, which prop is supposedly the weaker being of the human race. Just hear him:—

“I maintain that every great Idea born into the world has to be nursed and cared for by a woman, if it ever come to maturity. Poor, naked, helpless is the new-born Idea, brought forth into a cheerless, unsympathetic reality, more dependent than any sucking infant; the woman takes it up, adopts it as her own, giving to it her mother's milk of love and appreciation, and behold! it begins to grow and kick and struggle, till it can fight its own battles. Man may be the father of the Idea, and usually is; but woman

is its mother, without whose fostering care the poor foundling would soon perish. Froebel may have fathered the kindergarden Idea, but the woman's soul, yea, a thousand woman-souls have mothered it, and have reared it into the greatest educational fact of the century, whereby the maternal spirit is now beginning to have its true place in the education of the child. Nay, the most complete, self-sufficing man on this earth-ball, the transcendental philosopher with his Infinite, finds himself at last very finite and a mere moiety of soul, until he rounds himself out into spherul completeness by taking unto himself another soul, which may also be in need of a counterpart."

O Godlove Himmelshime, what havoc is now being made in thy quiet Castle of Contemplation! Art thou still seated in thy lofty observatory overlooking the world? Nay, thy philosophic Academe, once so peacefully reposing in sunshine on the outskirts of Hardscrabble, is the seat of war and of desperate conflict; indeed, if signs fail not, it has been actually stormed, observatory and all. So a similar fortress was once taken, as thou must recollect from thy Shakespeare in his *Love's Labors Lost*, by a beautiful Princess.

Again the editor has allowed the Colonel too much space in this book, but the man will somehow assert himself even in leaden types. Let us

try afresh to turn the stream toward Applesseed by one mighty outpour of versicles. We have emptied every drawer, we have caught up every flying scrap on which there was any writing, and thrust it into the following batch.

So Benvenuto Cellini, in casting his statue of Perseus, suddenly found himself short of metal, and flung everything around him into the melting pot. Here, then, goes the whole mass, writhing, twisting, fiercely rebellious to any kind of co-operation. Let the valiant reader, Hercules-like, seize hold of the many-headed Hydra, and club the same into something akin to subordination.

8.

Why tell over so oft in thy lay

What the sages have told in their school?—
Wisdom I have to tell over each day,

If I do not, I am the fool;
And though the Sun tell over and over his light,
It is half the time night.

9.

The Sun is one, the Moon is two,

The Stars are three and many more;
Old, old they rise, but ever new,
And shine the same they shone before.

10.

Thy sickness is thy body's sore,
Yet is thy spirit's ill ;
Thy fleshly pang is nothing more
Than fallen human will ;
Though thou be ground unto the core,
It is the mind's own mill.

11.

The oracles were but the riddles of old,
Which in mercy the Gods veiled over
That man by his deed might tear off the cover,
And find out the truth of what was foretold.
For that deed now is forged the new word
Fitted with wonderful wings
So that it flies with the speediest bird
Over the world and its mystery sings.
Hark ! the high strain of the heavenly riddle
Is now echoed below on each little fiddle.

12.

Meaning will not make it,
Music will not wake it,
Till meaning and music the poet fuses
Into the wonderful word
That all to himself he has heard
Dropped in love from the lips of the Muses.

13.

“ Affirm, deny, and doubt —
Which will put the Devil out? ”
If you simply can affirm,
The other two will surely make you squirm ;
And if you ever come to be a doubter,
Denial soon appears and is the stouter ;
And if you only can deny,
Your friends should bid you sad good-by.
But when together you can join all three,
Then you can get free.

14.

Some boast that they a photograph can make
Of what cannot be seen by sight ;
But of the world unseen thou art to take
A picture set in its own light.

15.

The man who puts down his life upon paper,
Black upon white
Shadow and light,
His scroll may serve as the taper
Thy life to illumine,
Like his, it is human.

16.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity —
I find it hard to woo the three.
All men were created equal,
Still I somehow lack the sequel;
All were born fraternal,
Still I fail of the eternal;
All, too, were created free,
And still I have not liberty.
Fraternal, equal, free,
By birth they all belong to me;
I hear and heed with joy the lofty aim,
And still each day I have to prove my claim.
And so, by thunder,
How can you wonder
Too much humanity
Begets profanity.

17.

Be not more dainty than your race,
For you cannot dismiss it;
Your mother Earth has a dirty face,
Yet you will have to kiss it.

18.

Young America is soon known;
For him to grow
Is much too slow;
He always is already grown.

19.

In littleness great,
In greatness how little !
In lightness a weight,
How mighty a tittle !
Now find but a block,
And a head you can whittle.

20.

Why make your explanation of it so long?
Because I do not understand it.
Why make your ignorance of it so strong?
Because I have damned it.

21.

Be not too quick to change,
Be not too slow ;
Be not always on the run,
But always go.

22.

I have seen a man's ears again and again
So long as to stand in the way of his brain ;
And a woman's nose has been turned up so high
That it blocked the entire path of her eye.

23.

I left the theater to-day in glee,
I felt that they were not playing for me.

24.

Every man has his boundary,
 Inside his limit he must be found,
 Outside it he is weak, unsound;
The test of strength must always be
 How strong is he within his bound.

25.

Thy pain is but thy body's part
 Arrayed against its all;
Thy sorrow is thy entire heart
 Made to its half a thrall.

26.

No drug will reach the body's harm,
 Till thou dost cleanse the whole;
Health thou must ever learn to farm
 Out of thy entire soul.

27.

The poet's word is a boomerang
 That always will come back,
It may go round his house or town,
 Its kiss he feels or thwack;
But it may circle all the Earth;
Returning to its place of birth,
 It finds his empty track.

In such a fashion does the very last batch of Appleseed's versicles behave itself, more recalcitrant and self-repellent than ever, yet going off the stage with a kind of premonitory sigh. Let the reader be sad or thankful, according to his own law of being; and then let him pass on to one of Himmelshime's stray paragraphs, which we have found fluttering mid these tattered fragments of scribbled paper with a kind of jubilation :

“Very fragmentary do these rhymes appear, shreds caught out of a tuneful realm which is still waiting to be set to harmony in a complete song. Sometimes we have likened these little pipings to the scattered notes of the world's nightingale, Greece before Homer, when on every hill and in every valley a strain unpremeditated broke forth, singing the appearance of some God, telling the story of some Hero, how he performed with toil and woe for his people a mighty deed. Numberless musical fragments floating over every small Hellenic town we can still imagine ourselves to hear till the grand unifier, Homer, appeared and transfigured them into one great national song, to which all contributed a part, and through which all became one, in spirit at least. Thus was Hellas harmonized in Homer more completely than in any other way; indeed the poet was greater than his people,

the Greeks, for he united them in an inner spiritual bond, which they were never able to realize in an outer social or political organization."

In like manner, the editor has often thought, the scattered notes of an epic, or the far-off hintings thereof, might be found in the disjointed rhymes of Appleseed, which he possessed not the ability or the inclination to put together into a complete, well-ordered structure of song. No organizer, no temple-builder like Homer, no cathedral-builder like Dante; he can speak to us only in little lyrical outbursts, which hover about us like lost wandering tones of some vast symphony, unfinished, and for him, possibly for us, unfinishable.

The patriotic reader has it in his power to accept or reject the following item from Himmelshime's pen:—

"Still in this scattered way of flinging about his rhymed atoms, Appleseed is the child of his age and gives a picture of his people, who constitute enormous masses of new spheres, volcanic, amorphic, in terrific birth-pangs, trying to get themselves born into order, made up as they are of intensely separative, individualistic, mutually repellent particles. Celestial nebulae of small singularities, some of which require a telescope to resolve them, when they are seen to be composed of little luminaries, each trying to shine his best out of his lofty place in the firmament;

whither are these masses of heavenly star-fog drifting? Our globe, at least, is going forward, I affirm, and all the people on it; this planet is a car of progress, and the tendency clearly is toward a cosmos some millions of years hence, if the Sun does not give out in the meantime."

Thus the Colonel seems to be looking ahead with hope from the lofty station of his observatory, throwing out thence far-searching glances toward the starry limits of the Universe. But of a sudden he reverses his telescopic look, turning it down to the earth and the inhabitants thereof, in whose spiritual center he again finds woman, the eternal woman (*Das Ewig-Weibliche*). Listen to his speech, throbbing (if we err not) with true heart-beats of recognition:—

"And not only the new-born Idea must be mothered by a woman, but also the man, the father thereof, in his desperate strain and stress with the old, unsympathetic, or even antagonistic world. I have noticed that quite all of the prophets, seers, philosophers, too, as far as I have been able to take a peep into their inner lives, have had to be encouraged, upheld, loved by some woman. Behind the curtains of existence they have been ready to sink, when she has extended her gentle hand and tenderly helped them out to regain their spiritual birth-right. They have been faint, famished, quite undone in the struggle, when she has reached her heart, and from

its sympathetic throb of recognition and love, they have obtained fresh might, and have sprung up like Antaeus when he touched the Earth, a giant again and ready to renew the battle. Every great movement, though the seed be planted by a man, is tended, cherished, nurtured through infancy to maturity by the aid of woman. There would be no Literature, no Art, very little Religion in America, were it not for the support of woman; and in the new order which is coming, every part and portion, every Idea will have not only its father, but also its mother recognized and honored."

And now occurs one of those unaccountable drops which we have already characterized with due severity. Himmelshime from his celestial height suddenly falls to the barnyard, citing a verse by Appleseed and hanging it on just here. In defiance of all true dignity it is, and of all the canons of Good Taste; shall we use our editorial shears and shear it off into the fire? No; let the man have his freedom and unfold according to his own law. Thusly:—

I like the old hen for she hatches
The egg that is laid in her nest;
I like the old hen for she scratches
And finds for her chicks what is best;
I like the old hen for she watches
The fox and the hawk and the rest;

I like the old hen for she matches
All of her brood with a zest ;
Hatching and snatching and scratching.
Watching and catching and matching.
Glory be to the old hen
From the lips of all men.

Such an awful leap from the sublime to the grotesque was never made by Rabelais himself, the arch-fiend in that sort of writing. But let the reader practice himself a little in these long, fantastic strides, that he may understand the human soul seeking to utter its furthest stretches. In this place we shall insert the following experience taken from Himmelshime's notes : —

“ In the village where I was born, the boys were divided into two antagonistic sets (the dualism of existence again!) which sets were in the habit of fighting each other, the chief object of contest being a swimming pool on the outskirts of the village. One day I was disporting myself naked in the pool with two or three companions, when we saw the whole force of the enemy coming down upon us with sticks and stones, and yelling like infernal fiends. At once we scurried out of the water, seized our garments which lay on the shore, and took to flight toward the village, the foe pursuing us at a run, and giving us not the slightest chance to dive into a shirt even. We dashed down the main street of

the place mid the wondering gazes of its citizens; at last I slunk out of sight into the door of my own home, where I created surprise enough. Still to-day I feel the awful agony of running that gauntlet, all naked; so strong remains the impression that I often dream of the accursed event embellished with new tortures, the dream-god sometimes be-deviling me the whole night.

"Certainly this is bad enough," continues Himmelshime, "but far worse is it when man disrobes himself of institutions, of his spirit's clothing, and undertakes to go through the world with his soul stark naked. Indeed, if not already crazy, it is probable that he will become so, like old Lear when he strips himself of the last shred of his garments in the forest. The individual alone, divorced from his institutional self, is either insane or an animal. Hence his supreme move toward a rational existence is to realize himself in institutions, and the primal institution of man, the fountain of all others, is the Family, which it is his first duty to join. Indeed if he refuses, Love itself will turn demon, and lash him with a whip of scorpions till he takes refuge in the domestic institution, to get rid of the torture."

Is not the reader able to spell something here between the lines? Himmelshime always comes back to the same theme, which he turns over and over in emotion, in imagination, and in thought.

Another diversion we shall try to make: really our last attempt. The two following ballads by Appleseed (which have just turned up with other mislaid papers) also deal with woman, but introduce the tragic side of her existence. O Himmelshime! Love too has its terrible limitations, even that of death; the complete resignation to its sweet ecstasy often means not life, but the gloomy end thereof; and this motherhood, so nobly lauded by thee, can become the fountain of all bitterness, whelming the mother herself into the deepest abyss of shame and despair, even unto insanity and suicide. That dualism of thine, with its positive and negative poles, which thou hast so frequently pointed out in things terrestrial, is also subtly working in Love and Motherhood; let the man, too, beware, and hearken to these deeply sympathetic heart-throbs of the singer, who, for the time being, has to become tragic himself in the tragedy of the unfortunates of whom he sings.

THE HARPER.

A harper hymns along his path,
A maiden mute he spies,
A gash upon her head she hath,
While inward turn her eyes,
As if to shun a world of wrath
And look on Paradise.

His tears through aged furrows flow,
But not a word he saith,
He seems to feel the very blow
Which laid her cold in death,
Although that maid he did not know,
He would her give his breath.

O harper, why the maid bewEEP?
Touch soft thy soulful lyre,
And soothe the throes that in thee leap,
Unto thy strings' sweet choir;
Now waft thy woes to sunny sleep,
And quench the inward fire.

“ To shirk my lot persuade me not :
Into the bottom of my heart
The bolt of fate is ever shot,
To give my harp its art ;
Persuade me not to shirk my lot,
My song must be my smart.

For I must writhe in other's pain,
E'en feel myself as dead ;
My happiness is not my gain,
My joy is what I dread ;
Another's wound my flesh must stain,
When once that wound hath bled.

Soon my old harp will sound no more,
Worn thin are now its rings ;
I fear to strike it as of yore,
When sorrow in me sings,
Lest too great pain I on it pour
And snap the ancient strings."

Six golden strands of maiden hair
He wove into a chord,
He strung it on his lyre there
Which answered soon its lord ;
Two other strings he braided fair,
Each throbb'd a human word.

They sigh in tender, tuneful rote,
As fairies hum a song ;
They rouse at will the thunder's note,
To threaten every wrong ;
And they great Death himself can quote
In his own language strong.

The first string breathed a dying moan
Of breezes out a wood;
And in its sigh it seemed alone —
The soul of solitude,
As whispers through the air were blown:
“Farewell, my father good.”

Then rose of sighs a tuneful mob
That murmured music new,
The second string began to sob,
And to a voice it grew,
Till winged words flew out its throb
“Farewell my mother true.”

What ails thee, graybeard, why aghast?
Do demons o'er thee hover?
The third string wakes the whirlwind's blast,
The witches break from cover,
As out the storm these words are cast:
“Woe to the traitor lover!”

The harper smote that string in might,
The last string he had strung,
And from it struck a flash of light
With every word it flung;
The string was snapped, the song took flight,
The last the harper sung.

JENNY.

O Jenny, O Jenny, why weep at the night?
And why wail at the light?—

My night is a dream of what I have done,
That flees from the sun

My day is a dream of what I shall do,
That, I know, will come true.

By night I once dreamed that I leaned on an oak,
But by day the tree broke.

Down, down I fell, earth dealt me a stroke,
In my fall I awoke.—

O Jenny, O Jenny, stop seeing in night,
Stop dreaming in light.—

But at dawn she turned to the song of the bird,
A babe crowing she heard ;

When over the greensward her glances would
stray,

She saw it at play.—

O pretty baby, I wish thou wert mine,
I would make thee so fine.

Each morn I would bathe thy body in milk
And dress in it silk,

The babe softly answered: Once I was thine,
In this hand see the sign.—

O my sweet babe let me take thee to breast,
And rock thee to rest.—

Since into the river by thee I was thrown
I am playing alone.—
Come back once again and lie on my heart,
And we never shall part.—
From my cradle of waves I cannot rise to thee,
Mother, follow thou me.—
Swiftly out of the house and over the hedge,
Swiftly down to the ledge,
Whither, O woman, dost hasten so wild?—
I must suckle my child.—
To a cry in the midst of the stream she is drawn,
To her babe she is gone.

Such distant gleams do we catch from the ballads of the people, which Appleseed here reproduces in his own way, showing the Tragedy of Love, a drama always enacting itself on the stage of Human Life. But not in this somber fashion is the present play going to end; ill would such a termination comport with the limit-overcoming, fate-mastering spirit of the hero, our wandering singer, whose supreme function it is to live immortality every day.

The reader will probably have noticed that since the beginning of this last Book, Brazen-nose has not appeared, having been again elbowed out of his place by that imposing, self-asserting individuality which goes under the name of Himmelshime. Not with the consent of the

editor, however, who has tried in every way to invoke the Professor's assistance. We have written a number of times to Hardscrabble, importuning, soothing, complimenting him; no answer. Something is wrong, a screw is loose somewhere, is the editor's presentiment; the matter must be investigated.

Thus another visit to Hardscrabble becomes necessary, being the center of light on Johnny Applesced. The Professor must be personally seen and conciliated; also the Colonel, who has so valiantly borne the brunt of the battle, soldier that he is, must not be neglected. The conflict between the two seems to be in a state of quiescence; our stores of versicles are completely exhausted; perhaps, too, the grand final pal-ingensis itself may appear there in some unexpected fashion, possibly incarnate, and bring our labors to their happiest conclusion.

Just as we were ready to start, with bag actually in hand, here comes a letter bearing the post-mark of Hardscrabble. It was speedily torn open, and the contents examined with great eagerness, for the hand-writing plainly declared it to be from Brazennose. But what a surprise when the following missive confronted the Editor: —

Dear Theodora: I dare hope that I may interpret the words you spoke to me yesterday in the

friendliest light, though you were, I confess, somewhat ambiguous. I have already shown my feelings in a hundred ways, and I have sometimes thought that you sent back fair requitals. But I can no longer endure the doubt, my peace is gone, my days are troubled, I can read no more even in my Greek books with any satisfaction. The matter must be settled one way or the other. Expect me to-night; if the outlook is favorable, let the front door be open and the parlor windows illuminated; if not, alas! let the curtains be drawn and all be closed in total darkness. But whatever you do, be no longer wheedled by that mad philosopher on the other side of town.

Yours forever (I hope), R. B.

What can all this mean? Who is *dear Theodora* and why thus to me? Another more careful reading of the letter shows it to be intended for some woman; there is also in it a peculiar tone of supplication, modest indeed, but showing strong self-suppression. Clearly the handwriting of Brazennose, somewhat tremulous, not so steady as usual, with visible marks of agitation.

Did we not find that same name, Theodora, scribbled by chance on one of his papers?

Mis-sent, mis-directed, some mistake anyhow; the business has gone amiss, and what is more mysterious, it pertains to a miss. Can it be possible that Love has entered the dusty library

of Brazennose too, and is playing the same havoc there as in the lofty observatory? We have already noted a similar tendency in Himmelshime, his later comments are stamped with some airy image which is stronger than he, the old veteran. What can be the matter at Hardscrabble? Is there to be a general pairing off, and settling down into domestic felicity? In that case what will be the effect upon this book of Appleseed's? The thing cannot be allowed to proceed further without a thorough investigation.

Thus the editor was subjected to many gloomy forebodings in reference to the future of his work. Both his assistants seem to be suddenly making a commentary on another theme; his right hand and his left hand threaten to stop work altogether. With such thoughts the editor starts at once for the railroad station, and in due time steps out at Hardscrabble.

When the editor arrived at the hotel, he was surprised by a card being sent up to his room, with the request for his presence at once in the parlor. Behold a young lady, very beautiful, yet distressful somewhat; she advances and speaks with a sweet grace: "You must pardon this boldness, it has cost me some effort, but I have come to ask you, Did you receive recently a peculiar letter?"

I thought the question strange, but her winning voice drove off all hesitation: "I confess

that I did ; but may I inquire how you come to know that ? ”

“ I imagined it somehow. Do you recognize this as yours ? ”

Whereat she handed me a letter from Brazen-nose addressed to myself, stating that he could no longer co-operate with me in the work of editing Appleaseed’s rhymes, though he hoped I would continue the task. Chief reason was the state of his health, and the distraction caused by too many pursuits.

“ Your name then is — ”

“ Theodora. ”

“ I have heard that magic name before, ” whereat I showed her Brazen-nose’s letter to “ Dear Theodora. ” I took my own and asked :

“ And this came to you by mail ? ”

“ Look at the envelope. I could hardly have received your letters otherwise. ”

“ True ; it was stupid of me to ask you. But I see, a light dawns ; Brazen-nose, in a fit of professorial absent-mindedness, which I have already observed in him once or twice, has put the wrong letter into my envelope. Poor fellow ! he was probably far away in Greece and Rome. But he ought to have had sense enough not to have gone a wool-gathering 2,000 years backward while he was occupied with writing love-letters in the present. The mistake, however, can easily be corrected. You and I hold the

secret, I shall go at once to Brazennose and straighten out the whole difficulty by a little explanation; with this evidence in my hand I shall bring him back to his eternal happiness, which he probably thinks he has lost."

Thus spake the present editor, Theophilus Middling, seeking to be a mediator for Professor Brazennose and the fair Theodora, when the latter, with the roses in her cheeks always growing redder, hastily cried out: "Hold! here is another letter; this one reached its true destination. It is from Colonel Godlove Himmelshime, and only too plain is his proposition."

"What can this mean?"

With still deeper crimson she said: "This letter has the same object as that of Professor Brazennose."

In such a fashion was the editor caught in the very pinch of the dualism of Hardscrabble, and dumbfounded to the last degree by the unexpected clash.

After deliberating a moment, this seemed best: "I must see Himmelshime at once."

Theodora now broke in, saying with a look of angelic supplication: "I have a great favor to ask of you. I wish to leave this town. It is a torment to stay here longer. I want your help."

"What can be the matter?"

"Those two old fellows have pestered me nearly to death with their attentions and their

jealousies. I grant that I have shown friendliness to both, but never choice to either. The Professor is a nice man, and has been my teacher, but he kills me outright with his endless talk about old books, and things dead hundreds of years ago. And the Colonel has nearly frightened me into fits with his tall form and bristly hair suddenly uprising in a spasm, during which he took a grand flight off into regions where I could see only clouds. Then both torment the life out of me by their sarcastic remarks about each other. I do not like this everlasting contention and mutual detraction."

"So you want neither?"

"*Neither*," was her emphatic echo.

"Both too are somewhat advanced in life," I mused aloud.

"Yes," she responded half evasively, and turned her eyes down to the carpet, away from my wrinkles.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I want you to take me away from this place, and help me to get into the Kindergarten in Lakeside. For some time I have had the step in mind; I believe it to be my release not only from these two men, but from myself, from my own narrow life."

In this manner the situation has unfolded itself, astonishing, sudden, almost crushing for the time being. Brazennose and Himmelshime,

then, are both in love with the same beautiful maiden, have been in hot pursuit of her for some time with mutual rivalry, jealousy, disparagement. Does not this fact throw a stream of light backward over the entire present work, illuminating many things hitherto quite inexplicable? The same fair ideal princess floated before their imaginations, and drove them into a bitter struggle for her possession, a struggle which has left the deepest marks upon this commentary.

And Theodora — the fair Theodora — torn shared between Scylla and Charybdis, has taken to flight and sought the protection of the editor. Can he help giving it — all the sympathy of his nature being roused by Henry in distress? Tears are not wanting to the powerful argument — tears first glistening over the eye-ball and then dropping with a starty twinkle — tears, the most potent of human weapons in the weak hands of woman, causing the man to commit follies of all sorts, to set at naught every tie, friendship, kinship, promises, duty, life itself. I find that Theodora (truly the God-given) is an orphan, thrown mainly upon her own resources, having come to this university town for an education, from which she now prepares to graduate at once.

Could the editor help sounding ever so shyly the fair Theodora on the subject of the age and circumstances of her two suitors? Both no longer young: calculate the Colonel's age by

the war, and the Professor's by the quantity of books he has written. The exact number of years cannot be told in either case, since they have never been given to the public, and least of all to Theodora. But so much is certain: both are no longer young, while fair Theodora is young and knows it. One is, so I learn from her lips, a bachelor: this is Benzelmesser, burdened in his crutches, not easily adaptable to a new relation, loving his books probably more than he would love his wife. Himmelshime is a widower of long standing, in whom lurks this ever present danger: he might be inclined to compare the existent reality before him (always hard enough) with the vanished ideal tricked out in all the sweeping nostrums of his imagination, which, when it once gets started, comes down like a trip-hammer. None of this sort of thing for Theodora: she has her own ideal, the kindergarten. Now, too, we know the reason why Himmelshime has made so many allusions in his notes to Froebel. Poor fellow, he has been under sweet tuition, but at present he is under bitter discipline.

There can be no doubt that Time was footed in the presence of Theodora, who unfolded quite fully to the editor, her plans, her aspirations, her dreams of the future. Finally I asked her: -- Have you sent a reply to Himmelshime's letter? --

“I have,” she answered, “and for that reason I do not wish to be seen by him again, it might embarrass me.”

“Well, return to this place by 3 o’clock, and the train will soon be carrying us toward Lakeside. Meanwhile I must go and hunt up Brazennose and Himmelshime, it is probable that each of them needs consolation.”

The Professor’s room was not far away. I first hastened thither, but I soon learned that he had gone off for a short vacation, though it was in the middle of the term. He must have found, on the fatal evening, the front door closed and the window curtain drawn down, though his letter did not reach Theodora till I handed it to her to-day. A rapid walk soon brought me to the opposite side of Hardscrabble, where I saw the lofty observatory, but no Himmelshime in it looking down upon the world. The old negress said that he had gone out of town, and would not come back for some days; but that he had left a small package for “Massa Middlins.” Somehow I felt but little disappointment in not seeing my two friends this time, and with pleasing anticipations, I returned in a brisk gait to my hotel.

On my way, however, I grew so curious to see the contents of the package which the old negress had delivered to me that I broke it open. Behold, another little batch of versicles by Apple-

seed. They somehow keep turning up, though I have removed all from my drawers, and pulled the last one off the string which has the darning needle. But these show a new turn; they deal almost exclusively with the caprices, frivolities, and frailties of woman, and are set forth with a dash of bitterness. What now about that chivalrous devotion of Appleseed, who was supposed to hold that the woman was made of better clay than the man? But still more stunning is the case of Himmelshime after all his magniloquent laudations of love and womanhood; a short time ago he would have cut off his right arm rather than have delivered these versicles into the hands of the editor. In his conduct we catch but too plainly an echo of recent events; the sweet grapes of love as well as of learning, have turned sour. Thus has the dualism of existence entered into his very heart and is there making war, and has driven him out of town. A little while ago woman was the grand positive pole in the magnet of the universe, now she has suddenly turned negative. Similar examples can be found. Dante has portrayed the purest ideal figure of woman in all Literature, his Beatrice; then he whirls about and mercilessly roasts her sex in many a sulphurous passage of his poem. But let us scan (you can skip them, fair reader) the versicles.

1.

The discord which the time most vexes
Hath also put out of tune the sexes ;
Our very speech makes strife
Between the man and wife,
 For woman is but man
 With added wo,
 The letters, if you scan,
 At least say so,
With strong stress upon the syllable that's first,
Where the meaning sounds for man the worst.
The poet then in verse will try to rhyme them,
But he will find it very hard to chime them ;
 For man will not keep time
 If linked in a couplet with woman ;
 And woman with man will not rhyme,
 Unless he be made into noman.
 And e'en if thus it stood,
 The rhyme is not so very good.
Poet, now show the husband the way to treat
 her,
That she be happily made to fit into the meter ;
 For sad is the omen
 Which greets us, O men,
 When we have to be changed into no-men
 In order to be linked unto wo-men.

2.

When I begin to love her,
And she will not yield,
Then I am in clover;
But when she comes over,
I start out of the field.

3.

The woman's tempter is spite,
Her devil whispers, requite!
Just what she avenges, she's most apt to do;
You may see her cast off her husband untrue,
Then turn and do the wrong he did,
And live herself the life forbid.
Revenge begets in her the very wrong
To punish which she is so strong.

4.

The servant-girl is at present the curse,
The household is growing more sad;
But why is the service so bad?
Because the mistress is worse.

5.

Sweet lips whose words are honey
Mean often, more money;
Fair eyes that wet their distresses,
May be dried by new dresses;
But the woman whom I would forever exalt,
Is she in whose tears there is the most salt.

6.

We shall grant the woman to love,
She is an angel that draws us above;
We shall grant her even to hate,
She still is a woman at any rate;
And if she have a wish to judge,
We shall endure it, but think, Oh fudge!
But when, ye Gods, she comes to vote,
The music will not play another note.

7.

Humble — she forgives all her foes,
To church, too, she goes
And looks down her nose —
You will find her celestial.

Proud — tread on her toes,
Deny that she knows,
Dare to oppose,
Do as she does —
You will find her terrestrial.

Such then was the grand explosion which blew all three persons concerned in this dangerous business out of Hardscrabble at a single puff — two men and one woman. The fair ideal is gone, having escaped from both the Professor and the Colonel, in spite of their eager pursuit, and is going to enter a new world, in which she can adequately realize herself — just what every ideal

ought to do. Imagine now the editor in company with the fair maid speeding away on the railroad train; first the dingy brick walls of the University heavily drop out of view, then the lofty observatory of Himmelshime's Castle slowly recedes into the pure ethereal blue of the skies. Not without emotion does Theodora look back and watch the evanishment of the two structures, then she firmly shuts the window of the coach and faces forward with the train moving toward Lakeside and the future.

Is there not some pre-established divine affinity between those two names, Theodora and Theophilus, the God-given and the God-beloved? Assuredly; very plain is it that the names are half-way entwined with each other; but how about the hearts? That is the unsolved problem just rising and peeping over the horizon. But let not the reader draw any hasty conclusion, or think that Theodora is the absolute possession of the editor. By no means; only an external hovering-over and protection, sweet indeed but outside; thus the hours fly during the ride on the train. When the old romance ends, possibly a new one has already begun, for life is a series of self-returning cycles — a new romance possibly, with its ups and downs, with its sentimentalities and anxieties, with its realities and idealities, perchance, too, with spasmodic outbreaks into verse. But all such matters clearly

lie beyond the scope of the present book, which must at once begin to wind itself up, bidding a tender farewell to lovely Theodora, as she turns and steps into the door of the building where she is to begin her new career.

But not just yet can this book end, not till the reader has received some news from Hardscrabble after the grand cataclysm. When the healer Time had poured some of his balm into their wounds, the editor wrote both to the Colonel and the Professor, begging them still to keep up the old friendship, and to continue working in the cause of Johnny Appleseed. To their everlasting honor be it said that neither showed any resentment, though both must have known whither and under whose wing their ideal had taken flight. Each sent another installment of Appleseed, of which fact the following poems bear sufficient witness. First let us see what Himmelshime has chosen to send under the circumstances.

CONFESSION.

Follow it and it will flee ;
What might that shadowy spectre be ?
I sought for it and did not find,
I ceased to search and had my mind ;
 Follow it and it will flee,
 Flee and it will follow thee.

I chased around the world for wealth,
And gave to it my time, my health ;
For gold I groped in every rift,
At last I quit, it came a gift ;
 Follow it and it will flee,
 Flee and it will follow thee.

A mighty hunt I made for pleasure,
I would enjoy withouten measure,
I ate and drank, my life enjoyed ;
But only was the more annoyed ;
 Follow it and it will flee,
 Flee and it will follow thee.

I next went forth to seek for fame,
And wreathe a noise around my name,
But when I gan to get a store,
The greater gan to be the bore ;
 Follow it and it will flee,
 Flee and it will follow thee.

For knowledge I resolved to chase,
I toiled and sweat the thorny race ;
The more of learning down I rammed,
The more I felt myself bedamned ;
Follow it and it will flee,
Flee and it will follow thee.

All lore I sought while still a youth,
To college went to get the truth ;
The more I studied in that school,
The more I grew to be a fool
Follow it and it will flee,
Flee and it will follow thee.

For fun I then conclude to live,
Will all my days to laughing give ;
However true my aim I keep,
Man's folly often makes me weep.
Follow it and it will flee,
Flee and it will follow thee.

The greatest good I sought for next,
And I obeyed the holy text ;
But when I tried to grasp the good,
It would not so be understood.
Follow it and it will flee,
Flee and it will follow thee.

At last myself I would pursue,
And still I had to flee me too ;

But a response came to my call,
I faintly heard an echo fall :
Follow it and it will flee,
Flee and it will follow thee.

My shadow I would overtake,
Wherein I made a bad mistake ;
This was the strain of everything,
And this the song which now I sing :
Follow it and it will flee,
Flee and it will follow thee.

A rather unusual mood for Appleseed ; grim, stoical, with clenched fist and grating teeth he seems to be defying fate ; yet a certain sardonic humor darts a streak of light through the gloom of the foregoing verses. This world is verily a fleeting shadow, which you cannot run down, yet is always following you. Well, let it follow ; only be not a ground hog to run from a shadow. Now comes a verse which is written in a different kind of ink, and seems to have been added later to the manuscript : —

For love I longed but still it fled,
I sighed and rhymed and wished me dead,
But when the maid I ceased to woo,
Another came, did me pursue.
Follow her, and though she flee,
Another soon will follow thee.

The editor is decidedly inclined to suspect the authenticity of this verse. Himmelshime himself probably made it and tacked it on to the preceding stanzas, having caught the lilt and the jingle, as well as the mood, which must have had some correspondence with his own at the time. But the editor is full of rejoicing at any rate, for it is clear that Himmelshime's love is not of the tragic kind; Theodora may have shaken him up badly, but has not broken his heart. "As good fish still in the sea as ever were caught;" so he goes off whistling a little jig; at this moment we imagine him again ascending the stair to his observatory, whence he is casting out far-search-glances toward the Infinite.

Having thus taken our glance at the Colonel, we may next turn to the Professor and scrutinize his contribution. Also a poem of several verses he has sent us, but in a different vein from the preceding; still they have certain points in common; two ways of taking a stroke of destiny or a flea bite, we may see in them — the one showing relief through a cynical humor, the other through an effervescence of gayety. In fact, *The Butterfly and the Maiden*, as its name hints, is in itself a kind of double poem, having two themes and changing from one to the other in alternate verses. Yet one thing is at the bottom, we think; two strands braided together into one cord, which still shows its doubleness.

Thus has the dualism of life (and of love) gone into the very structure of the poem. Not one word of exposition has Brazennose appended to these verses, so that the reader will have to do without the Professor's learned comment, and make out of them what he can all by himself.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE MAIDEN.

It spread its sails upon the air,
The tricky butterfly !
And danced into mine eyes — how fair
As it did flutter by.

A word I heard my head above,
There dropped a mutter sly,
I saw a lily hand of love,
The close-drawn shutter try.

Still in the airy blue I gaze,
A sprite slid out the sky,
And golden wings beat in the haze,
Wings of a butterfly.

The lily little hand above
That did the shutter try,
Was by it caught and pinched in love ;
O dear ! I heard her cry.

The sunshine sparkled golden scales
That seemed to sputter nigh,
As I did nip two flapping sails —
Sails of a butterfly.

The lily hand has reached once more,
Just then I flutter by,
As streams of sunbeams on me pour
That make me shut my eye.

But look ! high up the fairy ship,
The airy butterfly
Has spread its sails to take a trip
Into the upper sky.

I turn again to see the sun,
That drowned in light my eye ;
The lily hand a thread hath spun
To hold the shutter by.

The tricksy sprite fades into blue,
I cannot utter why,
Still on my thumb bright scales I view,
Scales of a butterfly.

See, through the slats white fingers peep,
That draw the shutter nigh ;
The lily hand I kiss and keep,
I've caught the butterfly.

When I opened the folded sheet of foolscap on which the preceding poem was written, a small scrap of paper flew out, fluttered and danced on the air with a number of whirls, like a butterfly; then it gave a sudden dart and hid under my writing-desk, out of sight; from which dark place, I, after getting down on my knees and hunting for it, drew it forth to the light. I found that it was a different reading of the last verse, as follows:

Ah! through the slats white fingers gleam,
And will the shutter try;
That lily hand — it is a dream —
Where is the butterfly?

Thus indeed the poem has another ending, evidently in the nature of a disillusion and a vanishing into naught. The Professor, I find, in the true spirit of the scholar, has scratched on this scrap the words *lectio altera*. Not a new verse appended, as in the previous case of Himmelshime, but another reading of the final verse: What will the critical reader say to it? Suspicious; it looks as if the Professor himself was the author of this second reading, which changes the outcome of the whole poem.

Still the editor looks upon the lines with a good deal of relief, for it is manifest that in the Professor's case also, love is not tragic. No horrible visage of Death peers out of the above poetry; on the contrary a light-hearted acceptance of the inevitable is the mood, and I can see, in my mind's eye, Brazennose just now digging away with all diligence at his Greek books, and shedding the light thereof upon the University of Hardscrabble.

In such fashion we shall have to take our final glance at the Professor, the worthy man! Much help has he given us in the course of the present work; without him, indeed, it could never have gotten itself born into writ and baptized in printer's ink. Farewell, dear friend! But how about Appleseed, our hero? One brief appearance more for him, and this tragi-comedy is ended; it is the last, very last versicle, having been sent by both Brazennose and Himmelshime along with the two preceding poems, in which fact we may see another point of agreement between the two men. A parting shot we deem it, sent by our heroic David against his old enemies, the Philistines; this done, the curtain will drop.

He blames the print
If he cannot read,
But the print runs on
And pays no heed;

He blames the water
If he cannot swim,
But the water rolls by
And blames not him;
He blames the sun
If he cannot see,
And if he cannot understand,
Why should he not blame me?



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